

## THE AID WHICH THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT MIGHT RENDER TO COMMERCE.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

HOW far the industries and commerce of the United States are hampered by a postal system which, in many of its features, has come down to us from the beginning of government, and which has failed to keep step with other advances in governmental organization, may be briefly shown by a presentation of the conditions which prevail in some other countries which we are accustomed to regard as the reverse of enterprising. Those conditions which prevail to-day in the United States are factors of the highest importance to our commercial development.

Commerce in its final analysis resolves itself into the delivery of packages. As civilization develops, commerce divides itself more and more into parcels and the carrying of packages must play a constantly increasing part.

For years it has been the hope that, because every merchant and manufacturer in the country was vitally interested in the subject, Congress would take the matter in hand; but unquestionably until the great losses annually incurred by our merchants come to be fully understood by the public, Congress will do nothing.

One statement is sufficiently startling to arrest attention; namely, that the rate charged by the United States Post-Office for merchandise is six thousand per cent. greater than that charged by Germany.

Under the United States Post-Office: First, the merchant must pay sixty-four cents for four pounds of merchandise known as fourth-class matter;

Second. He has had refused any package which by chance was sent to the post-office and found to be of more than four pounds in weight;

Third. He has had refused registration of packages without an extra price. This registration, if carried out, would have involved a visit to the Post-Office Department and much valuable time lost;

Fourth. He has had delivery of parcels to the home refused by the Post-Office Department if consigned to any town in which there is no free-delivery system;

Fifth. He has had all insurance on the package refused by the government.

Yet, because of the superior acumen of those who have legislated for the English Post-Office Department, the same package might have been posted in Edinburgh, carried across the Atlantic, taken in United States postal-cars across the entire American continent, and delivered in the remotest suburb of Seattle—

For how much, think you?

For one-fourth less than what it would have cost to send it from Rochester to Buffalo.

But that is not all. Instead of being limited to four pounds, at sixteen cents a pound, as between Rochester and Buffalo, one could send eleven pounds from Edinburgh to Seattle for three-fourths of the price that would be paid from Rochester to Buffalo, and, in addition, could have it insured at a nominal cost.

You ask how the people of the United States, who usually are so quick to perceive advantage, can permit this state of affairs to exist?

This query is answered by the reply which John Wanamaker made to a somewhat similar question which I put to him when he was Postmaster-General:

"It is true," he said, "that parcels could be carried at about one-twelfth their present cost by the Post-Office Department, but you do not seem to be aware that there are four insuperable obstacles to the carrying of parcels by the United States Post-Office Department."

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Then, without waiting for a show of surprise, he continued:

"The first of these is the Adams Express Company; the second is the American Express Company; the third, the Wells-Fargo Express Company; and the fourth, the Southern Express Company."

There could be no further argument.

Does this seem like an exceptional case? On the contrary, Great Britain goes much further in her liberality. She carries a package from Edinburgh through London to Egypt, through the Suez Canal to India, from India to Hong Kong, from Hong Kong to Shanghai, and there delivers it to the home of the receiver for twelve cents per pound, or three-fourths of what the United States charges from Rochester to Buffalo—a distance of fifty-one miles.

Is Great Britain exceptional in her postal liberality?

On the contrary, Mr. Henniker Heaton, a member of Parliament who has made postal reform his especial study, claims that Great Britain is as far behind Germany and Austria in her postal system, as the "benighted" United States is behind Great Britain.

Certainly, while we give England and Germany the privilege of sending a package from Berlin across the American continent to Seattle for twelve cents a pound, and at the same time charge the merchant of Rochester sixteen cents a pound from Rochester to Buffalo, the word "benighted" scarcely covers the case.

Perhaps it may be described more nearly as paralysis of the governmental nerves produced by conflicting private interests.

If a Rochester manufacturer sends a package of shoes weighing four pounds a distance of ten miles out, he pays sixty-four cents, or sixteen cents a pound. If the shoes happened to weigh four and one-half pounds, his messenger would be compelled, as I have stated, to carry them back from the post-office, refused. But if, instead of being in the United States, this manufacturer had lived in Germany, he could have sent a box of shoes, weighing up to twenty-five pounds, the same distance of ten miles for six cents, or less than one-fourth of a cent a pound.

Because we are foolish enough in this country to give representation to our private interests in Congress, our merchants and manufacturers pay a tariff for parcels by post six thousand per cent. greater than in Germany!

While we absolutely refuse to accept a package greater than four pounds in weight, Germany has found it good business to extend the limit to one hundred and ten pounds. These one hundred and ten pounds will be sent by the German government from one end of Germany to the other for thirty cents, or about one-fourth of a cent a pound.

But even that is not all. When it arrives at its destination, the one-hundred-and-ten-pound package is delivered at the home.

And that is not all. For from two to six cents extra, the government insures the package and guarantees its safe delivery.

And, again, even this much is not all. If, instead of to Germany, a merchant in a city of North Germany wishes to ship a package of one hundred and ten pounds to a city in the southernmost part of Austria, he may do even this for thirty cents, about one-fourth of a cent a pound—that is, the merchants of Rochester pay six thousand per cent. more to the United States government for sending parcels from Rochester to Buffalo, than do the Germans even to the extreme limits of a foreign country.

Of course, one large package may be shipped for less than many small packages. Any one who handles material knows that. But the officials of the Post-Office Department, lest they should be tempted into also discovering this fact, have carefully limited this greatest of all conveniences for the manufacturer and merchant to the insignificant weight of four pounds—equivalent in effect to nullifying the carrying of parcels at all.

If Marshall Field or John Wanamaker or any one of twenty able organizers known to the American people could be put in charge of the United States Post-Office with a free hand, he could so adapt the conveniences of the department to the necessities of the American merchants that there would be an annual saving to the American people of

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a sum which may be represented by two hundred millions of dollars and still be within bounds.

How far we are hampered by a lack of advanced post-office organization is illustrated in some measure by these facts. But these, though striking, embrace only a small part.

Here is another phase of the subject. If a merchant wishes to make his shipments C. O. D.—a thing impossible under our postal system and possible only by express at a payment of a fee of at least twenty-five cents—he may do so in Germany by a small additional fee of a few cents. In Austro-Hungary this idea has been elaborated into an almost perfect system, by which both merchant and purchaser may, at a most trifling cost, conduct, the one a collection, the other a payment of account. A depositor purchases from the Post-Office Department a cheque-book, for which a charge of one dollar per hundred cheques is made, and a book of deposit blanks, costing thirty cents per hundred blanks, the name and number and address of each depositor being printed on each cheque and deposit blank. In addition to this, he receives one hundred special envelopes for one-tenth of a cent each on which is printed the address of the government. These cost about ten cents per hundred.

Wishing to pay a debt, the depositor fills out a postal cheque to the order of his creditor with the address, date and amount. He encloses it in one of the special envelopes addressed to the Post-Office Department. The post-office authorities find the payee, pay the amount and take his receipt for the same. Within a short time the depositor receives through the post-office a statement showing the transaction. It contains the date, name of depositor, number of the cheque, amount, name of the post-office where it has been paid and the cash balance of the depositor. The whole cost of this transaction has been one and four-tenths cents. The cheque of the depositor, forwarded in this way, becomes a post-office order, without incurring the trouble, time and expense which our system involves. The remitter has had all the advantage of a post-office money order without going to the post-office, without spending a moment's time except that required for drawing a cheque, and the government has become responsible for its proper payment.

Here is still another phase of the subject. In New York city, if you will stand in any block, you will witness all day long a procession of wagons arriving and delivering parcels. Mr. Wanamaker's wagon arrives and delivers a package at one house, then two at another, and goes out of the block. Then Mr. Altman's wagon comes. Then Macy's wagon delivers another parcel. Then Stern, then Saks, then the postman, then the telegraph boy, then the postman again, then the Booklover's Library, and so one after another the long, costly and laborious procession moves into and out of that street, each wagon delivering its one, two or three packages—and the householders paying for it all.

And throughout the three thousand miles of streets of Greater New York this same stupid, disorganized, wasteful and extravagant system goes on hour after hour, day after day and year after year. It would not be too much to estimate the loss annually in New York city alone at four millions of dollars.

Will the merchants and manufacturers of the United States permit such disorganization of their most important interests to continue?

Is there a remedy? Only one. The United States government must buy out the private interests vested in the great express companies which to-day so paralyze the problem of transportation. Pay full value, even for watered stock. Take the price of express companies' stocks on the 1st of January, 1904, as a criterion, if you will. Pay the full price. Almost any price would be cheap to get out of the way of commerce these strong companies, which are to-day so entrenched in the Post-Office Department and in Congress, and which have such a paralyzing effect upon industrial processes. Give the American merchants and manufacturers a clear field. They have a right to every facility for doing business expeditiously, economically, efficiently and with a safeguard of insurance.



Drawn by George Gibbs.

"THEY BURST UPON THE RANKS OF THE UNARMED INDIANS WITH THE SUDDENNESS  
AND SWIFTNESS OF A TORNADO."

(See "The Dramatic History of South America," page 449.)



# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.*

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## THE CONQUEST OF ASIA BY RUSSIA.

By JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

IN 1581 Russia began her march across the Asiatic continent. At that time her advance-posts were but eight hundred miles from St. Petersburg. To-day Russia stretches in an unbroken line of five thousand miles. Three hundred and twenty years have been consumed in this slow progress, advancing, fighting, re-creating; but each decade marked Russia's march toward the Pacific. At such times as the attention of other nations was distracted by war, then it was that Russia chose to make bold moves. While the batteries of England and France were forcing the bastions of Sebastopol, the Governor-General of the Siberian provinces was beginning his conquest of

China. Always this variegated people—civilized, half-civilized and barbarous—were united, body and soul, with a single ideal—

"Russia, Mistress of the World!"

And to-day, what a vast section of the globe does not the Russian empire encompass! In its progress to the East, the Trans-Siberian Railway has crossed five

rivers, each more than three thousand miles in length, each a stream as long as or longer than the Mississippi.

From the scratches made here and there on this vast area, they are already taking out twenty-five millions of gold annually—yet this is mined by the crudest methods and under every adverse circumstance. One place is worked for gold, where it is known that it exists in a hundred.

Slowly, patiently, step by step, decade after decade, the march toward the Pacific was kept up.

Two hundred and twenty years ago, China met this enemy on her frontiers. A force of fifteen thousand men surrounded the Russian outposts, captured every man and woman



FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT YAMAGATA OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.



THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, FOREIGN SECRETARY OF JAPAN'S ALLY, GREAT BRITAIN.



BARON HAYASHI, JAPANESE MINISTER TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.

and carried them off to Peking, placed them in a Russian compound under mild restrictions, unknowingly giving the victory to the conquered by establishing in Peking a mission which was destined to intrigue and watch, and watch and intrigue, from this fortunate vantage-point.

In 1860, when the French and English allies captured Taku, while at the same time a great internal rebellion was in progress, costing ten millions of lives and demanding every exertion upon the part of the imperial government—then Russia came once more to the front and succeeded in securing the region of the Amur.

The conquest of Siberia, and later of the Amur, have much to remind one of our own experiences beyond

the Mississippi. From the very beginning, back in 1581, the men who went to the frontier were of the hardiest and bravest type. A party of rebels—half brigands—defeated the forces sent against them by Ivan the Terrible, but were compelled to retreat up the Kama River until they were lost

in the forest. Here they were joined by other adventurers and, invading the country beyond, were able to obtain pardon by turning over to Ivan a great section of conquered territory. The deeds of valor, of desperate courage, of suffering and of privation, which marked Russia's advance, would fill a hundred thrilling volumes. But low cunning, cruelty, bestiality, were the accompaniments of horrors innumerable.



M. DE WITTE, RUSSIA'S PRIME MINISTER.

From time to time a man of higher caliber stood out in statesmanlike attitude. Count Ignatieff, who secured the valley of the Amur to Russia, by diplomacy, while the English and French were making their first march upon Peking, takes rank among the world's greatest pioneers. Despatching expeditions of discovery, studying the resources of his new-found territory, building posts, encouraging immigrations—his life was one of constant expansive enterprise and activity.

Twenty years later the Trans-Siberian Railway project began to be put forward. An article published in *THE COSMOPOLITAN*, in 1889, first called the attention of English-speaking people to the significance and importance of the work in progress.

As it began to near completion, those familiar with the situation watched with interest to see what Russia's play would be. Something was due to happen. And when the unaccountable attack upon the foreign legations in Peking occurred—an attack which, however threatening, was never seriously meant—there were not a few who believed that behind the movement could be detected Russia's subtle hand. Undoubtedly Russia's necessi-



THE MIKADO MUTSUHITO.

ties prompted that the public mind should be confused, that indignation should be aroused, and that the world should be made to feel thankful that the Russian railway was coming so near and that the troops of a civilized power would presently be within easy reach. Perhaps there were other and bolder objects, but it gave excuse for the occupation of Manchuria, and here Russia settled in seeming confidence of not being disturbed.

Prior to 1895, Russia had been permitted to work out designs uninterrupted. The world at large knew nothing of her plans. Only in the legations was there any clear conception of what the Trans-Siberian Railway meant. But as the line neared completion, distinguished travelers began

to cross this region and draw inferences.

Japan, always alert, finding Russia at the upper end of Korea, knew full well that Korea was just as much a part of Russia's program as Manchuria; that, firmly intrenched on the borders of the peninsula, each decade would witness some advance in the direction of Japan, just as each decade for three hundred years had witnessed Russia's progress in the same direction—much or little, but always progress.



COUNT M. MURAVIEFF, MINISTER OF JUSTICE OF RUSSIA, AND PRESIDENT OF THE HAGUE PEACE TRIBUNAL.



FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT OYAMA OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

Russia in possession of Manchuria would find an opportunity, in some attack on the legations, or equally plausible occasion, to move on Peking, then on Nanking, then on Canton, then on India—if, indeed, in the mean time India had not been approached from another direction—then from India to Persia; and then, with Asia, the habitat of the human race, in her possession, with countless millions of lives at her disposal, Russia could carry her plan of conquest back into Europe by way of Constantinople.

Never was conceived a scheme of vaster proportions.

If Japan had been left undisturbed by Admiral Perry, it is quite probable that Russia would have been able to advance to the lower end of the Korean peninsula in one continued march of force and diplomacy. But Japan, with her students in the great schools of Europe and America, awakened to an acute sensibility, has recognized that she must either fight now or look forward to the day when a greater conflict will be made against overwhelming odds.

At this hour, Japan, it is believed, has the naval and military force necessary not only to drive Russia from the borders of

Korea, but even to destroy her power in the valley of the Amur. Russia had no idea of bringing about a conflict at this juncture. She had depended upon the confusion in the European and American mind as to her Far East problem. If necessary, she would pretend to retreat from Manchuria. Expert in diplomacy, she hoped to distract the attention of the world by expressions calculated to allay distrust. But for once she has overreached herself. The civilized world has suddenly awakened to the true situation.

If the Trans-Siberian Railway were twenty years old, double-tracked and up-to-date in every equipment, with officials trained by long service, the matter would be different. But no military man having experience in handling troops over our newly constructed Western railways, will believe it possible to move any considerable body of troops over a single-track four-thousand-mile railway—or two-thousand-mile, if you choose to consider camps at which military supplies are doubtless accumulated in quantities.

The history of new railways in the Western part of the United States has been one of washouts, sinking of tracks, improper ballasting, and accidents due to light rails and imperfect equipment. A traveler who came over the Trans-Siberian road just before its completion, represented the distance between switches at which trains could



ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF, VICE-CZAR OF GREATER RUSSIA, IN COMMAND OF THE FORCES IN THE FAR EAST.

be turned out, as averaging thirty miles over long stretches of territory. American engineers say there has been much bad engineering. Tracks have been laid in exposed positions, and the story is told of a stretch of three miles of ties and rails having been floated away during a single flood. Only a forty-four-pound rail is used, which is too light to stand any heavy or continuous traffic.

To hurry forward reinforcements over such a single-track railway is a work which would not have been undertaken with equanimity by even that great expert in military railways, Gen. Grenville M. Dodge.

There is much mystery as to just what force Russia has available at this hour. Certainly it can be nothing in any way capable of meeting that which Japan can put in the field. Nor does Russia's fleet in the East seem to be capable of meeting that of Japan on the basis of equality. But powerful battle-ships and cruisers are on their way from Europe as reinforcements. The position in which Japan finds herself, then, is:—

First. That of being as completely

equipped, both as to her army and navy, now, as she can hope to be in the near future.

Second. The maintenance of this extensive equipment is a serious matter to Japan's finances. If maintained for years, it would in itself be exhausting.

Third. Russia, moving her troops over

her newly constructed railway, is in a worse position to-day than she will ever be in the future. Constructing fortifications, moving additional supplies, perhaps training native troops, bringing up reinforcements of the best Russian artillery—every hour is adding to her strength. In another year she will be twice as formidable as she is to-day.

Fourth. Japan, in a position to fight Russia's fleet upon a basis of equality, probably feeling certain of victory, will be endan-

gered if she permits Russia's Atlantic fleet to arrive.

Everything theretore seems to point to the necessity of immediate action upon the part of Japan, and it is confidently believed that even before these pages will be off the press, war will be either declared or in progress without declaration.



THE CZAR NICHOLAS II.





LIEUTENANT-GENERAL KOUROPATKIN, RUSSIAN  
MINISTER OF WAR.



COUNT LAMSDORFF, RUSSIAN MINISTER OF  
FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

While France has agreed to aid Russia in the event of another power coming to the assistance of Japan, it is inconceivable that a republic should be so short-sighted as to support a policy which is diametrically opposed to everything which France holds dear. Already there have been pronounced expressions in Paris against giving support to Russia. When the time comes, it is probable that a French sentiment which has not been consulted in the making of this treaty, because it was an affair of diplomats rather than an affair of peoples, will be discovered to be in the ascendent.

Another phase of the subject is the position of England. Weakened in India and without military forces worthy of the name, she recognizes that she cannot permit the navy of her ally Japan to be wiped off the seas. Therefore the slightest danger to Japan's navy must mean its reinforcement by England.

Nor is it probable that Germany, however friendly to Russia, will view with any-

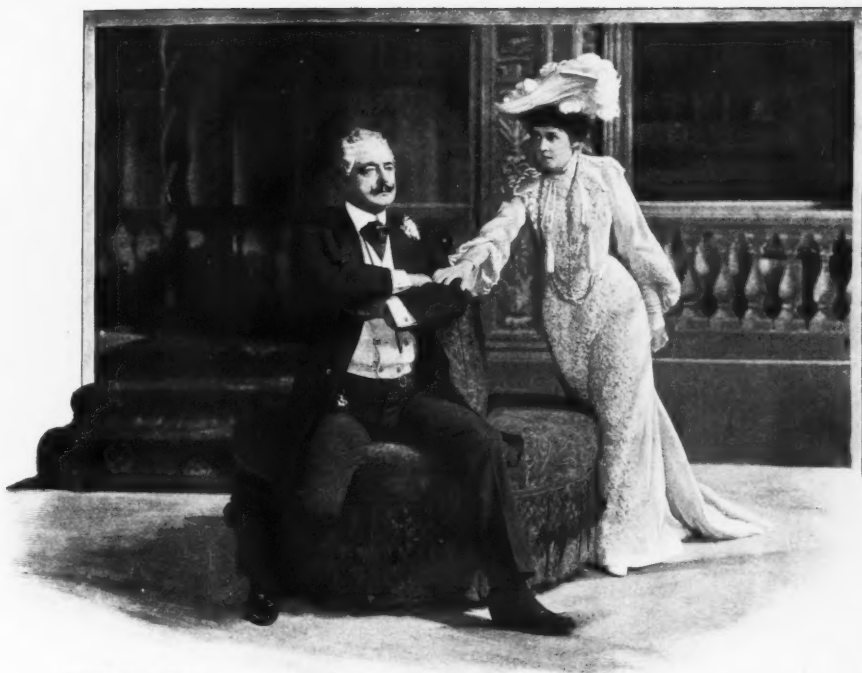
thing but disfavor such aggrandizement of Russia as will leave her the one all-powerful world factor and eventually a danger to Germany herself.

Is the world about to enter upon the greatest war which has been known to civilization? The most authentic despatches say that the hotheads who surround the amiable prince who but a few years ago proposed disarmament, are rushing in by a thousand influences ingeniously brought to bear in the direction of war—notwithstanding the desire of the man himself for peace. They believe, with a well-founded hope, that even if the Czar himself determines on peace, the situation is one which will force Japan to act, and that war must come with or without intention on the part of the Czar.

If he were a man of powerful mold, capable of sweeping out of his path the bureaucracy which governs Russia, we might hope for different things. As it is, the prospect offers but one word—

War.





*Photographs by Byron.*

"THE ETERNAL CITY."

## THE ART OF DRAMATIZING NOVELS.

BY PAUL POTTER.

THE art of dramatizing novels is one of the oldest in the world. It has been practised almost from the time of the ancients, while the early English stage owes much to it. Shakespeare especially resorted to this method. In fact, nearly all his successful plays that have enjoyed enduring fame are dramatized novels, as "Hamlet," "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice."

It is a singular fact, also, that the plays of longest life in every country have been made by the dramatization of novels, as in England, "The Lady of Lyons," from a novel by Bulwer Lytton; in France, that by Dumas from his own novel "La Dame aux Camélias"; in America, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Rip Van Winkle." The best Irish play, "The Colleen Bawn," was taken by Boucicault from "The Collegians," by Gerald Griffin; "Jeanie Deans" was from Scott's "Heart

of Midlothian," and there is also Barrie's "Little Minister," which should not be overlooked in the Scottish list. The most popular French play, "The Iron Master," was written by Ohnet from his own story. In short, there is something in the invention of the novelist which has given vitality to the best work of the stage. Every one of these plays that I have mentioned, and a thousand others, are merely dramatized novels which no one knows anything about. The secret of their success is the story. They are all novels of passion.

Novels of adventure make very poor plays. To prove this you have only to parallel the drama made from "The Three Musketeers," which is purely a novel of adventure, with that made from "Monte Cristo," which simply illustrates the one passion of revenge. Both are by the same author. In spite of countless attempts to force it on the public, the former is



"THE ONLY WAY" ("A TALE OF TWO CITIES").

generally a financial failure, while the latter is always a success. Unless there is unity of action, there is no play.

What is unity of action? In what does it consist? In this, that all the emotions accentuated by a drama must trend to and culminate in one moment of supreme emotion. "Does the drama then deal only with the emotions?"

It deals with nothing else. It has no intellectual element whatever. It deals purely and simply with the feelings. If the feelings of the audience are rightly moved, the play succeeds; if they are wrongly moved or left untouched, it absolutely fails. The best critic of the drama is the man, woman or child whose emotions are the simplest. Purely intellectual plays, like Ibsen's and Maeterlinck's, should be confined absolutely to the study. They cannot move an audience, and therefore are

simply null as to any dramatic power. I do not say that these ideas of mine will be generally accepted, but I believe in them, I practise them, and I profit by them.

What chiefly directed my attention to the story of "Trilby" as a suitable one to



"PHROSO."



IN THE PALACE OF THE KING.

dramatize was one element—the fact that the lovers, Trilby and Little Billee, were parted by a new and startling method, that of hypnotism. The loves of this pair form the pivot of the play, and Svengali is interesting only as the instrument of parting them. And in “Under Two Flags” it was the unrequited love of Cigarette.

Love in one of its forms is unquestionably the best stage motive, because women are the best patrons of the serious theater;

but all the lusts of the flesh can be aptly expressed in dramatic form, and some of the noblest plays have turned on ambition, greed or revenge.

Let us consider a play as a wheel in which a number of independent spokes are connected by a hub. The hub is the grand climax of the drama. If the hub is so correctly built that it holds the spokes together, the play will succeed; but, no matter how strong the spokes may be, if



"THE CAVALIER."

the hub fails, the play is weak. In a four-act play the hub is generally found at the end of the third act; in a five-act play, at the end of the fourth. It must contain all that goes before and all that comes after, and no amount of brilliancy in writing, in dialogue, in character-drawing or in separate scenes can atone for deficiencies in that which holds the whole composition together.

"Trilby" was judged by the scene of Svengali's death. "Under Two Flags" was judged by the scene of Cigarette's ride. The success of the two scenes insured the success of both dramatizations.

In building a play,

not one point must be wasted. Every line spoken, every act done, must aid the progress of the story. Jokes that do not carry the action along must be ruthlessly excised. "Business" that does not feed the main narrative must be invariably cut away. In other words, the spokes must be slight but strong and firmly set in the hub. The bad dramatist is he who introduces extraneous matter. The good dramatist is he who wastes nothing.

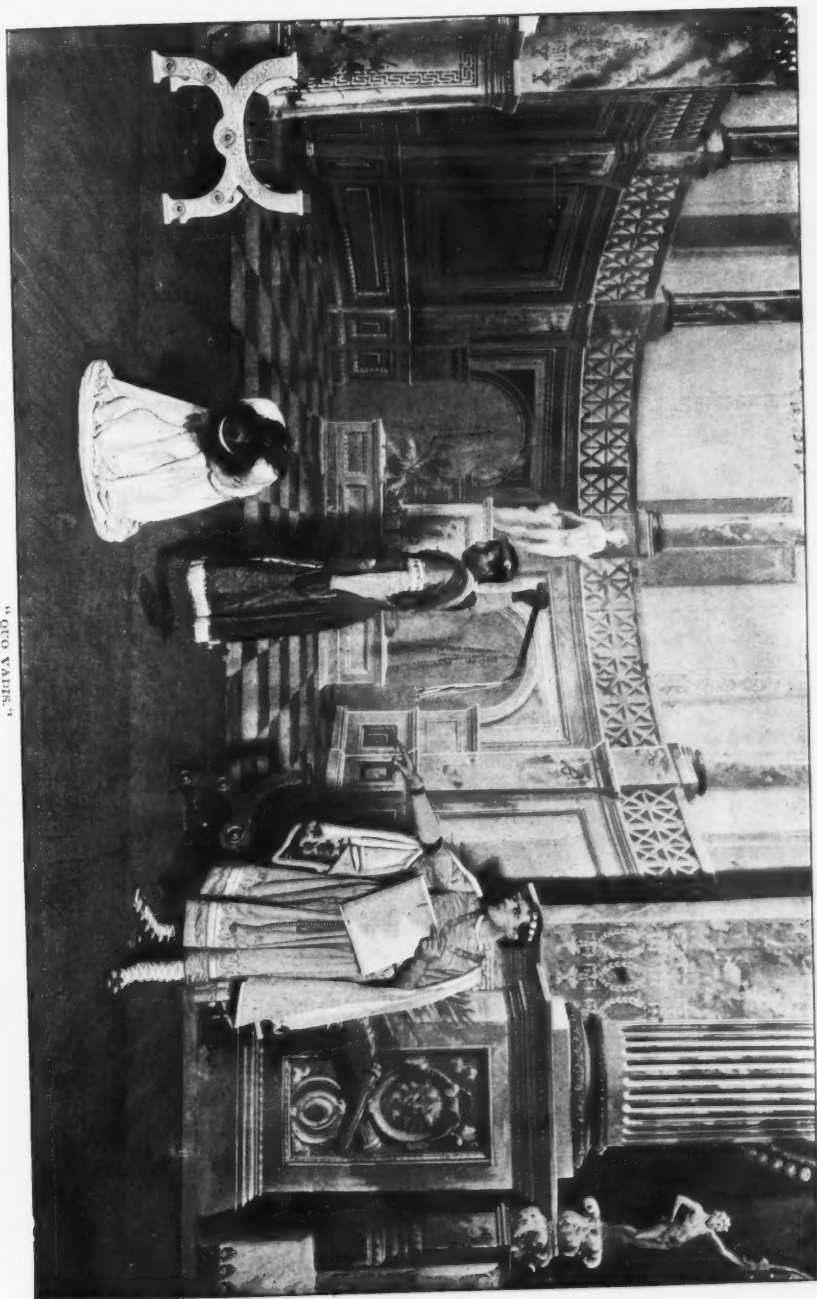
Thus, in a play, dialogue is quite the most unimportant element. The public pays for the story and wants nothing else. And the story must be simply and directly told, as you would tell a story to a child. As dramatists get older, they are invariably more sparing in their dialogue. They learn that, though it pleases the hardened "first-nighters," it keeps the paying public out of the house.

It is not right to consider success as being mainly a question of technique. Success is chiefly a question of theme, not of technique. A good theme will thrive with good handling. The best technique in Aristotle cannot save a bad



"BECKY SHARP" ("VANITY FAIR").





"GLO' VAPIR."



"JANICE MEREDITH."

theme. And the reason that stage writing is so highly remunerative is:

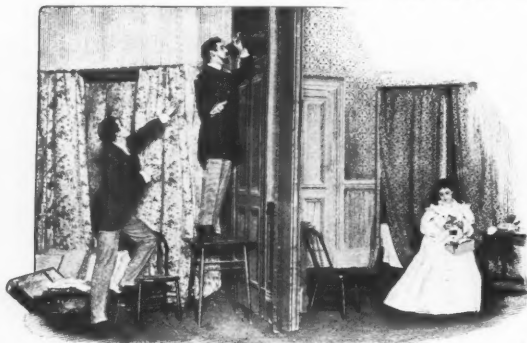
First, that the acquirement of technique and proficiency demands an apprenticeship of not less than twenty years; and,

Second, that the right themes are invariably hard to find. There are, in fact, only a few possible subjects for dramatic treatment, and these are handed down from generation to generation and are constantly repeated at stated intervals. No playwright ever yet lived who was not charged with plagiarism. The charge is invariably due to the paucity of possible themes. All

that the most exacting playgoer can demand is, that if the theme is old the handling shall be novel.

The mystery of the dramatized novel is the mystery of the apple-dumpling. Nobody but the cook knows how the apple got in the dumpling, and to tell the truth, I don't think anybody cares. It is because the subject of playmaking is so theoretical and scientific, that its craftsmen are loath to talk about it, and still more rarely find an audience if they do. Indeed, there are many playwrights who believe, like the augurs of Rome, that it is unfair to give away the secrets of their trade.

Playwriting is a form of argument, and has little connection with literature. After a play has been thoroughly thought out, the mechanical work of writing it takes but a short time for a practical hand, say about a month. "Camille" was written in three days. So inconsequential do many playwrights consider the dialogue, that they frequently do not bother to write it at all, but turn the task over to some one who makes a profession of such work.



"BOHEMIA."



"THE MUSKETEERS."

The playmaker must needs employ know in advance, by one way or another, methods diametrically opposed to those more of the story than the actors know. of the novelist. He must take his The audience then feels itself superior to audience into his confidence and let them the people on the stage who know none



"IF I WERE KING."

of these things and are groping blindly through the plot to find them out. The spectators do not care a fig for the answer to the problem alone, but tell them the answer first and they are immediately interested in watching the way it is worked out. From the higher plane of knowledge they can then clearly see the human weaknesses as depicted by the actors.

With the novelmaker, it is the other way about.

He must keep his readers in ignorance of the answer to the problem until the last chapters, otherwise the interest lags. Should he tell them the answer at the start, as does the dramatist, the result would be much the same as it is with a certain class of women who read a few pages and then turn to the end "to see how it is all coming out." They either never read the body of the book at all, or if they force themselves to do so, it is done

without interest, a perfunctory, half-hearted, disagreeable task. With such handling, the story does not leave a pleasant impression.

Now as to scenery. The part it plays in helping to success is exactly the part that is played by the illustrations of a book. Cruikshank's illustrations of "Oliver Twist" helped the public to realize Fagin and the Artful Dodger, but after all they only made clearer the inten-

tions of Charles Dickens. Scenery alone cannot make a success. I doubt if it brings five cents to the box-office unless it is absolutely suited to the action and reveals nothing whatever that the action does not call for. Scenic effects must form an integral part of the plot or they are worthless.

All plays, whether dramatized from novels or not, make their appeal wholly

on the amount of heart-interest they contain. They have to attract a thousand people every evening, and these people must all be moved by one emotion, and that is the emotion of sympathy. If characters are anti-sympathetic, a drama may have a short life by exciting curiosity, but it cannot outlast a season. If, on the other hand, the sympathy is profuse and strong, as in such plays as "The Two Orphans," I doubt if the play will ever die. New



"THE CRISIS"

fashions come in every age, but the heart beats to-day as in the days of Sophocles.

Actors and actresses add the attractiveness of their personalities to the success. Aside from that attractiveness they are the creatures of their parts. They are good if the parts are good, and bad if the parts are bad. The playgoing public, which is very simple, loves to exalt the players, but — "the play's the thing."



Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.

BY HERBERT GEORGE WELLS.

BOOK ONE.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.—THE GIANT CHILDREN.

(Continued.)

VI.

BEFORE the year was out, there were, in addition to Redwood's pioneer vehicle, quite a number of motor perambulators to be seen in the West of London. I am told that there were as many as eleven, but the most careful inquiries yield trustworthy evidence of only six within the Metropolitan area at that time. It would seem that the stuff acted differently upon different types of constitution. At first Herakleophorbia was not adapted to injection, and there can be no doubt that quite a considerable proportion of human beings are incapable of absorbing this substance in the normal course of digestion. It was given, for example, to Winkles' youngest boy, but he seems to have been as incapable of growth as, if Redwood was right, his father was incapable of knowledge. Others, again, according to the Society for the Total Suppression of Boomfood, became in some inexplicable way corrupted by it, and perished at the outset, of infantile disorders. The Cossar boys took to it with amazing avidity.

Of course, a thing of this kind never comes with absolute simplicity of application into the life of man; growth in particular is a complex thing, and all generalizations must needs be a little inaccurate. But the general law of the Food would seem to be this, that when it could be taken into the system in any way, it stimulated it in very nearly the same degree in all cases. It increased the amount of growth from six to seven times, and it did not go beyond

that whatever amount of the Food in excess was taken. Excess of Herakleophorbia, indeed, beyond the necessary minimum, led, it was found, to morbid disturbances of nutrition, to cancer and tumors, ossifications and the like. And once growth upon the large scale had begun, it was speedily evident that it could only continue upon that scale and that the continuous administration of Herakleophorbia in small but sufficient doses was imperative.

If it was discontinued while growth was still going on, there was a vague restlessness and distress, then a period of voracity—as in the case of the young rats at Hankey—and then the growing creature had a sort of exaggerated anemia and sickened and died. Plants suffered in a similar way. This, however, applied only to the growth period. As soon as adolescence was attained—in plants this was represented by the formation of the first flower-buds—the need and appetite for the Herakleophorbia diminished, and as soon as the plant or animal was fully adult, it became altogether independent of any further supply of the Food. It was, as it were, completely established on the new scale. It was so completely established on the new scale that, as the thistles about Hickleybrow and the grass of the down-side already demonstrated, its seed produced giant offspring after its kind.

And presently little Redwood, pioneer of the new race, first child of all who ate the Food, was crawling about his nursery,



smashing furniture, biting like a horse, pinching like a vise, and bawling gigantic baby-talk at his "Nanny" and "Mammy," and the rather scared and awe-stricken "Daddy" who had set this mischief going.

The child was born with good intentions. "Padda be good, be good," he used to say, as the breakables flew before him. "Padda" was his rendering of Pantagruel, the nickname Redwood imposed on him. And Cossar, disregarding certain Ancient Lights that presently led to trouble, did, after a conflict with the local building regulations, get building on a vacant piece of ground adjacent to Redwood's home a comfortable, well-lit playroom, schoolroom and nursery for their four boys. Sixty feet square, about, this room was, and forty feet high. Redwood fell in love with that great nursery as he and Cossar built it, and his interest in curves faded, as he had never dreamed it could fade, before the pressing needs of his son. "There is much," he said, "in fitting a nursery. Much.

"The walls, the things in it, they will all speak to this new mind of ours, a little more, a little less eloquently, and teach it, or fail to teach it, a thousand things."

"Obviously," said Cossar, reaching hastily for his hat.

They worked together harmoniously, but Redwood supplied most of the educational theory required.

They had the walls and woodwork painted with a cheerful vigor. For the most part a slightly warmed white prevailed, but there were bands of bright clean color to enforce the simple lines of construction. "Clean colors we must have," said Redwood, and in one place had a neat horizontal band of squares, in which crimson and purple, orange and lemon, blues and greens, in many hues and many shades, did themselves honor. These squares the giant children should arrange and rearrange to their pleasure. "Decorations must follow," said Redwood. "Let them first get the range of all the tints and then this may go away. There is no reason why one should bias them in favor of any particular color or design."

Then, "The place must be full of interest," said Redwood. "Interest is food for a child, and blankness torture and starvation. He must have pictures galore." There were no pictures hung about the

room for any permanent service, however, but blank frames were provided into which new pictures would come, passing thence into a portfolio as soon as their fresh interest had passed. There was one window that looked down the length of a street, and in addition, for an added interest, Redwood had contrived above the roof of the nursery a camera obscura that watched the Kensington High Street and not a little of the Gardens.

In one corner, that most worthy implement, an abacus, four feet square, a specially strengthened piece of ironmongery with rounded corners, awaited the young giants' incipient computations. There were few woolly lambs and suchlike idols, but instead, Cossar, without explanation, had brought one day in three fourwheelers a great number of toys (all just too big for the coming children to swallow) that could be piled up, arranged in rows, rolled about, bitten, made to flap and rattle, smacked together, felt over, pulled out, opened, closed, and mauled and experimented with to an interminable extent. There were many bricks of wood in diverse colors, oblong and cuboid, bricks of polished china, bricks of transparent glass and bricks of india-rubber; there were slabs and slates; there were cones, truncated cones and cylinders; there were oblate and prolate spheroids, balls of varied substances, solid and hollow, many boxes of diverse size and shape, with hinged lids and screw lids and fitting lids, and one or two to catch and lock; there were bands of elastic and leather, and a number of rough and sturdy little objects of a size together that could stand up steadily and suggest the shape of a man.

"Give 'em these," said Cossar. "One at a time."

These things Redwood arranged in a locker in one corner. Along one side of the room, at a convenient height for a six- or eight-foot child, there was a blackboard, on which the youngsters might flourish in white and colored chalk; and near by, a sort of drawing-block, from which sheet after sheet might be torn and on which they could draw in charcoal; and a little desk there was, furnished with great carpenter's pencils of varying hardness and a copious supply of paper on which the boys might first scribble and then draw more neatly.



*Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.*

"REDWOOD FELL IN LOVE WITH THAT GREAT NURSERY."

And, moreover, Redwood gave orders, so far ahead did his imagination go, for specially large tubes of liquid paint and boxes of pastels against the time when they should be needed. He laid in a cask or so of plasticine and modeling clay. "At first he and his tutor shall model together," he said, "and when he is more skilful he shall copy casts and perhaps animals. And that reminds me, I must also have made for him a box of tools!"

"Then books. I shall have to look out a lot of books to put in his way and they'll have to be in big type. Now, what sort of books will he need? There is his imagination to be fed. That, after all, is the crown of every education. The crown—as sound habits of mind and conduct are the throne. No imagination at all is brutality, a

base imagination is lust and cowardice, but a noble imagination is God walking the earth again. He must dream, too, of a dainty fairyland and all the quaint little things of life, in due time. But he must feed chiefly on the splendid real: he shall have stories of travel through all the world, travels and adventures, and how the world was won; he shall have stories of beasts, great books,

splendidly and clearly done, of animals and birds and plants and creeping things, great books about the deeps of the sky and the mystery of the sea; he shall have histories and maps of all the empires the world has seen, pictures and stories of all the tribes and habits and customs of men. And, he must have books and pictures to

quicken his sense of beauty, subtle Japanese pictures to make him love the subtler beauties of bird and tendril and falling flower; and Western pictures too, pictures of gracious men and women, sweet groupings, and broad views of land and sea. He shall have books on the building of houses and palaces, he shall plan rooms and invent cities, and——

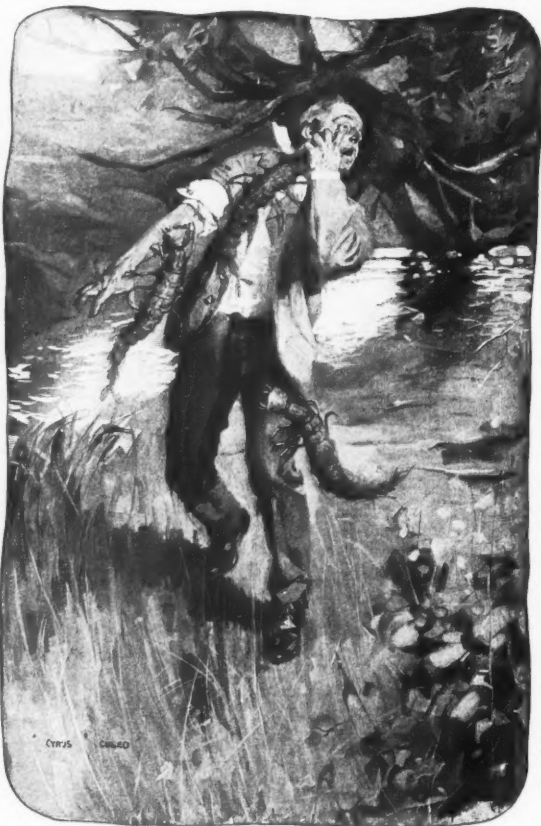
"I think I must give him a little theater.

"Then there is

to music!"

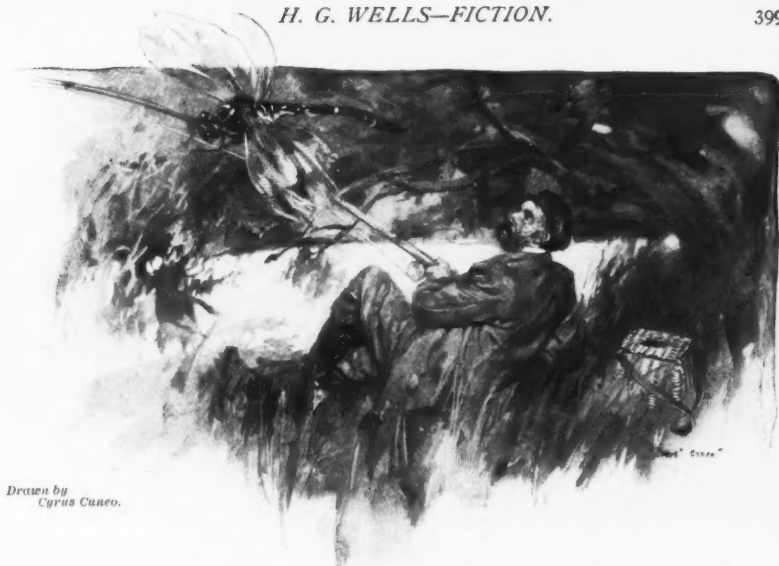
Redwood thought that over and decided that his son might best begin with a very pure-sounding harmonicon of one octave, to which afterward there could be an extension. "He shall play with this first, sing to it and give names to the notes," said Redwood; "and afterward——?"

He stared up at the windowsill overhead and measured the room with his eye.



Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.

"ATTACHED TO MR. CARRINGTON'S CHEEK, TO HIS BARE ARM AND TO HIS THIGH, WERE THREE OF THESE HORRIBLE LARVÆ."



Drawn by  
Cyrus Cuneo.

"DRAGON-FLIES DAZZLING . . . WITH

THEIR HOVERING SAPPHIRE BODIES."

"They'll have to build his piano in here," he said. "Bring it in in pieces."

He hovered about amidst his preparations, a pensive, dark little figure. If you could have seen him there, he would have looked to you like a ten-inch man amidst common nursery things. A great rug—indeed, it was a Turkey carpet—four hundred square feet of it, upon which young Redwood was soon to crawl, stretched to the grill-guarded electric radiator that was to warm the whole place. A man from Cossar's hung amidst scaffolding overhead, busy fixing the great frame that was to hold the transitory pictures. A blotting-paper book for plant specimens as big as a house-door leaned against the wall and from it projected a gigantic stalk, a leaf edge or so and one flower of chickweed, all of that gigantic size that was soon to make Urshot famous throughout the botanical world.

A sort of incredulity came to Redwood as he stood among these things.

"If it really *is* going on——" said Redwood, staring up at the remote ceiling.

From far away came a sound like the bellowing of a Mafficking bull, almost as if in answer.

"It's going on all right," said Redwood.

"Evidently."

There followed resounding blows upon a table, followed by a vast crowing shout:

"Gooloo! Boozoo! Bzz!"

"The best thing I can do," said Redwood, following out some divergent line of thought, "is to teach him myself."

That beating became more insistent. For a moment it seemed to Redwood that it caught the rhythm of an engine's throbbing—the engine, he could have imagined, of some great train of events that bore down upon him. Then a descendent flight of sharper beats broke up that effect, and was repeated.

"Come in," he cried, perceiving that some one rapped, and the door that was big enough for a cathedral opened slowly a little way. The new winch ceased to creak and Bensington appeared in the crack, gleaming benevolently under his protruded baldness and over his glasses.

"I've ventured round to see," he whispered, in a confidentially furtive manner.

"Come in," said Redwood, and he did, shutting the door behind him.

He walked forward, hands behind his back, and peered up with a birdlike movement at the dimensions about him. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Every time I come in," he said, with



*Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.*

"TO THE ROARING NOTE OF A CROWD BENT UPON LYNCHING HIM, THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF HERAKLEOPHORIA IV. PROCEEDED DOWN THE CORRIDOR."



a subdued note in his voice, "it strikes me as—*Big*."

"Yes," said Redwood, surveying it all again also, as if in an endeavor to keep hold of the visible impression. "Yes. They're going to be big, too, you know."

"I know," said Bensington, with a note that was nearly awe. "*Very big*."

They looked at each other apprehensively. "Very big indeed," said Bensington, stroking the bridge of his nose, and with one eye that watched Redwood doubtfully for a confirmatory expression. "All of them, you know—*fearfully Big*. I don't seem able to imagin—even with this—just how Big they're all going to be."

#### CHAPTER THE FIFTH.—THE MINIMIFICENCE OF MR. BENSINGTON.

##### I.

It was while the Royal Commission on Boomfood was preparing its report, that Herakleophobia really began to demonstrate its capacity for leakage. And the earliness of this second outbreak was more unfortunate, from the point of view of Cossar at any rate, since the draft report still in existence shows that the commission had, under the tutelage of the most able member, Dr. Stephen Winkles (F.R.S., M.D., F.R.C.P., D.Sc., J.P., D.L., et cetera), already quite made up its mind that accidental leakages were impossible, and was prepared to recommend that to entrust the preparation of Boomfood to a qualified committee (Winkles chiefly) with an entire control over its sale, was quite enough to satisfy all reasonable objections to its free diffusion. This committee was to have an absolute monopoly. And it is, no doubt, to be considered as a part of the irony of life, that the first and most alarming of this second series of leakages occurred within fifty yards of a little cottage at Keston occupied during the summer months by Doctor Winkles.

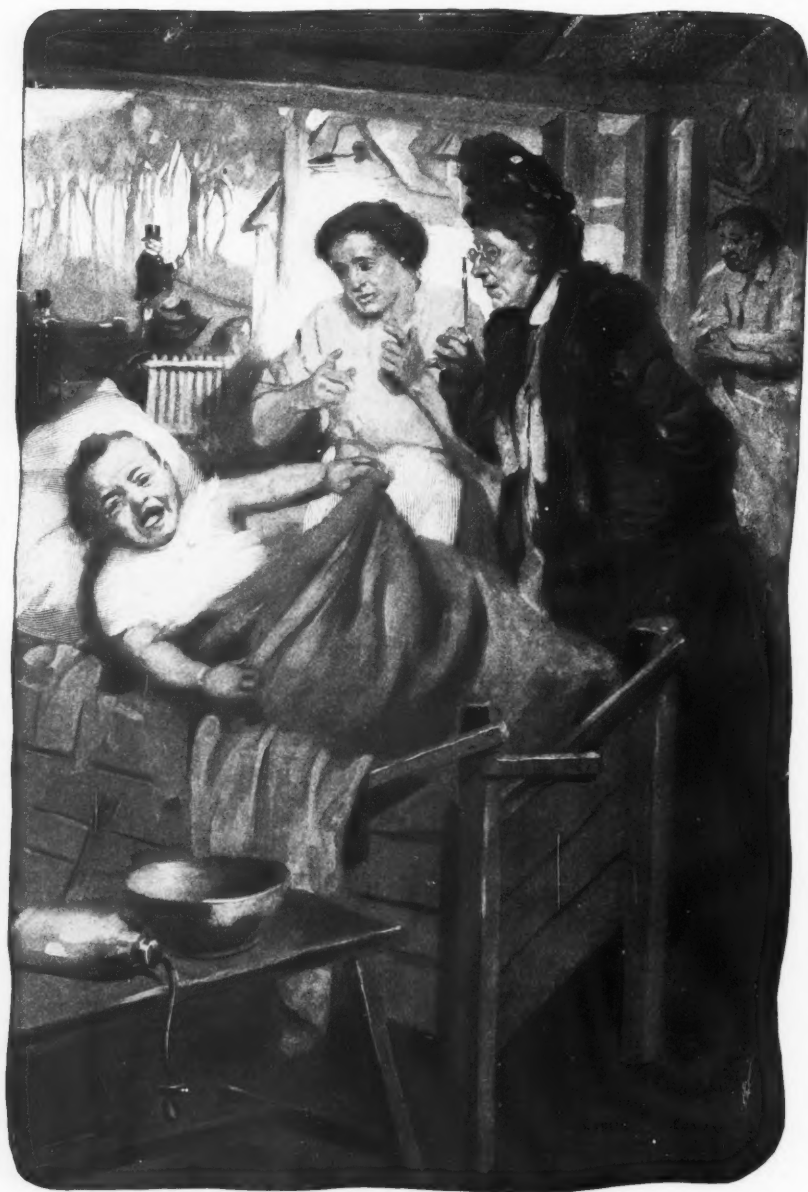
There can be little doubt now that Redwood's refusal to acquaint Winkles with the composition of Herakleophobia IV. had aroused in that gentleman a novel and intense desire toward analytical chemistry. He was not a very expert manipulator, and for that reason probably he saw fit to do his work, not in the excellently equipped laboratories that were at his disposal in London, but, without consulting any one, and almost with an air of secrecy, in a rough little garden laboratory at the Keston establishment. He does not seem to have shown either very great energy or very great ability in this quest; indeed, one gathers that he dropped the inquiry after

working at it intermittently for about a month.

This garden laboratory, in which the work was done, was very roughly equipped, supplied by a standpipe tap with water, and draining into a pipe that ran down into a swampy, rush-bordered pool under an alder-tree in a secluded corner of the common, just outside the garden hedge. The pipe was cracked, and the residuum of the Food of the Gods escaped through the crack into a little puddle amidst clumps of rushes, just in time for the spring awakening.

Everything was astir with life in that scummy little corner. There was frog-spawn adrift, tremulous with tadpoles just bursting their gelatinous envelopes; there were little pond-snails creeping out into life, and under the green skin of the rush-stems, the larvæ of a big water-beetle were struggling out of their egg cases. I doubt if the reader knows the larva of the beetle called (I know not why) *Dytiscus*. It is a jointed, queer-looking thing, very muscular and sudden in its movements and given to swimming head downward with its tail out of water; the length of a man's top thumb-joint it is and more—two inches, that is, for those who have not eaten the Food—and it has two sharp jaws that meet in front of its head, tubular jaws with sharp points, through which its habit is to suck its victim's blood.

The first things to get at the drifting grains of the Food were the little tadpoles and little water-snails; the little wriggling tadpoles in particular, once they had the taste of it, took to it with zest. But scarcely did one of them begin to grow into a conspicuous position in that little tadpole world and try a smaller brother or so as an aid to a vegetarian dietary, when, nip!—one of the beetle larvæ had its curved bloodsucking



*Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.*

"LADY WONDERSHOOT, THE VILLAGE TYRANT, . . . INSPECTED THE PHENOMENON NARROWLY."

prongs gripping into his heart, and with that red stream went Herakleophobia IV., in a state of solution, into the being of a new client. The only things that had a chance with these monsters to get any share of the Food, were the rushes, and slimy green scum in the water, and the seedling weeds in the mud at the bottom. A clean-up of the study presently washed a fresh spate of the Food into the puddle, and overflowed and carried all this sinister expansion of the struggle for life into the adjacent pool under the roots of the alder.

The first person to discover what was going on was a Mr. Lukey Carrington, a special science teacher under the London Education Board, and, in his leisure, a specialist in fresh-water algae; and he is certainly not to be envied his discovery. He had come down to Keston Common for the day to fill a number of specimen tubes for subsequent examination, and he came—with a dozen or so of corked tubes clanking faintly in his pocket, over the sandy crest and down toward the pool, spiked walking-stick in hand. A garden lad standing on top of the kitchen steps clipping Dr. Winkles' hedge, saw him in this unfrequented corner, and found him and his occupation sufficiently inexplicable and interesting to watch him pretty closely.

He saw Mr. Carrington stoop down by the side of the pool, with his hand against the old alder-stem, and peer into the water, but of course he could not appreciate the surprise and pleasure with which Mr. Carrington beheld the big, unfamiliar-looking blobs and threads of the algal scum at the bottom. There were no tadpoles visible—they had all been killed by that time—and it would seem that Mr. Carrington saw nothing at all unusual except the excessive vegetation. He bared his arm to the elbow, leaned forward and dipped deep in pursuit of a specimen. His seeking hand went down. Instantly there flashed out of the cool shadow under the tree-roots something—

Flash! It had buried its fangs deep into his arm—a bizarre shape it was, a foot long and more, brown and jointed like a scorpion.

Its ugly apparition and the sharp, amazing painfulness of its bite were too much

for Mr. Carrington's equilibrium. He felt himself to be going, and in his torment and fear yelled aloud. Over he toppled, face foremost, splash! into the pool.

The boy saw him vanish and heard the splashing of his struggle in the water. The unfortunate man emerged again into the boy's field of vision, hatless, streaming with water, and screaming!

Never before had the boy heard screams from a man.

This astonishing stranger appeared to be tearing at something on the side of his face. There appeared streaks of blood there. He flung out his arms as if in despair, leaped in the air like a frantic creature, ran violently ten or twelve yards and then fell and rolled on the ground and over and out of sight of the boy.

The lad was down the steps and through the hedge in a trice—happily with the garden shears still in hand. As he came crashing through the gorse-bushes, he says he was half minded to turn back, fearing that he had to deal with a lunatic, but the possession of the shears reassured him. "I could 'ave jabbed 'is eyes," he explained, "anyhow." Directly Mr. Carrington caught sight of him, his demeanor became at once that of a sane but desperate man. He struggled to his feet, stumbled, stood up and came to meet the boy.

"Look!" he cried; "I can't get 'em off!"

And with a qualm of horror the boy saw that attached to Mr. Carrington's cheek, to his bare arm and to his thigh, and lashing furiously with their lithe, brown, muscular bodies, were three of these horrible larvæ, their great jaws buried deep in his flesh and sucking for dear life. They had the grip of bulldogs, and Mr. Carrington's efforts to detach the monster from his face had only served to lacerate the flesh to which it had attached itself, and streak face and neck and coat with living scarlet.

"I'll cut 'im," cried the boy; "'old on, sir."

And with the zest of his age in such proceedings, he severed one by one the heads from the bodies of Mr. Carrington's assailants. "Yup," said the boy, with a wincing face, as each one fell before him.

Even then, so tough and determined was their grip that the severed heads remained for a space, still fiercely biting home and still sucking, with the blood streaming out of their necks behind. But the boy stopped that with a few more slashes of his scissors—in one of which Mr. Carrington was implicated.

"I couldn't get 'em off!" repeated Carrington, and stood for a space, swaying and bleeding profusely. He dabbed feeble hands at his injuries and examined the result upon his palms. Then he gave way at the knees and fell headlong in a dead faint at the boy's feet, between the still-leaping bodies of the defeated foe. Very luckily, it didn't occur to the boy to splash water on his face—for there were still more of these horrors under the alder's roots—and instead he passed back by the pond and went into the garden with the intention of calling assistance. And there he met the gardener-coachman and told him of the whole affair.

When they got back to Mr. Carrington, he was sitting up, dazed and weak, but able to warn them against the danger in the pool.

## II.

Such were the circumstances by which the world had its first notification that the Food was loose again. In another week Keston Common was in full operation as, what naturalists call, a center of distribution. This time there were no wasps or rats, no earwigs and no nettles, but there were at least three water-spiders, several dragon-fly larvæ which presently became dragon-flies, dazzling all Kent with their hovering sapphire bodies, and a nasty gelatinous, scummy growth that swelled over the pond margin, and sent its slimy green masses surging halfway up the garden path to Doctor Winkles' house. And there began a growth of rushes and Equisetum and Potamogeton that ended only with the drying of the pond.

It speedily became evident to the public mind, that this time there was not simply one center of distribution but quite a number of centers. There was one at Ealing, there could be no doubt now, and from that came the plague of flies and red spiders; there was one at Sunbury productive of

ferocious great eels, that could come ashore and kill sheep; and there was one in Bloomsbury that gave the world a new strain of cockroaches of a quite terrible sort—an old house it was in Bloomsbury, and much inhabited by undesirable things. Abruptly the world found itself confronted with the Hickleybrow experiences all over again, with all sorts of queer exaggerations of familiar monsters in the place of the giant hens and rats and wasps. Each center burst out with its own characteristic local fauna and flora.

We know that every one of these centers corresponded to one of the patients of Doctor Winkles, but that was by no means apparent at the time. Doctor Winkles was the last person to incur any odium in the matter. There was a panic quite naturally, a passionate indignation, but it was indignation not against Doctor Winkles but against the Food, and not so much against the Food as against the unfortunate Bensington, whom from the very first the popular imagination had insisted upon regarding as the sole and only person responsible for this new thing.

The attempt to lynch him that followed is just one of those explosive events that bulk largely in history and are in reality the least significant of occurrences.

The history of the outbreak is a mystery. The nucleus of the crowd certainly came from an Anti-Boomfood meeting in Hyde Park organized by extremists of the Caterham party, but there seems no one in the world who actually first proposed, no one who ever first hinted a suggestion of, the outrage at which so many people assisted. It is a problem for M. Gustave le Bon, a mystery in the psychology of crowds. The fact emerges that about three o'clock one Sunday afternoon a remarkably big and ugly London crowd, entirely out of hand, came rolling down Thursday Street intent on Bensington's exemplary death as a warning to all scientific investigators, and that it came nearer accomplishing its object than any London crowd has ever come since the Hyde Park railings came down in remote Middle Victorian times. This crowd came so close to its object, indeed, that for the space of an hour or more a word would have settled the unfortunate gentleman's fate.

The first intimation he had of the thing was the noise of the people outside. He went to the window and peered, realizing nothing of what impended. For a minute, perhaps, he watched them seething about the entrance, disposing of an ineffectual dozen of policemen who barred their way, before he fully realized his own importance in the affair. It came upon him in a flash—that that roaring, swaying multitude was after him. He was all alone in the flat—fortunately perhaps—his Cousin Jane having gone to Ealing to have tea with a relation on her mother's side, and he had no more idea of how to behave under such circumstances than he had of the etiquette of the Day of Judgment. He was still dashing about the flat asking his furniture what he should do, turning keys and then unlocking again, making darts at door and window and bedroom, when the floor clerk came to him.

"There isn't a moment, sir," he said. "They've got your number from the board in the hall! They're coming straight up!"

He ran Mr. Bensington out into the passage, already echoing with the approaching tumult from the great staircase, locked the door behind them, and led the way into the opposite flat by means of his duplicate key.

"It's our only chance now," he said.

He flung up a window which opened on a ventilating shaft, and showed that the wall was set with iron staples that made the rudest and most perilous of wall-ladders to serve as a fire-escape from the upper flats. He shoved Mr. Bensington out of the window, showed him how to cling on and pursued him up the ladder, goading and jabbing his legs with a bunch of keys whenever he desisted from climbing. It seemed to Bensington at times that he must climb that vertical ladder forevermore. Above, the parapet was inaccessibly remote, a mile perhaps; below—— He did not care to think of things below.

"Steady on!" cried the clerk, and gripped his ankle. It was quite horrible having his ankle gripped like that, and he tightened his hold on the iron staple above to a drowning clutch and gave a faint cry of terror.

It became evident that the clerk had

broken a window, and then it seemed that he had leaped a vast distance sidewise, and then came the noise of a window-frame sliding in its sash. He was bawling things.

Mr. Bensington moved his head round cautiously until he could see the clerk. "Come down six steps," the clerk commanded.

All this moving about seemed very foolish, but very, very cautiously Mr. Bensington lowered a foot.

"Don't pull mè!" he cried, as the clerk made to help him from the open window. It seemed to him that to reach the window from the ladder would be a very respectable feat for a flying-fox, and it was rather with the idea of a decent suicide than in any hope of accomplishing it that he made the step at last, and quite ruthlessly the clerk pulled him in. "You'll have to stop here," said the clerk; "my keys are no good here. It's an American lock. I'll get out and slam the door behind me and see if I can find the man of this floor. You'll be locked in. Don't go to the window, that's all. It's the ugliest crowd I've ever seen. If only they think you're out, they'll probably content themselves by breaking up your stuff——"

"The indicator said In," said Bensington.

"The devil it did! Well, anyhow, I'd better not be found——"

He vanished with a slam of the door.

Bensington was left to his own initiative again. It took him under the bed.

There presently he was found by Cossar.

Bensington was almost comatose with terror when he was found, for Cossar had burst the door in with his shoulder by jumping at it across the breadth of the passage.

"Come out of it, Bensington," he said.

"It's all right. It's me. We've got to get out of this. They're setting the place on fire. The porters are all clearing out. The servants are gone. It's lucky I caught the man who knew.

"Look here!"

Bensington, peering from under the bed, became aware of some unaccountable garments on Cossar's arm, and, of all things! a black bonnet in his hand.

"They're having a clear-out," said Cossar. "If they don't set the place on





Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.

"THE VICAR . . . PRODDED MOST OF THEM WITH HIS STICK."

fire, they'll come here. Troops may not be here for an hour yet. Fifty per cent. Hooligans in the crowd, and the more furnished flats they go into the better they'll like it. Obviously. They mean a clear-out. You put this skirt and bonnet on, Bensington, and get out with me."

"D'you mean——?" began Bensington, protruding a head, tortoise-fashion.

"I mean, put 'em on and come! Obviously." And with a sudden vehemence he dragged Bensington from under the bed and began to dress him for his new impersonation of an elderly woman of the people. He rolled up his trousers and made him kick off his slippers, took off his collar and tie and coat and vest, slipped a black skirt over his head and put on a red flannel bodice and a body over the same. He made him take off his all too characteristic spectacles, and clapped the bonnet on his head. "You might have been born an old wom-

an," he said, as he tied the strings. Then came the spring-side boots—a terrible wrench for corns—and the shawl, and the disguise was complete. "Up and down," said Cossar, and Bensington obeyed.

"You'll do," said Cossar.

And in this guise, stumbling awkwardly over his unaccustomed skirts, shouting womanly imprecations upon his own head in a weird falsetto to sustain his part, and to the roaring note of a crowd bent upon lynching him, the original discoverer of Herakleophorbia IV. proceeded down the corridor of Chesterfield Mansions, mingled with that inflamed, disorderly multitude and passed out altogether from the thread of events that constitutes our story.

Never once after that escape did he meddle

again with the stupendous development of the Food of the Gods, that he of all men had done most to begin.

This little man who started the whole thing passes out of the story, and after a time he passed altogether out of the world of things visible and tellable. But because he started the whole thing, it is seemly to give his exit an intercalary page of attention. One may picture him in his later days as Tunbridge Wells came to know him. For it was at Tunbridge Wells that he reappeared after a temporary obscurity, as soon as he fully realized how transitory, how quite exceptional and unmeaning, that fury of rioting was. He reappeared under the wing of Cousin Jane, treating himself for nervous shock to the exclusion of all other interests, and totally indifferent, as it seemed, to the battles that were raging then about those new centers of distribution and about the baby Children of the Food.

He took up his quarters at Mount Glory Hydro-Therapeutic Hotel, where there are quite extraordinary facilities for baths—carbonated baths, creosote baths, galvanic and faradic treatment, massage, pine baths, starch and hemlock baths, light baths, heat baths, bran and needle baths, tar and birdsdown baths, all sorts of baths; and he devoted his mind to the development of that system of curative treatment that was still imperfect when he died. And sometimes he would go down in a hired vehicle and a sealskin-trimmed coat, and sometimes, when his feet permitted, he would walk to the Pantiles and there he would sip chalybeate water, under the eye of his Cousin Jane.

His stooping shoulders, his pink appear-

ance, his beaming glasses, became a "feature" of Tunbridge Wells. No one was the least bit unkind to him, and indeed the place and the hotel seemed very glad to have the distinction of his presence. Nothing could rob him of that distinction now. And though he preferred not to follow the development of his great invention in the daily papers, yet when he crossed the lounge of the hotel or walked down the Pantiles and heard the whisper, "There he is! That's him!" it was not dissatisfaction that softened his mouth and gleamed for a moment in his eye.

This little figure, this minute little figure, launched the Food of the Gods upon the world! One does not know which is the more amazing, the greatness or the littleness of these scientific men. You figure him there on the Pantiles, in the overcoat trimmed with fur. He stands under that chinaware window where the spring spouts, and holds and sips the glass of chalybeate water in his hand. One bright eye over the gilt rim is fixed, with an expression of inscrutable severity, on Cousin Jane. "M," he says, and sips.

So we make our souvenir, so we focus and photograph this discoverer of ours for the last time, and leave him, a mere dot in our foreground, and pass to the greater picture that has developed about him, to the story of his Food—how the scattered Giant Children grew up day by day into a world that was all too small for them, and how the net of Boomfood Laws and Boomfood Conventions which the Boomfood Commission was weaving even then, drew closer and closer upon them with every year of their growth. Until——

## BOOK TWO: THE FOOD IN THE VILLAGE.

### CHAPTER THE FIRST.—THE COMING OF THE FOOD.

#### I.

Our theme, which began so compactly in Mr. Bensington's study, has already spread and branched, until it points this way and that, and henceforth our whole story is one of dissemination. To follow the Food of the Gods further is to trace the ramifications of a perpetually branching tree; in a little while, in the quarter of a lifetime, the Food

had trickled and increased from its first spring in the little farm near Hicklebyrow until it had spread, it and the report and shadow of its power, throughout the world. It spread beyond England very speedily. Soon, in America, all over the continent of Europe, in Japan, in Australia, at last all over the world, the thing was working toward its appointed end. Always it worked slowly, by indirect courses and

against resistance. It was Bigness insurgent. In spite of prejudice, in spite of law and regulation, in spite of all that obstinate conservatism that lies at the base of the formal order of mankind, the Food of the Gods, once it had been set going, pursued its subtle and invincible progress. The Children of the Food grew steadily through all these years: that was the cardinal fact of the time. But it is the leakages that make history. The children who had eaten grew, and soon there were other children growing; and all the best intentions in the world could not stop further leakages and still further leakages. The Food insisted on escaping with the pertinacity of a thing alive. Flour treated with the stuff crumbled in dry weather almost as if by intention into an impalpable powder, and would lift and travel before the lightest breeze. Now it would be some fresh insect won its way to a temporary fatal new development, now some fresh outbreak from the sewers of rats and suchlike vermin. For some days the village of Pangbourne in Berkshire fought with giant ants. Three men were bitten and died. There would be a panic, there would be a struggle, and the salient evil would be fought down again, leaving always something behind, in the obscurer things of life, changed forever. Then again another acute and startling outbreak, a swift upgrowth of monstrous weedy thickets, a drifting dissemination about the world of inhumanly growing thistles, of cockroaches that men fought with shot-guns, or a plague of mighty flies.

There were some strange and desperate struggles in obscure places. The Food begot heroes in the cause of littleness.

And men took such happenings into their lives, and met them by the expedients of the moment, and told one another there was "no change in the essential order of things." After the first great panic, Caterham, in spite of his power of eloquence, became a secondary figure in the political world, remained in men's minds as the exponent of an extreme view.

Only slowly did he win a way toward a central position in affairs. "There was no change in the essential order of things"—that eminent leader of modern thought, Doctor Winkles, was very clear upon this—and the exponents of what was called in

those days Progressive Liberalism grew quite sentimental upon the essential insincerity of their progress. Their dreams, it would appear, ran wholly on little nations, little languages, little households, each self-supported on its little farm. A fashion for the small and neat set in. To be big was to be "vulgar," and dainty, neat, mignon, miniature, "minutely perfect," became the keywords of critical approval.

Meanwhile, quietly, taking their time as children must, the Children of the Food, growing into a world that changed to receive them, gathered strength and stature and knowledge, became individual and purposeful, rose slowly toward the dimensions of their destiny. Presently they seemed a natural part of the world; all these stirrings of Bigness seemed a natural part of the world, and men wondered how things had been before their time. There came to men's ears stories of things that the giant boys could do, and they said "Wonderful!"—without a spark of wonder. The popular papers would tell of the three sons of Cossar, and how these amazing children would lift great cannon, hurl masses of iron for hundreds of yards and leap two hundred feet. They were said to be digging a well, deeper than any well or mine that man had ever made, seeking, it was said, for treasures hidden in the earth since ever the earth began.

These Children, said the popular papers, will level mountains, bridge seas, tunnel your earth to a honeycomb. "Wonderful!" said the little folks, "isn't it? What a lot of conveniences we shall have!" and went about their business as though there was no such thing as the Food of the Gods on the earth. And indeed, these things were no more than the first hints and promises of the powers of the Children of the Food. It was still no more than child's-play with them, no more than the first use of a strength in which no purpose had arisen. They did not know themselves for what they were. They were children, slow-growing children of a new race. The giant strength grew day by day—the giant will had still to grow into purpose and an aim.

Looking at it in a shortened perspective of time, those years of transition have the

quality of a single consecutive occurrence, but indeed no one saw the coming of Bigness into the world, as no one in all the world till centuries had passed saw, as one happening, the decline and fall of Rome. They who lived in those days were too much among these developments to see them together as a single thing. It seemed even to wise men that the Food was giving the world nothing but a crop of unmanageable, disconnected irrelevances, that might shake and trouble indeed, but could do no more to all the established order and fabric of mankind.

To one observer, at least, the most wonderful thing in all that period of accumulating stress is the invincible inertia of the great mass of people, their quiet persistence in all that ignored the enormous presences, the promise of still more enormous things, that grew among them. Just as many a stream will be at its smoothest, will look most tranquil, running deep and strong, at the very verge of a cataract, so all that is most conservative in man seemed settling quietly into a serene ascendancy during these latter days. Reaction became popular; there was talk of the bankruptcy of science, of the dying of progress, of the advent of the mandarins, talk of such things amidst the echoing footsteps of the Children of the Food. The fussy, pointless revolutions of the old time, a vast crowd of silly little people chasing some silly little monarch and the like, had indeed died out and passed away; but Change had not died out. It was only Change that had changed. The New was coming in its own fashion and beyond the common understanding of the world.

To tell fully of its coming would be to write a great history, but everywhere there was a parallel chain of happenings. To tell, therefore, of the manner of its coming in one place, is to tell something of the whole. It chanced that one stray seed of Immensity fell into the pretty, petty village of Cheasing Eyebright in Kent, and the story of its queer germination there and of the tragic futility that ensued, one may attempt—following one thread as it were, to show the direction in which the whole great interwoven fabric of the thing rolled off the loom of Time.

## II.

Cheasing Eyebright had of course a vicar. There are vicars and vicars, and of all sorts I love an innovating vicar, a piebald progressive professional reactionary, the least. But the vicar of Cheasing Eyebright was one of the least innovating of vicars, a most worthy, plump, ripe and conservative-minded little man. It is becoming to go back a little in our story to tell of him. He matched his village, and one may figure them best together as they used to be, on the sunset evening when Mrs. Skinner—you will remember her flight!—brought the Food with her, all unsuspected, into those rustic serenities.

The village was looking its very best just then, under that western light. It lay down along the valley beneath the beech-woods of the Hanger, a beading of thatched and red-tiled cottages, cottages with trellised porches and pyracanthus-lined faces, that clustered closer and closer as the road dropped from the yew-trees by the church toward the bridge. The vicarage peeped not too ostentatiously between the trees beyond the inn, an early Georgian front ripened by time, and the spire of the church rose happily in the depression made by the valley in the outline of the hills. A winding stream, a thin intermittency of sky-blue and foam, glittered amidst a thick margin of reeds and loosestrife and overhanging willows, along the center of a sinuous pennant of meadow. The whole prospect had that curiously English quality of ripened cultivation, that look of still completeness that apes perfection, under the sunset warmth.

And the vicar, too, looked mellow. He looked habitually and essentially mellow, as though he had been a mellow baby born into a mellow class, a ripe and juicy little boy. One could see, even before he mentioned it, that he had gone to an ivy-clad public school in its anecdotal, with magnificent traditions, aristocratic associations and no chemical laboratories, and proceeded thence to a venerable college in the very ripest Gothic. Few books he had younger than a thousand years; of these, Yarrow and Ellis and good pre-Methodist sermons made the bulk. He was a man of moderate height, a little shortened in appearance

by his equatorial dimensions, and a face that had been mellow from the first was now climacterically ripe. He wore no watch-chain out of refinement, and his modest clerical garments were made by a West End tailor.

And he sat with a hand on either shin, blinking at his village in beatific approval. He waved a plump palm toward it. His burden sang out again. What more could any one desire?

"We are fortunately situated," he said, putting the thing tamely.

"We are in a fastness of the hills," he expanded.

He explained himself at length. "We are out of it all."

For they had been talking, he and his friend, of the horrors of the age—of democracy, and secular education, and skyscrapers, and motor-cars and the American invasion, the scrappy reading of the public and the disappearance of any taste at all.

"We are out of it all," he repeated, and even as he spoke, the footsteps of some one coming smote upon his ear, and he rolled over and regarded her.

You figure the old woman's steadfastly tremulous advance, the bundle clutched in her gnarled, lank hand, her nose (which was her countenance) wrinkled with breathless resolution. You see the poppies nodding fatefully on her bonnet, and the dust-white spring-sided boots beneath her skimpy skirts, pointing with an irrevocable slow alternation east and west. Beneath her arm, a restless captive, waggled and slipped a scarcely valuable umbrella. What was there to tell the vicar that this grotesque old figure was—so far as his village was concerned at any rate—no less than Fruitful Chance and the Unforeseen, the Hag that weak men call Fate? But for us, you understand, no more than Mrs. Skinner.

As she was too much encumbered for a courtesy, she pretended not to see him and his friend at all, and so passed, flip, flop, within three yards of them, onward down toward the village. The vicar watched her slow transit in silence, and ripened a remark the while.

The incident seemed to him of no importance whatever. Old womankind, are perennius, has carried bundles since the

world began. What difference has it made?

"We are out of it all," said the vicar.

"We live in an atmosphere of simple and permanent things, birth and toil, simple seedtime and simple harvest. The uproar passes us by." He was always very great upon what he called the permanent things. "Things change," he would say, "but humanity—are perennius."

Thus the vicar. He loved a classical quotation skilfully misapplied. Below, Mrs. Skinner, inelegant but resolute, had involved herself curiously with Wilmerding's stile.

### III.

No one knows what the vicar made of the giant puff-balls.

No doubt he was among the first to discover them. They were scattered at intervals up and down the path between the near down and the village end, a path he frequented daily in his constitutional round. Altogether, of these abnormal fungi there were; from first to last, quite thirty. The vicar seems to have stared at each severally, and to have prodded most of them with his stick once or twice. One he attempted to measure with his arms, but it burst at his Ixion embrace.

He spoke to several people about them and said they were "marvelous!" and he related to at least several different persons the well-known story of the flagstone that was lifted from the cellar floor by a growth of fungi beneath. He looked up his Sowerby to see if it was *Lycoperdon caelatum* or *giganteum*—like all his kind since Gilbert White became famous, he Gilbert-Whited. He cherished a theory that *giganteum* is unfairly named.

One does not know if he observed that those white spheres lay in the very track that old woman of yesterday had followed, or if he noted that the last of the series swelled not a score of yards from the gate of the Caddles cottage. If he observed these things, he made no attempt to place his observation on record. His observation in matters botanical was what the inferior sort of scientific people called a "trained observation"—you look for certain definite things and neglect everything else. And he did nothing to link this phenomenon with the remarkable expansion



of the Caddles baby that had been going on for some weeks—indeed, ever since Caddles walked over one Sunday afternoon, a month or more ago, to see his mother-in-law and hear Mr. Skinner (since defunct) brag about his management of hens.

## IV.

The growth of the puff-balls following on the expansion of the Caddles baby really ought to have opened the vicar's eyes. The latter fact had already come right into his arms at the christening—almost overpoweringly.

The youngster bawled with deafening violence when the cold water that sealed its divine inheritance and its right to the name of "Albert Edward Caddles" fell upon its brow.

Even now it was already beyond maternal portage, and Caddles, staggering indeed, but grinning triumphantly at quantitatively inferior parents, bore it back to the free-sitting occupied by his party.

"I never saw such a child!" said the vicar.

This was the first public intimation that the Caddles child, which had begun its earthly career a little under seven pounds, did after all intend to be a credit to its parents.

But very soon it was clear that it meant to be, not only a credit, but a glory. And within a month their glory shone so brightly as to be, in connection with people in the Caddleses' position, almost improper.

The butcher weighed the infant eleven times. He was a man of few words and he soon got through with them. The first time he said, "'E's a good un;" the next time he said, "My word!" the third time he said, "Well, mum!" and after that he blew enormously each time, scratched his head and looked at his scales with an unprecedented mistrust.

And during this time every one came to see the Big Baby—so it was called by universal consent—and most of them said, "'E's a bouncer," and almost all remarked to him, "Did they?" Miss Fletcher came and said she "never *did*," which was perfectly true.

Lady Wondershoot, the village tyrant, arrived the day after the third weighing,

and inspected the phenomenon narrowly through glasses that filled it with howling terror.

"It's an unusually big child," she told its mother, in a loud, instructive voice. "You ought to take unusual care of it, Caddles. Of course, it won't go on like this, being bottle-fed, but we must do what we can for it. I'll send you down some more flannel."

The doctor came and measured the child with a tape and put the figures in a notebook, and old Mr. Drifthassock, who farmed by Up Marden, brought a manure-traveler two miles out of his way to look at it.

After the traveler had asked the child's age three times over, he said finally that he was blowed. He left it to be inferred how and why he was blowed; apparently it was the child's size that blowed him. He also said that it ought to be put in a baby-show.

It happened that all day long, out of school-hours, little children kept coming and saying, "Please Mrs. Caddles mum, may we look at your baby, please mum?" until Mr. Caddles was compelled to put a stop to it.

Amidst all these scenes of amazement, came Mrs. Skinner and stood and smiled, standing somewhat in the background with each sharp elbow in a lank, gnarled hand, and all the while smiling, smiling under and about her nose, with a smile of infinite profundity.

"It makes even that old wretch of a grandmother look quite pleasant," said Lady Wondershoot. "Though I'm sorry she's back to the village."

Of course, as with almost all cottagers' babies, the eleemosynary element had already come in, but the child soon made it clear by colossal bawling that, so far as the filling of its bottle went, it hadn't come in yet nearly enough.

The baby was entitled to a nine days' wonder, and every one wondered happily over its amazing growth for twice that time and more.

And then, you know, instead of its dropping into the background and giving place to other marvels, it went on growing more than ever.

(To be continued.)



## CUL-DE-SAC

by FRANK DANBY.



THE Skrimshires were the great people of the country; Lettie Ledbury was only the curate's daughter. But when the curate interfered with what was none of his business, and went out in the life-boat, because Jem Taylor was too drunk to do his duty, his motherless daughter was brought to Tenterden, where the heiress took temporary charge of her. The curate had the grit to take his seat in the hurricane of wind and storm, but not the power to stick to it. He was washed overboard, and, not being much of a swimmer—a hollow consumptive that ought to have known better than to attempt a man's work—drifted in with the next tide, looking very calm and peaceful, an object-lesson instead of a preacher. The crew he had gone out to save managed to keep their ship afloat until the storm was over, and no one was any worse for the adventure except the Rev. John Ledbury, and perhaps not he. He certainly looked happier when they had straightened his limbs and closed his eyes, than when he was coughing in the teeth of the coast winds, or tramping over the downs in search of souls.

As for little Letty, she had the best time of her life in the next few weeks. The heiress dressed her up in her own old clothes, taught her and played with her, and occasionally, justly, smacked her. But she had beautiful things to eat, toys and dolls that Victoria had discarded, garments that she had outgrown. She worshiped her tyrant, because her child's instinct showed her the width and depth of the fine nature that underlay the imperiousness of the spoiled heiress of Tenterden. She knew it then, when she was barely ten years old and Victoria Skrimshire nearly seventeen. She had not forgotten it when one of the strange chances of life landed her, ten years later, again at the hospitable gates of

the old Tudor house, a bride to Lord Skrimshire's newly engaged land-agent.

The bond between her and the great lady was an absurd one, but one that held. The smackings justly given and humbly received, the toys and the goodies, the clothes, had each their claim. Letty found awaiting her in her new home a dozen evidences of remembered kindnesses. The agent's house, red-bricked and ivy-covered, was well ordered inside and out; from the pans in the kitchen to the cans in the bedrooms, nothing had been forgotten for her comfort. The engagement was a tentative one. Letty herself had secured the post by letter from her old patroness; Lord Skrimshire had been too busy with his militia to make full inquiries. But the house was furnished, the garden swept and garnished, and flowers, game and fruit from Tenterden welcomed their arrival. Nothing was wanting to make her feel that she had indeed come home.

It was a great change to her. The curate's daughter had had her struggle with life in these ten years, seven of them passed at cheap schools, as pupil, pupil-teacher, drudge; three of them in trying to wrest a maintenance from London streets as typewriter, secretary, journalist. She had always been half fed, generally ill clad, struggling in the heart-sickening atmosphere where gentility and poverty seek impossible reconciliation.

She knew nothing of Dick Huntingdon except that he came from Australia, and wrote fine descriptive bits about bush and clearing. But when, in the camaraderie of their journalistic bohemianism, he told her he was going to "chuck up" the office and try for a land-agency, she was willing enough to help him by a note to Lady Skrimshire. In the unreflecting enthusiasm of this successful application, he asked her

to marry him; in the tiredness of her spirit she accepted the offer. She was sick of seeing houses both sides of the street, and spending herself in gaining thirty shillings a week for the privileges of a bare room in one of them. The man looked big and strong and protective, and she was weary of independence, and the ungraciousness of a difficult self-support. It would be sweet to go back to the green woods of Tenterden, see the bright-eyed squirrels play hide-and-seek beneath the venerable trees, and the swift hare race among the bracken. It was ten years since she had lived in the country; the milky low of cows, the farmyard cries, came to her across the years. It was for these she married Dick Huntingdon, not only for a maintenance.

She was charmed with her new home, her new life, for six whole months. She liked being patronized and petted by Victoria, for in her own strong, self-reliant way Victoria was capable of both. She liked being scolded because she was pale and thin and townspend, bidden to drink milk and live in the open. It was a personal, not a position, patronage with which Victoria surrounded her; it was a tribute to the years when the little girl cried for her dead father in the big one's arms, and the big one had told her in thrilling, not-to-be-forgotten words, how and why he had died.

Now Letty lay in a hammock under the trees in the green gardens of Tenterden, and Victoria shielded her complexion with her red parasol and lectured her on the duties she detained her from performing. For Lady Skrimshire had no companion so much to her mind as this grown-up child that had thrust an impulsive way into her heart ten years ago. And Lord Skrimshire joined them often, flinging himself on the grass beside the hammock, his straw hat shading his blue eyes, his crisp hair almost where her hands could touch it. Very soon he had drifted into intimacy with his wife's friend. It seemed that he and she had always a thousand things to say to each other—gay, irresponsible chaff and challenge. They both seemed younger than the mistress of Tenterden, who was always calm and generally preoccupied, who managed her estate and the home-farm, and the village generally, to say nothing of

organizing church matters and superintending an unnecessary cottage hospital.

She told Letty she ought to teach in the Sunday-school; she told Gerald he ought to interest himself in leases and stockraising. But she told them this indulgently; she really preferred doing everything herself. And at first, she was very satisfied with her new land-agent, and Letty's share in his introduction was duly appreciated.

But Dick Huntingdon was a curious man, capable enough, apparently, but very reticent about himself. He did his work well, but he did not seem to make friends. When at last the colonial references arrived, for which, perhaps, they ought to have waited before engaging him, Lady Skrimshire, in her perplexity, did an unusual thing for her—she consulted her husband about them.

"I don't understand what they mean," she said, her eyebrows close together, as she frowned over her letters behind the coffee-pot. "Practically they all say the same thing: 'When he is all right he is a very good man . . . perhaps he will be all right now; certainly he understands farming . . . he is steady enough, poor fellow, so long as he can be . . . ' What does it mean, Gerald? What is wrong with the man?"

Gerald yawned. Since his marriage it had become chronic with him to yawn.

"Mean? Why, it means the fellow is in all probability a drunkard."

"Oh, Gerald, don't say that. Think of Letty; she could not have tied herself to a drunkard."

"Couldn't she? Well, a lot of women do. Seems a pity, though; she is a pretty, bright little girl. I'm strolling over there after breakfast. Shall I tell her what you've heard? I want her to come over for tennis this afternoon; the Crespignys are coming."

"Yes, do fetch her. I must decide what to do about these letters. I must find out what she knows of him. Of course, don't mention that I've heard. But, after all, he is her husband; we must do what we can—perhaps he has given it up."

Lord Skrimshire, since he had to abandon soldiering and live on the estate that became his so unexpectedly, found time hanging heavy on his hands. His land-agent's wife dispelled the dulness somehow. She was

so gay and companionable; not burdened with constant correspondence, interviews and papers, like Victoria.

But that morning, when he went over, he found her anything but gay. She was very pale and nervous; she had evidently been crying. She was so glad in his coming that she clung to his hand and thanked him, and said she was so lonely, she was overtired, she had been frightened, and then cried again. She looked so frightened, and so pathetically pretty, that a sudden pity woke in him, entangled with something else—an indefinable tenderness. "I say, then, this will never do. Buck up, you know, buck up." He was awkward as a consoler, altogether awkward as he stood there, and he let her cry on his sleeve, and felt that strange new tenderness.

She realized the position soon, recovered herself, and laughed at him almost hysterically, and said she didn't know what was the matter with her; she expected she missed her overwork; good living and idleness were making her fanciful.

Gerald forgot to be curious about what had caused her mood, he was so absorbed in his own. How soft and bright her hair, and gray the pathetic eyes! What a fragile little woman she was, with all her gaiety and high spirits—such a contrast to Victoria in her strength and vigor! What an awful thing for her if Huntingdon should turn out to be a drunkard! And she had had a rough time always; the outline of her London struggles had reached him piecemeal. She must have pluck, though, and stamina, to have gone through with it and emerged like this. He felt the thrill of his manhood as he looked at her in her white dress, the pale little face and humorous, pathetic eyes smiling up at him from under the flopping hat. Her twenty-one years notwithstanding, and all experience, she seemed like a girl to him, and sweet!

He had a thousand things to say to her as they walked back in the morning sun, yet was silent. But for the first time since his cousin's accident made him Lord Skrimshire, the place and the day were glorious, and it was good to be alive. It is possible that some of the meaning of his silence touched her too, that she too saw the glint of the sun on his crisp curls and

the light in his blue eyes. But she was all unnerved and shaken from her experience of the morning, and she did not label what she felt as she walked beside him in the sunshine, glad in his presence.

Both of them were rather silent throughout the day. Victoria made Letty lie down after lunch, and scolded her for looking so pale, talked of porridge and clotted cream, and threatened her with cod-liver oil. Letty rallied toward the evening, grew almost voluble in jest and laughter. Gerald noticed something unusual in the note of her voice, a nervousness at which he wondered at first, but by which he presently became infected. Their eyes met sometimes; she seemed to question his; and he noted all her thin grace and vividity, and knew how she moved him.

But in the gloaming when, by his side again, she was returning to that red-brick house of hers, she suddenly took him into unexpected confidence.

"Did you ever know a man who made grimaces—an ordinary man, I mean?"

"Made grimaces?" he repeated, vaguely, almost stupidly. He had been feeling her presence acutely; the arm he had drawn through his own had inflamed his blood. Her question brought him up abruptly.

"You knew I had been frightened this morning; I was nervous when you came. I am frightened again—the house is so lonely, and Dick. Dick has been so strange these last two or three days; and I think he must have walked about all night. His clothes were wet this morning, his boots caked with mud. When I asked him where he had been, he made grimaces at me, awful, horrible faces; he wouldn't answer—"

There was not much time for him to realize what she was trying to tell him, nor to fathom it. It all happened so suddenly. Before he had grasped what she had said to him or its significance, the madman was upon them both. For that Dick Huntingdon was mad, his wild eyes and working mouth, the dreadful noises he made, his panting breath and disheveled clothes, bore unmistakable evidence. Lord Skrimshire, who was slighter, shorter, altogether of inferior physique, was struggling with the maniac before he had time to realize her or his own danger. For a hideous moment or two the night went red before

his eyes, and he felt his muscles give to the strain, felt the grip of iron fingers on his throat and the red sky sway black.

Soon there were men running and waving lights, and help was at hand. She had had her wits about her, and raised an instant alarm. But it had been touch and go with the lord of Tenterden for more than a minute. Then he found himself lying on the ground, the hideous grip relaxed, but uncertain how or what he had done, or quite what had happened. His head was pillowed between soft knees, and the sound of sobbing came through the noise and singing in his ears. He lay a minute or two quiet, feeling strangely happy, light-headed, trying to remember. Then a soft drop fell on his face, was salt in his mouth. In an instant his arms were around her, the salt drop stinging his lips to hers, and hers responding. Their love had a terrible birth-pang, but was alive now, and cried to them, as they lay together in the darkness with their hearts beating, so that each heard the other's, and thought it was his or her own—clinging to each other as two dragged back from a precipice, out of danger, dizzy, knowing nothing but this.

A short five minutes snatched from paradise they had. Neither of them had realized such a gift was possible. Love had spoken to neither of them before, and they listened to it with overmastering delight. It was such a wonderful song to their half-wakened ears. It sang and chanted through the next few days, that else had been full of trouble. There was music all about them, although Lord Skrimshire lay in his darkened room at Tenterden with compresses on his head, and Letty moved softly about a house where a violent madman made discordant days and nights, and the problems of future ways and means were thrust on her in the gradual effluxion of tactless time.

Lady Skrimshire, as soon as she had recovered a little from the shock of her mauled lord, came to Letty with open-handed sympathy and desire to help. They would put her husband in safekeeping; Letty should come to Tenterden as companion, secretary. In any capacity that pleased her, she should come to Tenterden, as she had come before, after the first shipwreck. But this time she should

find perpetual anchor—Victoria was urgent for her coming.

She had to give her refusal to Gerald himself—Lady Skrimshire had not the patience to listen to her. It was Gerald that came to plead to her, curiously weak and shaken, thin too, looking ten years older than on the day he had lain on the grass by the hammock. The pang that went through her when she saw him, so altered, so unboyish and grave, made its sudden mark on her face, and looking upon her, Gerald knew how it was with them both. It seemed there was no room nor necessity for disguise between them. He took her hands and held them; she dropped her face before him, was glad to hide it in his shoulder.

"You will do what Victoria wants—you will come to Tenterden?" he asked, after a pause. She did not look up, but he felt the negative in the movement of the fair head.

"Oh, Letty, Letty, how miserable I am!" he cried. "Because of—this, I can't help you."

She raised her face at that, but let him still hold her.

"You love me?"

She felt his answer, responded to it, knew what she had found. "It is good to say it, hear it, know it. Don't be sorry, Gerry, don't be miserable; I am glad, glad, glad!" They kissed again; he held her closer to him. Upstairs, above their heads, were the sounds of hurried footsteps, and struggling, and animal noises. She disengaged herself from him, looked lingeringly into his eyes. Her own, sunken a little in the pale cheeks, were alight with the same glow that lit up the consumptive curate's when he had flung off his canonicals and taken his seat in the rocking boat.

"I'm going to take care of him. I ought not to have married him just because I was tired and selfish, and thought he would take care of me. The tables are turned, but what I promised"—she faltered a little at that, and at the wild sounds upstairs, grew ashen, but went on, falteringly—"but what I promised I am going to do. He won't always be like this, and he will know how it has been with him; the doctor has told me all about it. I can't leave him; it would make it hopeless,



perpetual. Gerald, don't be sorry you love me; all the time it makes me happy—sings about me. I shall live my life quite differently now; everything is different."

He tried to move her, Victoria tried to move her, but the more she was tempted, the harder it was to go, the firmer became her resolve. She dared not yield, she felt how it was with her, yet her duty lay with Dick. She was her father's daughter, and went out into the storm with the same courage.

As soon as her husband had sufficiently recovered, she took him away, took him up to London. She was not too proud to accept help from Victoria, although it was not for long that she needed it. She soon began to work again, and Dick worked, too, in the intervals of his distressing malady.

That was their outside life for the next eighteen months; that was all Lady Skrimshire heard of them. Dick Huntingdon was sometimes in and sometimes out of an asylum, but never without the shelter and the countenance of his wife's care. Letty wrote very seldom, but very gratefully; she wanted no more help, she said; she was finding her way in journalism, had got on the staff of a woman's paper, and had other work as well; was not straitened in money matters, not in any difficulty.

Lady Skrimshire heard later that her husband had grown worse, that now his case was hopeless, that he would never again leave the asylum. But, in truth, her own life had grown too complicated, too uneasy, to allow of her brooding over her friend's saddened existence.

For Gerald had not been himself since the tragedy in the Huntingdon household. His struggle with the maniac had seriously affected his health or nervous system—neither she nor the local doctor had any doubt about it. He was restless, irritable, thin. The doctor recommended change, and he had been much away from Tenterden. He said himself that London suited him better than anywhere else, but he resented his wife's suggestion to accompany him there. All her interests and all her duties were at Tenterden, he said. As for himself, he was far better alone. He stayed away sometimes three, sometimes six, weeks at a time, reappearing always more depressed, appar-

ently ill, certainly looking worse than when he went away. He was remorseful, affectionate, apologetic, spasmodically; he never attempted to controvert the dictum that what ailed him was physical.

In October, 1899, the South African war broke out. By December, a series of reverses made a call to arms necessary. Every soldier, almost every civilian, heard the ring of it in his ears. The War Office was besieged, Whitehall mobbed; from field and farm, from counting-house and shop, from club and grouse-moor, the Englishmen hurried pell-mell. They were Berserk one and all, scenting battle and the smell of blood, bitter with their impotent distance, and frantic with the desire for action. Then Lord Skrimshire, too, woke up; then his nostrils quivered and the light came back to his eyes, and he held himself erect again. But Tenterden had no heir. His wife opposed his going, set her suzerainty against his manhood, and broke herself in the impact.

By December, he was gone, and she found herself in London forlorn, desolate, one of the hundred thousand British women with their bodies in England and their hearts oversea. For the moment Tenterden had no lure for her; she was sick with emptiness and a gnawing misery for which she had no words. He had gone without a regret. The first time he had looked happy for eighteen months, was the day she saw him off in the train from Waterloo as it snorted its slow way, the windows hung with men and waving handkerchiefs, toward Southampton. She had gone to the hotel alone, aching and heartsick for the word he had not said—the regrets, the hopes, he had not spoken. She had need of her strength and courage, for she knew that she stood alone.

It was then that she remembered Letty; little Letty might show her how to bear unhappiness, and the loneliness of married life.

But when she found Letty, not without difficulty, she had to be her old strong self again, had to put away her own ache and need for consolation, and find why her friend sat up all shocked and shaken by her coming—what brought the look of doubt and shrinking to her face, and the hysterical sobs. For Letty was in bed; the maid

had said she was ill, and, indeed, she looked it. All the surface had been cried away from her eyes; now they were dull and sunken; there were two scarlet patches on her cheeks, and the hands that lay on the counterpane hung from skeleton arms. Her cough shook her, and her breath came quickly. As soon, however, as she understood that Lady Skrimshire had come in friendship, as soon as she found herself under the spell of her old kindness, and the old desire to pet, to nurse, to help her, she broke down completely. It was only on the second or third time of her coming that Lady Skrimshire gathered something of a hurried night journey, of some terrible trouble that had made her neglect her cold, and live for a fortnight and more in a dark, distracting night of utter depression.

Now all her anxiety was about her work, her place at the office; she did not care whether she lived or died—she knew she had got her death-summons. But it would be a lingering call; she wanted to keep her place, to go on doing her duty by her unfortunate husband, to die in the battle, not fall sick by the wayside. After Victoria's sane presence had brought her back to the common day, she became feverishly anxious to get well enough to work.

So Lady Skrimshire put away the haunting thought of Gerald's indifference, and the haunting fear that those long columns with which the papers were daily filled might presently hold a name she knew, and set all her energies to nursing and helping the frail little woman upon her feet again. She had never been given to thinking about herself, accepting her position and complete prosperity with the ease of long use. It suited her better to be helping other people than combating the chill that lay about her heart when the remembrance of her husband filled it.

Letty had to take up more luxurious quarters and have a nurse to supervise her nights, and many doctors to fatigue her days. She watched Victoria wistfully from those sad sunken eyes; her heart was very full, but could find no relief through her lips. The capable, strong girl had grown into the capable, strong woman, calm, self-reliant, self-contained. Only Letty surprised her sometimes with a new expression; and when she saw that look, one of

pain bravely met, her own heart beat fast, and her dumb lips quivered with the desire to question. Slowly her health came back to her, and she took courage from the other's calm.

Victoria saw not only the necessity, but the curative effect, of work. She encouraged the invalid to take up her pen again, and when she proved too feeble to hold it long, turned amanuensis, and found herself happy phrasing. Both women felt, in those long hours of almost silent companionship, that something lay between them. If Letty knew, and suffered more in knowing, Lady Skrimshire at least had no clue. Of South Africa neither of them could speak with any calmness; no English man or woman could speak of South Africa just then. Magersfontein, Stormberg, Colenso, had wrung us; now came Paardeberg and Spion Kop. The enteric lists made their ominous entry into the papers, and tales of treachery, and forced surrenders, tore at our heartstrings. One had to hold oneself forcibly in silence, as the nation was holding itself.

Letty dictated and Victoria wrote, and the days dragged themselves on somehow, until an editorial mandate bade Letty interview the lady who was organizing a home hospital for officers in her well-appointed house.

She showed the letter silently to Lady Skrimshire.

"You won't be able to go out for at least another fortnight," Victoria said, glancing at it; "you had better let me write and tell him so."

"He will never ask me to do anything again," she answered, mournfully, from her sofa; "he will think me unreliable, not to be depended upon; they don't give much for sickness in the 'Daily Rebel' office. Don't you think I could manage it," she asked, wistfully, "if I had a cab, or even a brougham? I shall get five guineas for the interview—it's worth spending half a sovereign."

But the idea was impossible, not to be thought of. The January of that bitter year added fog to the other miseries, and Letty's lungs were still delicate from her cold.

"Can't you send some one in your place?"

"I don't know any one intelligent enough."

"Shall I go?"

"You?"

"Why not? She doesn't know you personally, does she? Although they write that Mrs. Talbot-Meadows will only consent to give you an interview?"

"No. I have a sort of reputation as an interviewer. I suppose that is why she asked for me." She hesitated. It was a great deal to ask of Lady Skrimshire. "It would be awfully good of you, if you would do it. But how can I ask you—let you?"

"Are you afraid I shan't know what to say to her? You must coach me well; after all, I have only to get you the material for an article, not to write it."

"Would you really do it?"

It was easy enough to make an appointment, to drive up to Grosvenor Place, to send in Letty's card. Yet Lady Skrimshire found herself a little perturbed, found herself a little embarrassed and uncomfortable, when she followed the maid upstairs and heard the "Mrs. Huntingdon, ma'am," that heralded her into the drawing-room.

For it had been decided that it would not do if the "Daily Rebel" heard that Letty had sent a substitute. Letty's business card gave the papers she represented, and it had been easier for Lady Skrimshire to use it than her own. But all at once it seemed dishonest, unfair, to sail under false colors. For Mrs. Talbot-Meadows came forward with outstretched hand, came forward as if she were greeting a friend.

"My dear, I am so glad to meet you. I wrote them I would only give Mrs. Huntingdon an interview. I hate publicity, but I wanted to know you. Will you forgive an old woman for taking this way of accomplishing her wishes?"

There was something curiously kind in her manner, sympathetic. Lady Skrimshire, who was used to patronize and protect, had to remember that she was representing a poor journalist; that it was Letty Huntingdon who was being, as it were, put at her ease, and not the mistress of Tenterden.

The position became suddenly an untenable one; she felt herself flushing, and

hated her masquerade. Never had the great lady of Tenterden felt so supremely uncomfortable.

"I wanted to ask you about your hospital," she began, hurriedly.

"Presently, presently. It is about you I want to speak first; about something I have heard."

Lady Skrimshire half rose from her seat; her discomfort began to deepen into distress.

"Please don't," she interrupted, desperately. "Don't talk about me. It is about you, your hospital, the arrangements you have made, the class you expect to benefit, that I came to speak to you. Look upon me only as a phonograph; speak to me, please, not about me."

The little old lady smiled at her.

"Sit down, child, sit down; we have time for that, for all things. But first I want to tell you—I sent for you to tell you—I *saw him before he went away*; he *spent two hours with me before he went away*!"

She spoke in italics, but very softly, with obvious intention not to be denied or silenced. It seemed hopeless to try to stop her. Lady Skrimshire sank back into the sofa definitely resolved not to listen, not to hear. Who "he" was, why "he" had gone away, what this sympathetic old woman knew and wanted to say, were matters for Letty's ears alone. She did not want Letty's secret thrust upon her. She had guessed that Letty had a secret.

"I wish you would talk philanthropy," she said, nervously; "I came here to talk philanthropy."

But the next words struck her into silence, stopped her phrases.

"Gerry spent two hours with me before he left town; I know you were at Southampton to see him off, but he spent two hours with me before he went."

"Gerry!" They used to call her husband "Gerry." What a strange thing to say; why did she call him Gerry to Letty? The startled eyes met the kindly blue ones as Lady Skrimshire sat erect, a little breathless, listening.

"You didn't know, perhaps, what old friends we were? My first husband was Marmaduke Duke, the army coach. Gerry



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

"HE HAD A THOUSAND THINGS TO SAY TO HER . . . YET WAS SILENT."

was with us when his cousin died. He was always intended for the army till he came into the title, and the estate made it impossible."

It was Lord Skrimshire that she was speaking of! How strange!—but perhaps she knew her after all—there was no reason why she should not listen, since it was about Gerald, her husband. The corner of the sofa was easy for her back; she let herself subside into it now. It was strange this old woman should want to talk to her about Gerald. "I knew about his marriage, poor boy! He had practically no choice given him."

What an extraordinary thing to say!

"The estate was entailed, but the girl had lived there all her life, loved it, knew every tree in the park and every knoll, and had made herself familiar with the duties of the estate and the poor people around it. She was to have married the poor fellow who died. Nearly everything was left with the estate. Poor Gerald could not turn her out; he took up the burden laid upon him."

"The burden laid upon him!" Gerald! The scene, the pretty drawing-room, the sympathetic old lady, became suddenly something in a dream. She seemed listening to dreams, waiting to wake up, powerless to move, not quite understanding where she was, or why.

"Child, that is one of the things I wanted to say to you. I have known him all his life. There never was any love in it until he met you—you need not be ashamed of loving him. You sent him away from you, again and again, to his duty. He showed all his heart to me before he went away. He knew it was not because you did not love him. He said he would like me to know you, to be a friend to you if I could. Perhaps I can. I sent for you to tell you that. Did you speak?"

It was not an articulate word she heard, only a movement. Lady Skrimshire was still dreaming. She covered her eyes with her hand, and let the ugly dream continue. The old lady's voice came to her from a long way off.

"He was always used to confide in me. He was broken-hearted when he had to give up the army. I remember his coming into our room the day we heard of Hugh

Skrimshire's accident; he was as white as a sheet. He broke down completely when Marmaduke went out and left us together. Soldiering had been more than a dream to him—a passion. Gordon had just been done to death out in Egypt. I think Gerry saw the sandy desert, and the swarthy, turbaned infidels, and himself as the avenger. But he couldn't turn his cousin out, you see; she knew nothing of the position."

"Knew nothing of the position!"—the words reverberated. She found herself suddenly tingled into full wakefulness; she was listening, all at once, with her eyes and her heart and her understanding. So Gerry had married her that she might retain Tenterden, and that was why—but she felt a little sick, and shaken, rather as if she had been in a railway accident.

"You know what she is—an untender woman," the soft voice continued.

That was like a blow in the face, and took away her breath, crimsoned her cheeks; surely it was an unkind thing for her husband to have said about her!

"Not the wife for our Gerry, cold and stiff and staid. He told me she had been good to you, in her way. The only acute feeling she has ever had was for the estate. She has asked nothing from Gerry, had nothing from him, that detracts from his great gift to you. You don't stand between them; they were never near together."

"They were never near together!" Was it true?

The scene grew unreal again, and she was back at Tenterden in the first days of their marriage. Did he not know she loved him, had loved him always? Surely he knew it, although she had not said it in just those words.

Mrs. Talbot-Meadows got up from her seat and went over to the sofa, where that upright figure sat so curiously still.

"He told me you were glad that he was going to South Africa, but I knew better. My dear, I am such an old woman, nearly seventy. Just as I know you will be happy some day in what you have done, so do I know the dreariness and heartache now. But it will do you good to speak of him; that is why I sent to you. We can talk of him together. I can tell you so



much of his young life and of his hopes, of all he gave up for his cousin's sake. I want some day to make you proud you have given up everything too; it brings you closer to him."

Lady Skrimshire could not bear the touch of that sympathetic hand. She rose abruptly. The room was still a little unreal, unsteady, but other things were clear, and her eyes met the old lady's bravely.

Not quite like this Mrs. Talbot-Meadows had pictured Letty; something smaller,

too, it was your loyalty to her that had made you resist him all these months. Poor boy! He was bitter enough to say that she had Tenterden and surely he had given her enough."

"And you?"

"I was only sorry for him, for you both. Won't you sit down again and talk to me? I can talk about him for the hour together. I love him, too, you know, in my old-fashioned way."

There were dozens, hundreds, of questions she wanted to ask, but they would not



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

"HE MADE GRIMACES AT ME—AWFUL, HORRIBLE FACES."

more fragile, more childlike, he had portrayed her. But there was misery enough in the pale face, and the signs of a great shock as she spoke.

"Tell me," she said, her own voice sounding to her somewhat harsh and forced—it was difficult to keep it steady. "Tell me, did he speak of his wife to you, of that untender woman, did he say——?" The pain of the possible answer strangled the question in her throat.

"What could he say? She had ruined his life, she and Tenterden. He knew,

come. She put out her hand; her smile was rather pitiful.

"You must let me come again. I must get away now. I am rather overwhelmed—I had not expected this talk."

Mrs. Talbot-Meadows held her hand.

"But you are ill, tired. You must have a glass of wine. Perhaps I ought not to have spoken. But because I am so old, and love him too, I thought you would care to come to me sometimes. If I had been his mother, you would have liked to sit with me, I think. He kissed

me when he went away, after he had told me about you, just as if I had been his mother. I am old enough to have seen strange things—don't put hope away from you."

"You mean—his wife may die?"

"Oh! Hush, hush! I mean nothing; only I cannot bear to see you both so unhappy—such young things, too."

She got out of the room, out of the house, somehow, but her face haunted Mrs. Talbot-Meadows. There was a strained, arrested attention in it, as if it had been paralyzed into rigidity by some sudden shock. "I thought I could have consoled her, poor thing, by telling her how brave and good she was, and how worthy of him; by letting her have a confidante, some one she could cry with, come to, when she missed him most. But she was more unhappy when she went away than when she came."

The face pictured itself on the sofa. Nervous, perhaps embarrassed, when it was there first. White, set, shocked, when it left. Mrs. Talbot-Meadows was puzzled and strangely uneasy, and she slept badly that night. She had meant to take Gerry's darling into the gild where unhappy women meet each other in silent sympathy, working together for common causes, finding peace in labor. But, instead, she had set a stamp of tragedy on an embarrassed face—and so tossed sleepless.

Lady Skrimshire found herself outside, in the corner of the brougham, rolling through the quiet streets. She had promised to go back to Letty, but she must think first, realize first. How true it all was! Of course, she knew now, she remembered now, that the estate would have been Hugh's. But she was still a child when Hugh died, and Gerald and she had seemed one with each other, and with Tenterden. As children, they had been brother and sister, but after Hugh's death they had seemed to drift naturally into a new position. Hugh was a comparative stranger to her; round Gerald all her maiden thoughts had centered.

The green slopes and wooded hollows, the old quaint gardens, the familiar scenes and faces, the village and the lanes of her country home, were all illuminated by her boy cousin. And he had thought it was only these for which she cared! How

strange, how impossible, that he should have thought so, yet how clear things grew, cruelly clear!

And he said she was untender!

A big goods-van stopped the brougham's progress. Opposite to her an organ set up its discordant grind.

It was true she was not a passionate woman. The wide rich pastures, the still green goodness of the land she loved, had dowered her with their calm. But surely he knew, surely he must have understood. A longing for Tenterden arose and choked in her throat; there was no trouble its green age could not solace. But it was winter there, and the green was gray and drear, the woods all sodden and damp, the trees leafless. It had been summer when she and Gerald were married, gold dappled shadows on the lawns, and sun on the gravel paths. Dear Tenterden—indeed her heart was there.

The carriage stopped. She must see Letty now. But when Letty saw her, there was no need to tell her something had happened. It was written in her face. The calm, the silence, between the two women was splintered.

"You have heard—something has happened. Oh, Vic! he isn't wounded!" Letty was all shaken and past control. "Oh! I can't bear it. I made him go. What is it? Tell me, tell me quick!"

Victoria thought dully that Letty still would be the better for a little smacking. She was sobbing as hysterically now as she had as child in her arms, when her father had died. Didn't she know she was betraying herself?

How strange Gerald should think her untender! The pain of that throbbed still. She knelt down by the sofa and gathered the little sobbing thing in her arms. How fond she had always been of her! She felt the cling of the appealing arms now, as she had felt them when Letty was only ten years old—the thin little clinging arms, and the wet, soft face. She had never forgotten the protective thrill left by that clinging; surely she had not been wanting in tenderness to Letty.

"Hush, dear, hush," she said gently.

"Gerry is not wounded. Gerry is all right."

She did not say it was she who was



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

"BUT IT WILL DO YOU GOOD TO SPEAK OF HIM; THAT IS WHY I SENT TO YOU."

wounded. She knelt there holding her, yearning over her, terribly sorry she was so ill and so unhappy, aching with desire to soothe her. She was something Gerald loved—the little fragile thing. She must comfort, help her, soothe her, for him. No one could do it so well as she, whatever he thought of her. She strangled the sob that rose.

"I know all about it, dear; you must not be so unhappy. You were quite right to send him away. He is a born soldier—I was more selfish to him; he was bound to go—you must not cry. You must try and get strong. Think how he hated you to be unhappy!"

"You know?"

"Yes! You'll come back with me. I will hang his portrait in your bedroom; Tenterden will help you. You shall read all his letters; I won't ask to see yours. He says I am untender"—her voice broke a little—"come and try me."

"Oh! Vic, I wanted to tell you—you know I have been loyal. I couldn't help loving him, but I haven't come between you; he always knew how good you were. And, of course, he only meant Tenterden to you; but to me, he meant just himself."

It hurt that they both thought that, that neither of them knew. But she must not think about herself. Gerry had asked that strange old lady to be a friend to Letty; he had not asked his wife, his cousin, to do anything for him! But she could do this. He loved this passionate, miserable little woman, with her mad hus-

band, and her slender hold on life. Victoria heard the shallow, quick breathing, and felt all Gerry's pangs for her.

"You must come back to Tenterden with me, and we will talk about him in the long days, in the dreary evenings. We can wait for news together."

"I saw him off from Southampton; he wanted mine to be the last face he saw from the ship. You don't mind that?"

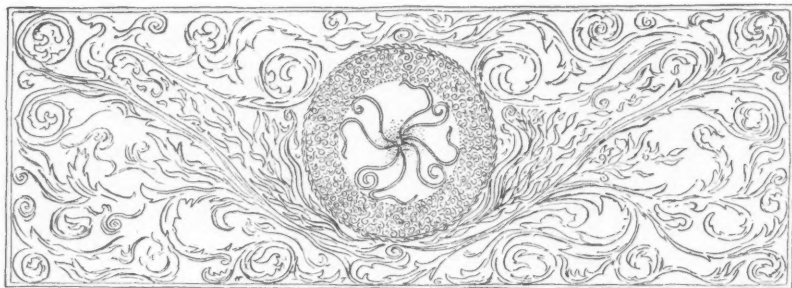
"I don't mind anything. How can I? Neither of you could help it. And I—I have Tenterden." A dry sob shook her and a great anguish. How dead the place was, the soul gone out of it; she dared not think of that. And Letty noticed nothing.

Letty wanted the portrait that was to hang in her room, the sights his eyes had seen. She was weak with illness—unfit for work, tired. She was glad Victoria knew. Victoria loved him as a cousin; it had never harmed her that she and Gerry loved each other differently.

Dick Huntingdon died in the spring, and Letty, freed from the burden of him, went back with Lady Skrimshire to Tenterden. She took her love and care, and that persistent tenderness. She did not note all at once how quickly her friend had grown old and lined. She talked endlessly to her of Gerald, and never saw her wince.

What happened at the end of two years, when Lord Skrimshire came back, is another story.

For Letty was her father's daughter, after all, and proved it eventually.





SLEEP INDUCED BY MEANS OF A LAMP REFLECTION ON A BALL WAND.

## METHODS OF INDUCING SLEEP.

By JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

I HAVE recently been prying into the secrets of several hypnotists' sanctums. "Hypnotists!" Does the word ring strange? A hypnotist is one thing, a hypnotist quite another.

The sleep-inducing machine is the product of the hypnotist's laboratory. True, there were such instruments in the old times, the earliest having been the cradle.

The "alouette" is a French instrument whose basic principle is that of the cradle—

monotony  
of motion.  
It is a la-

bor-saving machine in that its automatic movements are substituted for the passes and kindred gyrations of the old-school mesmerist. It is a small mahogany box, which you could readily slip into your coat-pocket, containing clockwork that revolves, simultaneously and in opposite directions, and two panels of ebony, each studded on either side with seven round mirrors of the size of a quarter. These blades spin about horizontally. The modern, up-to-date hypnotist places his subject comfortably upon a couch, the "alouette" close by upon a stand.

The room is darkened, save for a gleam of light escaping beneath a partly raised window-shade or from a reflecting-lamp. The subject fixes his gaze upon the dancing mirrors, which will maintain a velocity of one revolution per second for a period of one hour. Each mosaic panel flashes against the background of darkness seven distinct balls of white light, with each revolution. Quickly they fall together, then shine like one solitary globe, then scatter again



STARING ONESELF TO SLEEP.





BALL USED TO INDUCE HYPNOSIS.

into separate luminous globes. Sixty times in a minute the eye of the subject observes what appears to be the distinct manipulation of fire-brands by a skilful juggler. The subject is at first fascinated, but soon the monotony begins to tell upon his optic nerve, which communicates to his brain a drowsiness externally manifested in yawns.

Some "alouettes" have single mirror-blades; others have revolving wings fashioned like those of birds; still others revolve neither blades nor wings but box-like tops with mirrored surfaces. One has a vase for its base and rotates a small reflector-lamp, emitting alternating flashes like a revolving light. Its light is self-contained, hence it may be used in a room otherwise dark. Magnesium light—for which extraordinary soporific virtues are claimed—is burned within this instrument. But now we are entering the category of the "hypnotic lamp."

Some hypnotologists prefer it to the "alouette." The most complete outfit of this class includes, primarily, the lamp proper, mounted on a pedestal behind the subject's chair or couch. It is a metallic cylinder from which extends a miniature search-light whose ribbon of luminosity projects horizontally above the would-be sleeper's head. Another pedestal at the subject's feet holds before his face a dark disk, eighteen inches in diameter, studded in the center with a small concave reflector, upon which the pencil of light from the lamp behind impinges before it is concentrated upon his eyes. There is no pulsating monotony here, but an absolute sameness of stimulus. There bursts upon the subject a luminous sun, surrounded by a black shadow. Soon the intense light "stares him out of countenance." An unconquerable fatigue and drowsiness are communicated to his brain by his optic nerve.

A certain hypnotologist substitutes for the mirror-studded disk of the apparatus just mentioned, a wand or baton tipped with a ball highly polished to a mirror-surface. By manipulating the glistening ball upward until his subject gazes upward—almost through his eyebrows—this operator imparts the strain which hastens slumber.

Another sleep-inducing wand is used in daylight. Its polished ball, pierced by the rod, moves up and down its length. One end of the rod rests upon the top of the subject's head; the other, in the hand of the hypnotologist.

The "hypnotic ball" is a sleep-inducer quite distinct from any of these light-re-



SUBJECT GOES TO SLEEP BY CONCENTRATING THE GAZE ON A BLACK CLOTH, AND MAINTAINING PASSIVITY OF MIND.

flecting devices. It is a globe of transparent glass about two inches in diameter, half filled with sand stained to a bright turquoise-blue. A short wooden handle penetrates the bottom of the ball and from this extends inward a steel pin headed with a white bead reaching the center of the globe. The subject concentrates his gaze upon the bead, while the whole contrivance, held near his eyes and above their level, is given both a circular and rotary motion by the hand of the operator. This manipulation causes the highly colored grains of sand to roll over and over one another and to fall in a cascade behind the pinhead.

Confusion joins monotony here in fatiguing the eye, which, following the circling of

the entire mechanism, observes at the same time the alteration of its reflections, the rotation of its glass shell about the apparently stationary bead and the uniform descent of the fine blue sand.

The "fascinator," used more extensively than any of the other devices described, consists of a belt encircling the head and holding over the eyebrows a metallic band from which protrudes a wire supporting a nickeled ball. The wire is bent and this glistening sphere is held before and above the eyes to produce a constant strain.

The "vibrating coronet," lately invented by Doctor Gaiffe, of Paris, is more complex. Three bands of metal encircle the head. Strips branching from these descend, and by means of springs, gently vibrate against the eyelids.

The "hypnotic eye" is recommended by one professional Svengali. This is no more nor less than a picture of a huge, staring eye, at which the reclining subject steadily gazes. This same operator utilizes a mirror in which any pair of eyes, it is alleged, can "stare themselves out."

A candle placed behind an ordinary green bottle in such a position that the light from the flame is focused upon a spot in the dark glass, on the side toward the subject, is a simple makeshift employed in one laboratory. One hypnotologist's patients put themselves to sleep by holding an ordinary lead-pencil in their teeth and by projecting their gaze back and forth along its polished surface. Another simple method for "auto-hypnotism" merely re-



BALL USED IN INDUCING SLEEP.

quires that the subject concentrate his mind upon a square of black cloth stretched upon the wall and maintain passivity of mind until sleep results.

Primitive man appreciated the soporific effects which can be produced by over-fatigue of the sensory nerves. The Lapp was put to sleep by the monotonous beat of his magic drum. The American Indians imparted restful repose to the sick by chanting over and over, hour after hour, the monotonous verses of their shamans. The Dandins, of India, were able to attain

even the cataleptic stage of hypnosis by repeating the sacred word "om" twelve thousand times. The Taskedrugites put themselves to sleep by staring at their fingertips held to their noses, and thus stood motionless for hours at a time. Korean mothers put their babies to sleep by scratching them monotonously upon their abdomens. Spanish peasant women produce the same effect by a continued and regular stroking of the spines of their little ones. In Russia it was the custom for ancient noblemen, prepared for



SUBJECT FIXES THE GAZE ON DANCING MIRRORS.



THE CANDLE AND BOTTLE METHOD OF INDUCING SLEEP.

nightly repose, to require their servants to scratch their heels until workaday consciousness had vanished.

The whys and wherefores of these phenomena yet remain upon the docket of the savants. But in one laboratory there was exhibited to me a strange instrument which appeared to impart the most satisfactory explanation. This consisted primarily of a long tray sufficient in dimensions to contain the body of a man. It was evenly balanced upon a pair of knife-blades extending upward from an iron stand. A subject was so placed within it, outstretched upon his back, that the poise of the tray could be maintained by the ma-

nipulation of a counter-weight at the side. His balance was so delicate as to be influenced even by his breathing. While an "alouette" placed before his eyes gradually wafted away his consciousness, the end of the tray supporting his lower extremities slowly descended, while that bearing his head and the upper part of his body became of necessity elevated. This strange experiment seemed to prove that the sleeping brain weighs less than the waking brain—a condition which can be explained only by the theory that stimuli which impart slumber are those which attract

the blood from the thinking organ.

All great inventions of man now deemed to be public necessities were at one time mere toys of the inventor or the savant. It does not seem extravagant to predict that these mechanical sleep-inducers, now found only in the tool-kits of the hypnologists, may some day be so far perfected as to replace those anesthetics and anodynes which, while lending slumber to our brains, are robbing our hearts, our stomachs, our lungs and our nerves. Going further—gloomy as may be the suggestion—will man's present tendency toward wakefulness ever so far increase that some sleep-inducing engine will be a necessity of every bed-chamber?



GAZING AT A LIGHTED CANDLE THROUGH A PAPER CONE.



## ROMANCES of the WORLD'S GREAT MINES

### VI—The Discovery of Gold in Australia

By

Samuel E. Moffett

IN the first half of the nineteenth century the world was in the grip of a gold famine. The mines of Mexico and Peru were still pouring out streams of silver, but the golden hoards of Montezuma and the Incas were not duplicated. The Bank of England had more than once to suspend specie payments, and Alison was solemnly pointing the moral of the fall of the Roman empire, which he charged to a contracting volume of gold, and urging that the only way to save modern civilization was to expand the currency with paper.

Suddenly, in quick succession, as if bursting dams had let loose two mountain reservoirs, two floods of gold poured over the world, changing the whole face of industry, reversing the movement of prices, altering the currents of commerce, shifting masses of population and political power, revolutionizing economic conceptions, allaying old apprehensions and raising new ones. California in 1848 and Australia in 1851—the Golden West and the Golden East—took the imagination of mankind by storm.

There had been plenty of early hints of the truth.

An old shepherd, named McGregor, used to appear every year in Sydney and sell little packets of gold to the jewelers. It was the general opinion at the time that he had stolen the stuff and melted it down. He kept his secret until after the great discoveries, and then he said he had taken his gold from the ground by a creek about two hundred miles from Sydney.

In 1839, Count Strzelecki, an explorer, in the public service of New South Wales,

found traces of gold, but "not enough to repay extraction." His report to the Governor is the first written mention of the metal in Australia. Two years later, the Rev. W. B. Clarke declared that the Australian mountains had the geological characteristics of a gold-field. In 1844, Sir Roderick Murchison, in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society, expressed the opinion that gold would be found in the eastern range of Australia, on account of its resemblance to the Urals, which he had explored; and in 1846, he suggested that unemployed Cornish miners should go out there and hunt for it. In consequence of this advice, some people in Sydney and Adelaide looked about for gold and actually found some, which they sent to Sir Roderick. But the psychological moment for startling the world had not yet come. Sir Roderick sent an account of the whole affair to Earl Grey, the Colonial Secretary, explaining why he thought extensive gold deposits would be found in Australia, and urging the government to do something. Lord Grey did nothing—he did not even answer Sir Roderick's letter. This was in November, 1848. Australia had lost her chance of taking the lead of California.

In the same year, a member of the distinguished family of Smith exhibited a piece of gold-bearing quartz to the authorities of New South Wales, and offered to show where it came from for four thousand dollars. The officials declined to make any definite promises, but said that Mr. Smith might rely on the liberality of the government if he could show that he really had discovered anything of value. At this point, Smith's brief incursion into history ceases.

The world was now throbbing with the fever of the Californian gold discoveries. Australia caught the infection with the rest, and sent her contingent to join the

national army of occupation on the foothills of the Sierras. Convicts, bushrangers, shepherds and town-lot speculators surged across the Pacific together. Good and bad were tarred with the evil reputation of the penal settlements, and their reception was not cordial. Soon most of them drifted back, some voluntarily, and some under urgent persuasion from vigilance committees.

One member of the former class, Mr. Edward Hargraves, came with a purpose. In prospecting the Californian hills, he had been reminded of scenes familiar to him in Australia, and he had resolved to see whether the resemblance went more than skin-deep. It did. On February 12, 1851, a momentous day in the history of Australia and of the world—Mr. Hargraves found gold at the junction of Lewis Ponds and Summerhill Creeks, near the Macquarie River, and about thirty miles from Bathurst.

He repeated the offer of Smith, and the government told him, as it had told Smith, to trust to its liberality. Hargraves revealed his discovery, and the government geologist was sent with him to test its value.

From that time on, events moved rapidly. Hargraves made his communication on the 30th of April. Eight days later, a crown commission at Bathurst complained indignantly that people had been employed to dig for gold, and urged the adoption of "stringent measures to prevent the laboring people from leaving their employments to search on the crown lands." In another five days, the agitated commission reported that the mischief was done—a piece of gold valued at thirty pounds had been brought in, and it was to be feared that any future regulations would be set at defiance.

In less than three weeks from the date of the Hargraves communication to the government, four hundred people were at work in the gold-fields, many of them panning out daily an ounce or two each, and squabbling about claims had already begun. In the beginning of the fourth week, a proclamation was issued declaring the rights of the crown to the gold deposits, a Gold Commissioner was appointed, with authority to issue licenses to diggers, and New South Wales was definitely launched as a mining country. Within that same week, a thousand diggers were



MINERS BUYING WATER AT COOLGARDIE. DROUGHT IS ONE OF THE GREAT DRAWBACKS WITH WHICH MINERS IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA HAVE TO CONTEND.





HANNAN'S FLAT AT KALGOORLIE. DESOLATE, ROCK-STREWN PLAINS ARE FREQUENT SCENES IN MANY PARTS OF AUSTRALIA.

at work, and varying the monotony of panning out gold-dust by unearthing nuggets of all sizes up to four pounds.

The squatter aristocracy was perturbed. Civilization, as represented by nomadic shepherders glad to care for other men's flocks for the price of their clothes and tobacco, seemed crumbling. Some of the flock-owners urged the proclamation of martial law and the summary prohibition of gold-digging, in order to protect the "ordinary industrial pursuits" of the country from interference. But events had decreed that for some time to come the ordinary industrial pursuit of the country should be gold-digging. The stream of prospectors was trickling into every gulch. Not a day passed without new discoveries. On June 9th, less than six weeks after the first communication of Mr. Hargraves to the government, gold was found on the Turon, the greatest of the early mining-fields of New South Wales. In the following month, a black shepherd on the Louisa Creek, a tributary of the Meroo, noticed a yellow speck on a block of quartz. He broke off a chunk of the rock with his tomahawk, and saw

within a mass of solid gold. He had as much right to the treasure as his employer, a certain Doctor Kerr, who did not own the land on which it was found, and did not have a miner's license, but the idea of keeping his find did not seem to occur to his untutored savage brain. He hurriedly called his master and gave him the gold.

There were three blocks of quartz fairly oozing richness like dripping honeycombs. Sixty pounds of pure gold were taken from one of them, and forty-six pounds from the other two. The "hundredweight of gold" was like a bath of champagne for the Australian imagination. It drove the last remnants of sobriety out of the public mind, brought swarming thousands to the mines, and passed into the familiar speech of the colonists everywhere. It is satisfactory to know that its black discoverer did not go unrewarded. His employer gave him and his brother two flocks of sheep—fifteen hundred in all—two saddle-horses, a stock of rations and a team of bullocks, and thereby converted them into Rockefellers among their people.

Sydney was suddenly transformed from a staid wool-shipping port into a frenzied

miners' outfitting camp. The shops broke out into a rash of cradles, picks, shovels, pans, revolvers, pumps, slung-shots, tents, quicksilver, mining-boots, and everything that might prove useful in digging gold or protecting it when dug.

Wool-dealers turned into gold-brokers, and greater fortunes were made in buying and selling gold than in taking it out of the ground. And this was not surprising, for the market price established in the early days was from thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents to fifteen dollars an ounce, while any mint in the world that coined gold at all was prepared to accept it at the rate of about twenty dollars.

dollars a day. Everything was bathed in a golden haze. By January, 1853, it was estimated that a hundred thousand men were at work in the Victorian gold-fields, averaging an ounce of gold a week apiece.

A little gold had already been found in Victoria, then known as the Port Philip District, as early as 1848; and in August, 1851, rich diggings were opened here under the stimulus of a reward offered for the discovery of a mining-field in the colony. But the diggers did not take as kindly to the regulations of a paternal government as they had on the Turon. They resented the promptly established system of miners' licenses as an intolerable outrage.



RIVER DREDGE AT WORK. SAND AND MUD IN GREAT QUANTITIES ARE SCOOPED FROM THE RIVER-BEDS AND THEN WASHED FOR THEIR GOLD.

But Sydney's supremacy was short-lived. Before the first shipload of fortune-hunters attracted from abroad by the news of the Turon discoveries crept over the horizon, the New South Wales gold-fields were eclipsed by more sensational finds in Victoria. The diggers who were not anchored to the older colony by real-estate investments surged to Ballarat, and then to Mount Alexander, and then to Bendigo. The ten thousand miners of the Turon dwindled to twelve hundred.

A member of the Legislative Council at Victoria peddled apples at the mines. Diggers lit their pipes with banknotes and took the air in Melbourne cabs at thirty-five

A royalty on the gold extracted might not have seemed so bad, but to charge a man seven dollars and fifty cents a month in advance for the mere privilege of hunting for something he might never find, struck them as wanton oppression. It was shutting the door of fortune in the faces of the poor. The miners pushed farther into the mountains, and found Ballarat. The statistics of Ophir and Tarshish are lost, but with a reservation to cover the remarkable things we might possibly find in the reports of the superintendents of King Solomon's assay offices, if we had them, that find at Ballarat was the most wonderful that the long procession of the world's gold-

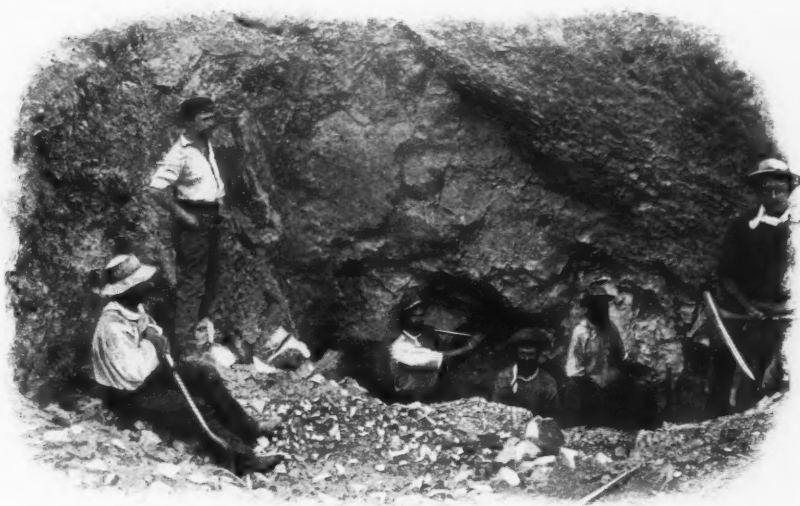
hunters had encountered in all the ages down to that time. Red Dog and Poker Flat were in their prime then, and where are they now? Ballarat, after steadily digging gold for more than half a century, is still a thriving city of fifty thousand people—larger than any twenty mining-towns in California combined.

Within two months after the discovery, ten thousand men were working at Ballarat and taking out fifty thousand dollars a day. A single nugget contained over a hundred and twenty pounds of pure gold, another ninety-three pounds and another eighty-three. The news spread over the earth, turning new streams of fortune-hunters toward Australia from every continent, but even while the tidings were speeding across the ocean, Ballarat was thrown temporarily into the shade by the sudden fame of Mount Alexander. Within a few days eight thousand men were rifling the new treasure-vaults—within eight months thirty or forty thousand. For a year or so Mount Alexander was the only subject that seemed worth talking about in Australia.

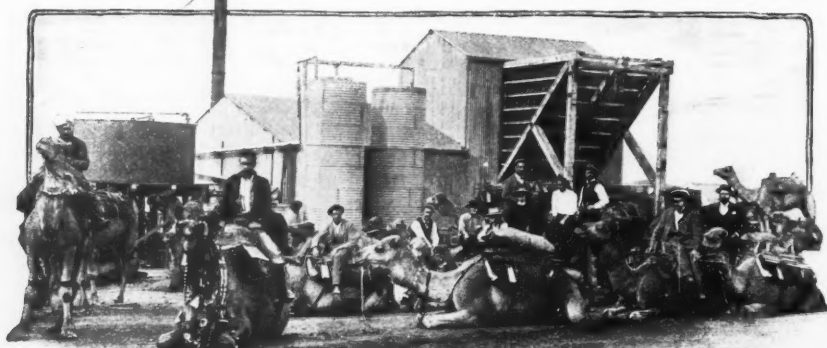
The glamour of wealth was heightened by the hardships and dangers that beset the way to it. Victoria was infested by a horde of convicts from the neighboring penal colony of Tasmania—believed by

many to have been the closest imitation of hell then existing upon earth. Tasmania was a vast university of crime, in which creatures depraved by nature were made doubly depraved by art, and turned loose at last with not a trace left of any quality that distinguishes men from devils. These graduates of England's school of justice prowled about the approaches to the gold-fields, robbing, maiming and murdering. The road from Melbourne to Mount Alexander ran for a dozen miles through the "Black Forest"—a name of terror given, so the shivering "new chum" was told, on account of the black deeds wrought there. The bushrangers were not satisfied with robbing their victim—it was their playful custom to truss him up to a tree, beating him about the eyes with a slungshot, and leave him to die. Such was the terror they inspired that other travelers coming along and seeing a man in this condition were sometimes afraid to untie him, lest they should be set upon by ambushed highwaymen and killed themselves. It was customary for travelers to halt at the edge of the forest and wait until enough had gathered to defend themselves on the way across.

The gold was sent from the mines to Melbourne with an armed escort furnished



MINERS AT WORK IN THE CACUCHA SHAFT.



CAMELS DELIVERING AURIFEROUS QUARTZ AT THE MENZIES MILL FROM THE GOLDEN WONDER MINE, MULLINE.

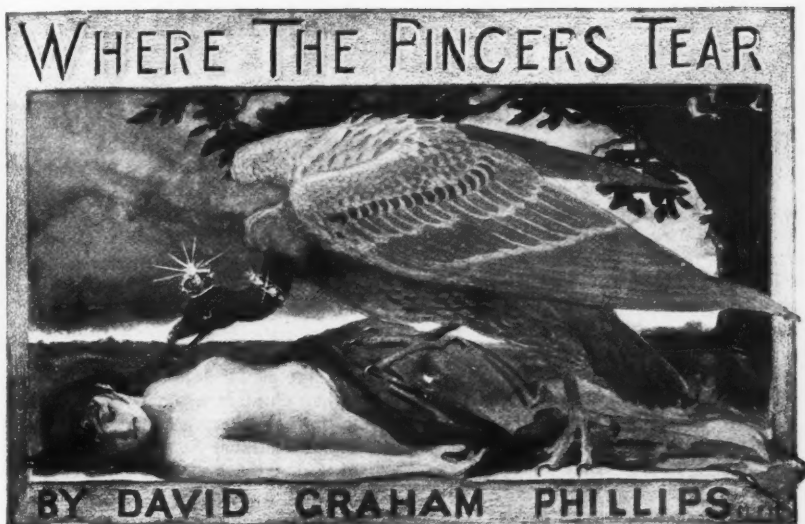
by the government. And yet, with all this lawlessness on its outskirts, this mining community itself was singularly orderly. Lynch-law was practically unknown in any of the Australian diggings. Government commissioners enforced the laws in every camp by the same moral force that stops the traffic on a London street when a policeman raises his hand, and it was hardly ever necessary to resort to armed compulsion.

There was one notable exception, whose results effectually quelled any desire to resist the law. In 1853, the miners throughout Victoria were seething with discontent. They openly threatened that unless their demands were granted a hundred thousand diggers would encircle Melbourne with a "ring of fire" and take what they wanted. They organized a "Reform League" which declared that the people, being unrepresented, had been "tyrannized over," and ought to resist, and if necessary remove, the irresponsible power that had been doing the tyrannizing. The miners announced that they would refuse to pay more than ten shillings a month for licenses, and finally, in a meeting twelve thousand strong at Ballarat, they resolved not to pay anything at all. The holders of licenses burnt them in a hilarious bonfire, and all agreed to protect unlicensed miners against molestation.

Finally it was decided that there was no use for any authority in the mines, and that all disputes should be settled by arbitration. In effect the miners cut loose

from the British empire and established a digging republic, or rather an organized anarchy. They built a stockade, garrisoned by fifteen hundred men, hoisted an insurgent flag, and prepared to attack the little force of two hundred and seventy-six soldiers stationed at Ballarat by the government. But the military commander anticipated them. He stormed the stockade in the night and routed the defenders in one fierce charge. The soldiers lost one man killed and thirteen wounded. Thirty of the insurgents were killed outright, others mortally wounded, and one hundred and twenty-five taken prisoners. The morning sun rose upon an astounded and a cowed community. There was no further armed resistance to the law in Ballarat. Threats of revenge were heard in the other camps, but they died down into a constitutional agitation for the redress of grievances.

The "Battle of the Stockade" was the climax of the wild, romantic period of Australian gold-hunting. Thenceforth the independent diggers rapidly declined in numbers and importance. The country followed the usual course of mining regions. The individual placer-miner gave way to the corporation—the fortunes that had been found in the pan and rocker were made in the Stock Exchange. The free digger who had been the lord of the land became a hired laborer, and the romance of the Australian mines faded into the gray of business.



(From Mrs. Martha Trent, of Watershed, Tennessee, to James Fisher, keeper of a general store at Humphreyville, Wisconsin.)

WATERSHED, TENN., June 3, 1898.

DEAR COUSIN JAMES:

In reply to your letter, I can say that the last of the insurance money has been paid in and I now have a balance of eleven thousand three hundred dollars at the bank. I never look at the book that I don't go over all the years poor Edward and I worked and saved and planned to keep up the annual payments, so that the children's education would at least be secure in case anything happened. About the last thing he said was, "Well, Martha, God has been good to us because at least the children can be brought up right until they're old enough to look after you."

As this money is all we have except the house here, I must get it on interest as soon as possible. I know you go to Chicago a great deal to buy goods and you have friends there. So I write to ask you what you hear and what you think about the stock of the Consolidated Manufacturing Company. I can buy it at about thirty dollars a share. So I could take my money and get about three hundred and seventy

shares. That would give us an income of one thousand four hundred and eighty dollars a year. And we could live on here as we have been living, and John could stay at college, and Jessie could go to the Normal College and prepare for teaching, and the other children, could be looked after as they come on.

I know that looks like big interest and I'd be afraid of it if it wasn't that Mr. Grand is behind it. I hear on all sides that he is a great man, and that he has a high character, besides a family tradition of honor and integrity to keep up. And he gives out that this is a great, permanent company and just the place for people situated as I am to invest their little capital. It seems to me that it must be safe, or he would not stake his reputation on it. And as he is in a position there in New York, close to all those wealthy men where he knows about investments, and as he couldn't afford not to tell the truth, it seems to me no risk at all. I wouldn't dare risk the money dear Ed left me for the children. If anything happened through my fault, I'd not dare face him on the Last Day. Besides, what would become of the children?

This is a very long letter. But you will understand how anxious I am. I only



want your best advice, and I know you will give it, because you and Ed were closer than most brothers.

We all send our love to you all, especially to sweet little Margy.

Your loving cousin,  
MARTHA TRENT.

(From James Fisher, of Humphreyville, Wisconsin, to Mrs. Martha Trent, of Watershed, Tennessee.)

HUMPHREYVILLE, WIS., June 7, 1898.

DEAR COUSIN MARTHA:

I hasten to answer your letter. I agree with you about the stock of the Consolidated Manufacturing Company, and would have advised you to put your money in it if I did not have a rule against giving advice about investments unasked. I have put into the stock the six thousand dollars I have made over and above expenses the past two years. Of course, the preferred is better than the common, I suppose. But I think both are perfectly safe, and I have bought the common because I regard Mr. Grand as one of the most honest men in the country. Even those who attack him admit that he is honest. And when he comes out flatfooted for a thing, I feel that if he isn't to be trusted, then no one is. As you say, he not only has to live up to himself but also to his father and his grandfather. And nothing makes a man so jealous of his honor as to have it something he has inherited.

Besides, Mr. Grand is a deeply religious man, high in his church, and he is charitable in a big, broad way. If there isn't any backing his business judgment and his character, then I can't see what's the use of trusting anybody. The preferred stock pays better, but it is, of course, dearer in the same proportion.

Has Letty written you that our eldest boy, Edward—poor Ed's namesake—is going to marry? I am to set him up in the law at Milwaukee.

Love to all, as if mentioned.

In haste, your loving cousin,

JAMES FISHER.

P. S.—A good many people in this neighborhood, fixed as you are, are investing in the stock. And I hear the same thing from relatives and friends in Pennsylvania, Iowa and California.

J. F.

(From Mrs. Martha Trent, of Watershed, Tennessee, to James Fisher, of Humphreyville, Wisconsin.)

WATERSHED, TENN., February 4, 1899.

DEAR COUSIN JAMES:

I have already written to Letty, but I write to you to say that I was much obliged to you for your advice. I also consulted with Mr. De Forest, the president of our bank, and he said that the stock was "as sound as Grand himself." So I put all my money in the common, which pays less interest than the preferred but doesn't cost so much, and I feel that I have done what dear Ed would have wished. What a noble man Mr. Grand is! When I think how he has made these opportunities for widows like me all over the country to educate their children without wearing themselves to the bone with the struggle and anxiety, I feel that he is indeed a servant of God.

Your loving cousin,  
MARTHA TRENT.

(From James Fisher, of Humphreyville, Wisconsin, to Mrs. Martha Trent, of Watershed, Tennessee.)

HUMPHREYVILLE, WIS., May 9, 1900.

DEAR COUSIN MARTHA:

I wish to reassure you about the doubt you expressed in your letter to Letty. I know how nervous you must be. The papers are always publishing foolish stories. Then again, I understand that they are bought to print things against such men as Mr. Grand so as to make people like you and me sell our stocks at a low price and give up to them these good investments. You may have read by this time how Mr. Grand has announced a plan for enabling his employees to invest their savings in the stock. I think that is a complete answer to the lies of his enemies. He is a great, good man. I have just bought four hundred more shares.

Your loving cousin,  
JAMES FISHER.

(From Mrs. Martha Trent, of Watershed, Tennessee, to James Fisher, of Humphreyville, Wisconsin.)

WATERSHED, TENN., May 13, 1900.

DEAR COUSIN JAMES:

I take my pen to thank you for writing

to me. I did not mean to express anxiety about my investment. I only spoke of those rumors because I had read them. I read everything about the stock and also about Mr. Grand. And the more I read of him, the more I admire him. It is a shame that a man of his character should be attacked as if he were a low grabber after money. To accuse him of such a thing is to try to make him out the vilest of men. I read the other day that there was a report that the dividend was to be passed or lessened. But I do not believe it, and only mention it that you may not think I shall be anxious when I read it. Of course, Mr. Grand would not have established that dividend unless he was sure that it would be paid for a long time.

I am glad to hear that Edward and his wife are so comfortable in Milwaukee. And they have a baby already—a baby a year old! How time flies! Here it is John's last year but one at college. And before I know it my baby Lizzie will be in long dresses.

Your loving cousin,

MARTHA TRENT.

(Telegram from James Fisher, of Humphreyville, Wisconsin, to Mrs. Martha Trent, of Watershed, Tennessee.)

HUMPHREYVILLE, WIS.,

December 11, 1900.

Situation seems completely changed last six months. Think you had better sell stock even at twenty.

JAMES FISHER.

(From the same to the same.)

HUMPHREYVILLE, WIS.,

December 11, 1900.

DEAR COUSIN MARTHA:

In explanation of my telegram of to-day, I write to say that my confidence in Grand is shaken. It is said on all sides that when he organized the Consolidated Manufacturing Company he made the common stock, the kind we have bought, simply as a bonus to the men he had to have in it, and that he promised them he would pay dividends on the stock until they had had a chance to sell it at a good price to such people as we are—"unload" it, as they say. Mind, I don't believe that story. But I do think something has happened among those greedy, bloated plutocrats that sit there in

New York plotting to increase their millions by wheedling the money of the people away from them. And I am afraid some of the others are too strong for Grand. Personally, I am holding on to my stock, because if I sold it, I should be ruined. Business is not so good as it was. Then there is my family, and Ed's family, too, for he isn't able to make anything at the law yet, and he has two children now. I advised you to sell because I feel it's a risk to have the stock from now on, and it's better that you should save a little something than nothing at all. I wish I had never written you a word about the stock.

Love to all, as if mentioned.

In haste, your loving cousin,

JAMES FISHER.

(From Mrs. Martha Trent, of Watershed, Tennessee, to James Fisher, of Humphreyville, Wisconsin.)

WATERSHED, TENN., March 14, 1901.

DEAR COUSIN JAMES:

I did not answer your letter of three months ago, except by thanking you through a letter to Letty, because I did not take your advice. I wish I had now. I believed so absolutely in Mr. Grand, and I felt so certain that he wouldn't have advised his poor employees to go into his company unless it was perfectly safe. And so, when the stock went to twenty I put a mortgage on the house—a mortgage for a thousand dollars—and invested in the stock. I needed a little more money, as John was so eager to go East to medical school next summer and Jessie wanted to go with him and finish in music.

I still have faith in Mr. Grand, or try to. For I feel that it is wicked to doubt him. But this announcement that the dividend has been cut in two has made me sleep mighty little. I try to keep up a brave front, but I fear I am not looking well. Little Margy said only to-day, "You are getting thin, mommy dear, and you jump whenever I speak to you suddenly." Poor child! She doesn't know what it means to look forward to your dearest plans broken and your children's hopes shattered because your income has been cut in two. We have only about eight hundred a year now, and that means no more education for John and Jessie, and the Lord only knows

what I shall be able to do about the others.

It looks very dark, dear Cousin James, but I trust in God. I know He will lead mine and me to the light, even though it be by stony paths.

Your loving cousin,

MARTHA.

P.S.—When I think of the thousands of people who, like us, have invested their little all with Mr. Grand, I wonder how many of them are worse off than we are. It might be so much worse. At least, each of us has all the loved ones, and there is something left to live on.

MARTHA.

(From James Fisher, of Humphreyville, Wisconsin, to Mrs. Martha Trent, of Watershed, Tennessee.)

HUMPHREYVILLE, WIS., June 2, 1901.

MY DEAR COUSIN:

I did not answer your letter of two months ago and did not let Letty answer it because I had only bad news which would have added to your troubles. But it is useless to hold back the truth any longer. I, too, mortgaged my house and store at the time I wrote you to sell your stock and I bought some more. I reasoned that I should be all but ruined anyhow if the stock went wrong and that I must have judged hastily in doubting Grand. Then came duller business and the stock went lower and the dividend was cut in half, and so—I had to give up. I have got a position as manager of what was my own store, and we are at least comfortable. But Ed and his family in Milwaukee are in great difficulty. And in another year he would have turned the corner. Still, let us hope it is all for the best.

I believe now that Grand did what they said—that he made the stock and declared its dividends just to enable that crowd and himself to make a rich haul. Certainly Providence moves mysteriously. If he were not a fiend incarnate, he would die heart-broken at the misery he has caused. I think God has sent him upon us as a judgment to punish us for wandering from the simple paths of plain industry that our fathers trod. But you, Martha, what have you done that you should be caught in the trap of this fiend? It is too unjust!

Your loving cousin,

JAMES FISHER.

(From Mrs. Martha Trent, of Watershed, Tennessee, to James Fisher, of Humphreyville, Wisconsin.)

WATERSHED, TENN., September 5, 1902.

DEAR COUSIN JAMES:

Yes, it is true about Jessie. When she had to give up everything, it seemed to take the spirit I had tried to bring her up in right out of her. She got hard and reckless. I could not keep her here with me—there was no room in the house we now have, even if there had been money enough. So, she was alone in Cincinnati, and only seventeen, and working among temptations that I, who have lived so quietly all my life, can hardly imagine. Poor child! Don't blame her, James—not a word against her. God will soften her yet. I know that my prayers will be answered. And to think that the very things we loved most in her and were most glad she had, beauty and such a love of life, should have been her undoing.

John has now given up all thought of going on with his college. He has taken a small place as clerk in Chattanooga. He is a brave boy, but you know what it means to a boy of his age to get such a blow, such a succession of blows.

Did I tell you that I had to sell the stock? We only have about two thousand dollars left. I suppose that we shall pinch along somehow.

I am an old woman now, James. You would hardly know me with my hair almost white. Do you remember how Edward used to look at me and say to you, "Jim, isn't she the youngest, prettiest, babyiest thing you ever saw?" How I am wandering! My mind goes from one sorrow to another like some hunted animal running every which way and finding enemies everywhere. Yet I keep up before the children—and they, and John, are such a comfort to me.

Remember, Cousin James, when you find Jessie, not a harsh word to her, for Ed's sake.

My sorrows have taught me to be more gentle. I try not to feel harshly toward Mr. Grand. I speak of him as if he were some one I knew. And I did feel as if I knew him, as if he were my friend and helper in my widowhood, and I used to read the cheering statements he gave out as

if they were words spoken right to me. And I suppose there were thousands of quiet people like me, in out-of-the-way corners, that felt just as I did, and prayed for him every night.

I still pray for him—he needs it now. For, Cousin James, I never think of him now that I don't think of that awful sentence—"God is not mocked!" Oh, James, in His own good time and for His own good ends He works His purposes. And my trust in Him grows as I find the confidence I had in men slipping away from me.

Yes, I pray for Mr. Grand. I suppose he does not realize what he has done. He is away off there in that rich, busy city, with all his prosperous friends about him, and with his own great troubles. If the pity and the shame of what he has inflicted should be brought home to him, I think he would be more sleepless than I am. I

think he would make restitution if it took the last one of his millions.

I am writing to Letty to-morrow to thank her for the clothes she sent. They are in splendid condition. I fear she robbed herself and her children. We have many sorrows, James, but we have many blessings.

You will write me as soon as you see Jessie. If I could only go to her, I know I could bring her back. And I believe you can. Your loving cousin,

MARTHA TRENT.

*(Telegram from James Fisher, of Humphreysville, Wisconsin, in Cincinnati on business, to Mrs. Martha Trent, of Watershed, Tennessee.)*

CINCINNATI, O., November 18, 1902.

Have been unable to find any trace of Jessie. Be your brave self. You have the others to live for. Am writing you.

JAMES FISHER.



## IN MANY PICTURES.

THOMAS WOOD STEVENS.

In many pictures I remember thee:

Now as the queen of glittering rout and dance,  
Playing with hearts—a flower of circumstance

That sways with sweet, impartial courtesy;

And now as by the purple evening sea,

With mirrored starlight weeping in thy glance,

And in thine eyes dim heroes of romance,

While hides thy hair the crescent moon from me.

So many images of thee I hold,

In sun and candleshine and moonlit mist,

So many—yet but one my heart foretold,

But one, immortal, lives whene'er I list:

Thy face in sorrow for a love of old,

And virgin lips that feared, yet trembling kissed.



A GREAT impulse has been given to the study of the heavens during the last twenty years by the erection of telescopes possessing a power vastly transcending that which was previously available by astronomers. It would be tedious to enumerate all the great instruments that are now diligently used night after night for the study of the heavens. They are to be found in various observatories on both sides of the Atlantic. It is, however, from America that this new departure has chiefly sprung, and it still remains true that the mightiest installations for the study of the heavens are to be found in that continent. We shall therefore mention the two observatories of the New World to which so large a part of the recent extension of our knowledge of the heavens must be credited.

About twenty years ago, the Lick trustees erected a mighty refracting telescope, three feet in aperture, on the summit of Mount Hamilton, in California. This instrument not only transcended any other refracting telescope in magnitude, but possessed a perfection in optical workmanship which was seldom, if ever, rivaled in the smaller instruments with which astronomers had been familiar. The admirable situation of the Lick Observatory beneath the pure Californian skies enabled justice to be done to the powers of the great telescope. It must also be noted that this telescope was placed in the hands of astronomers whose accomplishments as observers of the

heavens have never been surpassed. It is therefore easy to understand how it has come to pass that such great advances in our knowledge of the celestial bodies have been made at Mount Hamilton.

But there is no finality in scientific enterprise, and even the Lick telescope has been surpassed. At the moment of writing these words, Londoners are following with the closest interest certain investigations in progress before a committee of the House of Commons. The committee is considering the different schemes for providing London with an adequate system of electrical traction. The energy which has originated the present development of such projects has come mainly from an enterprising American gentleman, Mr. C. T. Yerkes, who is favorably known to men of science by the magnificent liberality of his great astronomical endowment. He has founded, in connection with the University of Chicago, the famous Yerkes Observatory, which has actually surpassed in the size of its huge instrument the dimensions of the great Lick telescope itself. Near the shore of Lake Geneva, some ninety miles from Chicago, stands the palatial structure which constitutes the Yerkes Observatory. In this building a great dome protects the famous instrument, and we may realize the scale on which it is constructed by saying that the diameter of the dome of the Yerkes observatory is only five feet less than that of the interior of the dome of



St. Paul's. It is not too much to assert that the chief astronomical discoveries that are now riveting the attention of the world have mainly originated from these two great American institutions. It will, of course, be understood that besides those named many other observatories on both sides of the Atlantic are also well known to astronomers for the excellence of the work which comes from them.

It has been well remarked that the introduction of the dry photographic plate in the observatory has marked as great an advance in the practical art of the astronomer, as did the invention of the telescope in the state of astronomy which preceded the employment of that wonderful instrument. Every day that passes seems to make this statement more true. We are continually finding that the older methods of investigation are being superseded. The astronomer used formerly to make careful measurements of the distances of the stars from one another by the aid of a delicate measuring apparatus at the eye end of his telescope. Now he not unfrequently rejects that measuring apparatus altogether and adjusts a plate-holder on the end of the telescope instead. Into that plate-holder he puts the most sensitive plate that chemical skill can provide. The astronomer's plates are so rapid that the hundredth part of a second would be quite long enough for the exposure, under the ordinary conditions of photographic work in which abundant daylight is available. In the telescope, however, the photograph has to be taken at the dead of night, and every ray of extraneous light has to be most jealously excluded. The intrusion of a stray beam from a lamp or any other source would certainly spoil the picture. It is under such circumstances that the great size of the object-glass proves of so much advantage. On its broad surface the rays of light from a small star are collected and converged to a focus on the plate, and in this way they form the image of the star. Even though the light be thus concentrated, it will generally be found that some of the stars are so faint that their pictures will not be secured unless the exposure is continued for many minutes, or sometimes even for several hours. But when the light has been allowed time to

act, the astronomer obtains on his photographic plate an absolutely faithful chart of the heavens. Engraved on that chart he finds not only the stars which his naked eye could show him, not only the stars which are discernible when his visual power receives the assistance of the telescope, he finds also innumerable other stars too faint to be perceived even by the greatest instrument.

The picture so obtained is in due course transferred to a measuring apparatus, and the astronomer can then conduct the measurement of the stars at his convenience and without the various distracting circumstances requiring attention in the manipulation of a mighty instrument. It has been found not only that the astronomer can thus get through his work much more rapidly than was possible by the older method, but that the measurements made on the photographs are superior in accuracy to those which are obtained by direct measurement with the telescope itself.

But there are other special utilities of the photographic plate for astronomical purposes. It is particularly serviceable inasmuch as it enables us to preserve an absolutely faithful record of the appearance of the heavens. It would obviously be of the utmost advantage to obtain a continuous record showing the actual stars that are visible night by night. To accomplish this in a wholly effectual manner, automatic appliances are required. Professor Pickering, the distinguished director of the Harvard College Observatory, has been a pioneer in this most useful branch of astronomical work, and among the numerous ingenious photographic devices which are to be found in his famous observatory there is one in which what has been called the "patrol" method of observation has been employed with signal success. As the heavens continually revolve in the diurnal motion from east to west, a photographic apparatus is in action from whose penetrating scrutiny no part of the heavens can escape. The effect of this is to secure each night a photographic picture on which every part of the visible heavens is represented. Advantage has been already taken of this remarkable record to elucidate various astronomical problems.

It will occasionally happen that a new

star suddenly blazes forth in the sky. If this new addition is as bright as one of the more brilliant of the permanent stars, it will certainly not long elude detection by some of the innumerable acute pairs of eyes that are constantly scanning the heavens. It will, however, generally happen that after the discoverer of a new star has concentrated the attention of the world on a novelty which has added fresh interest to the firmament, a reference to Professor Pickering's patrol observations will reveal how the silent operation of the systematic photographic method had already detected the newcomer and secured the first indication of its existence. In Professor Pickering's observatory an immense collection of celestial photographs, extending over many years, is now preserved for reference. On the announcement of any new addition to the starry host, the first thing to be done is to consult these plates so carefully treasured at Harvard College. By an examination of them we learn the early chapters in the history of the new addition.

Another great advantage of the photographic method is its necessary truthfulness, which never admits even of challenge. The photograph sets down an object which may indeed be quite invisible through the telescope. Nevertheless the object is most certainly there. It can generally be distinguished from any accidental mark by the infallible test, that other plates exposed to the same part of the sky reproduce precisely the same object and in the same way. At the present moment, the photographic record has rendered a very material service to astronomy in a remarkable extension of the possibilities of natural phenomena. Astronomers are at present engaged in the study of an object which may be said to be quite without precedent. It is indeed not too much to affirm that the phenomena testified to in unmistakable language on the photographic plate, are in themselves so marvelous that if our evidence as to their existence rested on the testimony of mere eye-witnesses, however conscientious and however skilful, it would be difficult to persuade the scientific world that the observers had not been deceived by some illusion. We must here describe these very important investigations.

We have already mentioned the occa-

sional appearance of a new star. The most recent instance, and indeed one of the most famous of the new stars of which the outburst has ever been recorded, is that which was suddenly manifested in February, 1901, in the constellation of Perseus. This addition to the starry host was first detected, so far as visual observation was concerned, by Doctor Anderson, in Edinburgh. It speedily attained a luster comparable to that of the most brilliant of the stars. Indeed, for a brief time it would seem that the new object possessed a radiance transcending that of even Capella itself. But, as is usual in such cases, the exceptional brilliance had no very long duration. The star soon commenced to decline, so that after an interval of about two or three weeks from its first appearance, its luster had sunk to that of an insignificant star. The decline still went on, though indeed not with regularity; it was noticed that the luster of the star would sometimes undergo a great abatement one night and would revive the next. After a course of such oscillations, the star subsided to the rank of no more than a "small telescopic point" within two months of its first appearance.

Then came an interval during which daylight prevented any further observations, but as soon as the seasons permitted a resumption of the study of this object, it was again photographed, in the autumn of 1901. Then it was that one of the most remarkable discoveries of modern times was made, at the Yerkes Observatory. The star was there still, but what chiefly engaged the attention of the astronomers was a totally new nebula in the vicinity of the star. This was not to be seen with the eye, though it was a feature quite easily to be discerned on the photographic plate. After a few weeks' careful study, an astonishing fact was revealed to the astronomers at Yerkes, and almost simultaneously confirmed by those at Lick. The nebula seemed to be in movement. It shifted its place with reference to various stars in the neighborhood. This was a circumstance of the utmost interest; it ought, indeed, rather to be described as a wholly unprecedented phenomenon. It may indeed be affirmed that, notwithstanding the many thousands of nebulae which had been

previously known, there does not appear to have been any case of what is called proper motion demonstrated in any one of them. The discovery of a nebula with a proper motion is in itself a matter of the highest interest. But the feature which makes this new nebula especially astonishing, and which is indeed at the moment of writing engaging the attention of astronomers to an unprecedented extent, relates to the extraordinarily great rapidity with which that movement is performed. To express in actual units the speed with which such an object is moving, it would be necessary for us first to know the distance of that object from the Earth. The star is, however, so distant that we have not yet been able to measure what that distance actually amounts to. In such a case, however, negative knowledge is often very acceptable, and we do know a minor limit to that distance. The star is certainly so far from the Earth that the slowest

movement of the nebula compels us to believe that the actual pace at which the nebula is moving must be at least sufficient to convey it over eighteen thousand miles in each second of time. This is indeed a stupendous velocity. In the whole scheme of nature, we know no other velocity of actual matter comparable to what is here implied. Some astronomers have thought the observations indicate that the speed animating these

nebulae may be quite ten times as great as that minor limit which we have specified.

If I were asked to give an account of the most striking advance which has been made in modern astronomy so far as the general knowledge of the contents of the heavens is concerned, it would, I think, be contained in a description of the results obtained by certain observations made in recent years at the Lick Observatory. In

this case the discoveries were made, not with the mighty Lick telescope with whose powers astronomers are already so happily familiar, but with the reflecting telescope which was the work of the English astronomer, Dr. A. A. Common. This instrument, of three feet aperture, in which a mirror of silvered glass is the essential part, has proved eminently suitable for the photography of the faint and delicate nebulae. On the arrival of this telescope at Lick, Professor Keeler devoted himself to the development of its ca-



SIR ROBERT BALL.

pabilities. Finding it was especially adapted for the purposes of a photographic survey of the nebulous contents of the heavens, he proposed a magnificent scheme. This scheme involved a photographic survey of the whole heavens for the purpose of investigating the distribution throughout the heavens of those mysterious objects, the nebulae. It was with the profoundest regret that astronomers all over the world learned of the

death of Keeler at what was little more than the commencement of his career. His scheme was thus prematurely terminated, but not before he had carried it to a point which enabled him to announce a startling development of our knowledge of the nebulous contents of the heavens.

It should be observed that a great telescope does not necessarily, nor indeed usually, mean a large field of view presented at one time to the observer. Those who are unaccustomed to astronomical observation are often a little surprised, and perhaps not a little disappointed, to find how small a portion of the sky may be comprehended in one glance. Under ordinary conditions, the hemisphere of even the Moon or the Sun would not be visible in a single field of a great and powerful telescope. If, therefore, a survey of the whole heavens is to be made, a correspondingly large number of different fields must be separately examined. It can be shown that if the whole surface of the heavens was divided into forty thousand squares, all equal to one another, then one of these squares would about represent such a portion of the celestial sphere as could be obtained within the four corners of such photographic plates as are found convenient for astronomical work. If, therefore, a survey of the whole heavens is intended to be made (and this was indeed the scheme which Professor Keeler formed), then it would be necessary to secure not fewer than forty thousand separate pictures. To obtain these pictures, was the sublime task which he proposed, and which he actually commenced. He succeeded in obtaining a number of these pictures, alike excellent as examples of photographic skill and as illustrations of celestial portraiture. Fortunately for our present purpose, the pictures which he did obtain were not congregated in one region on the celestial sphere, but were fairly distributed among different constellations. It was, we understand, the belief of Professor Keeler that the pictures he obtained may be regarded as fair examples of what might have been expected had he been able to carry out the scheme of photographing the whole heavens. It must, however, remain open to some doubt whether the inference which

he drew from the photographs he secured may be applied in all its fulness over the whole extent, which would have needed forty thousand squares to cover it. For the final settlement of this point, we must await the completion of the scheme of which Keeler was not able to do much more than the inauguration. Keeler did, however, take a large number of pictures, and he examined carefully the various nebulae which these pictures exhibited. On some of these plates were found, of course, nebulae that had long been known to astronomers, for it will be remembered that before Keeler commenced his great survey the total number of known nebulae might be reckoned at about seven thousand. As we have seen that about forty thousand plates would be required for the portraiture of the whole heavens, it might have been reasonably expected that a known nebula would make its appearance on an average of one in every six plates. But the astonishing feature which Keeler's researches disclosed was that the nebulae which are known, even though they are counted in thousands, are but few indeed in comparison with the multitudes of the new nebulae which are crowded on the photographic plates after exposure in the great reflector. Among the sample photographs that Keeler obtained from different parts of the heavens, some plates had ten new nebulae and some had twenty, and some had even thirty. Three was indeed the fewest number of new nebulae that he found on any one of the plates that he examined. Assuming that his plates are fairly typical of the nebulous contents of the heavens, it is hard not to admit the conclusion that he draws from these circumstances. If we take, as Keeler did, the number three to represent the average number of new nebulae to be expected as the result of each exposure, we shall certainly not overestimate the number, for it is to be remembered that three was the smallest number that he had found on any one of his trial plates. Assuming, then, that this would also be the number of new nebulae on each one of the forty thousand plates, we arrive at the startling conclusion that no fewer than one hundred and twenty thousand new nebulae are now awaiting discovery.

There is, however, a point of still

further interest in connection with these astonishing investigations. Among these curious objects called nebulae, there is one particular class which is designated by the word "spiral." The characteristics of a spiral nebula may be briefly mentioned. The spiral nebula is an object of approximately a disklike form, and the material forming it is distributed in a spiral manner suggestive of a whirlpool. It is obvious from the structure that the material is revolving round the center, and that the central parts turn more rapidly than the outer parts, otherwise the characteristic appearance could hardly be produced. A spiral nebula was first discovered by Lord Rosse, about fifty years ago. The structure was discernible without much difficulty through his great telescope. As, however, at that time the telescopes of most other astronomers were quite inadequate to reveal the spiral character of this or any of the other similar objects, Lord Rosse's observations did not produce the impression that their merits deserved, and there was even some incredulity as to the existence of the spiral nebulae. In recent years, photographic astronomers, in researches of which Doctor Roberts was a pioneer, have confirmed in a most striking manner the justice of Lord Rosse's original description of the spiral nebulae. Beautiful photographic plates have further shown that many other nebulae possessed a similar character. Indeed, not only could the spiral form be discerned in many nebulae already known as faint luminous objects, but it also appeared that certain nebulae, invisible to the eye, but yet very visible indeed on the photographic plate, possessed the spiral character in a most remarkable degree. Thus the spiral nebula has assumed its place as an astronomical verity of the utmost cosmical significance.

The discoveries of Keeler have, however, procured for the spiral nebulae a distinction altogether unexpected. We have seen that he estimates that there are one hundred and twenty thousand new nebulae in the sky, and he supplements this most interesting statement by the announcement that, so far as he can judge, no fewer than one-half of them are spirals. Thus we see

that the spiral nebula, so far from having the dubious existence that was formerly supposed, has now acquired the rank of an astronomical object of first-rate importance. Indeed, if it be remembered that the spiral nebula is an object highly characteristic both in form and structure, and if we are now to believe that it is strewn over the heavens in such numbers that on an average a thousand or two are to be found in every constellation, we then see that, next to a fixed star itself, the spiral nebula is the most definitely characteristic constituent of the sidereal heavens.

The interest of these discoveries, however great in itself, becomes much greater still when viewed in connection with the nebular theory of the origin of our solar system. The doctrine advanced by Laplace in independence of the earlier investigations of Kant, attributes to our solar system an origin from a contracting nebula. In the process of evolution it would seem that there must have been a time when the nebula destined to form the solar system was of the spiral type. This appears to follow from the facts that all the planets have orbits moving in the same plane and all are going in the same direction, while the inner parts revolve more rapidly than the outer parts. Laplace was unable to point to any celestial objects which might illustrate the actual evolution of our system, because Laplace knew nothing whatever of the existence of spiral nebulae. Had Laplace known of these objects, it can hardly be doubted that he would have appealed to the spiral nebula as giving an illustration of another evolution in actual progress, such as he had postulated for the development of our solar system.

It is surely of the highest interest to find that this type of objects which illustrates so aptly the evolution of our own system, is now found to be abundantly distributed through the universe. At this very moment we can examine, thanks to the photographic plates, evolutions actually in progress for the formation of other systems, in many respects analogous to that from which our Earth and planets were evolved. This seems to be by far the most interesting advance which has been made in modern astronomy.





## AN UNOPENED LETTER

BY MARY SINTON LEWIS.

"It is snowing so hard I am going to stay at home this afternoon," said little Mrs. Carl Todd to her husband. He looked up from his papers and smiled.

"Good!" he said. "I shall be glad to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. In New York one sees so little of one's wife! It will be much nicer to talk to you than to write a dry-as-dust editorial on the strike problem."

"But, Carl," his wife said, quickly, "I am not going to interrupt the editorial, you know. You said it must be written to-day and would take every minute till midnight. I am going to attend to some of Alice's engagement notes for her. Let me write them down here while you work."

Her husband shook his blond head and laughed a laugh of boyish irresponsibility. "Come, Mildred, don't be serious," he begged. "I suppose one ought to be ashamed after five long years of married life to find one's wife more attractive than modern problems—but I am going to spend the afternoon with you," he said, in accents of finality, and drawing up two chairs, he placed them side by side before the fire.

His wife walked over to him and took a coaxing hold of the lapels of his coat. "'I could not love thee, dear, so much——'" she quoted. Her tone was light, but there was a touch of seriousness in it which her husband detected and understood.

"All right," he said, with a sigh. "I

always thought that particular poet a cad, but I suppose if I must write that editorial, I must. I shall make it short—understand that, Mrs. Carlo, and later in the afternoon you shall pay me for my submission."

He threw himself into the chair at his desk and was soon so absorbed in writing that a sharp ring at the doorbell did not interrupt him. His wife tiptoed out of the room, closing the door softly behind her. She found her friend Alice Ingram already in the hall.

"Oh, Alice, I am so glad it is you!" she cried. "How good of you to come through all this snow! I was just this moment going to begin writing those notes for you. To think that it is to be announced to-morrow! To-morrow!" she clapped her little hands delightedly, "and I have been just bursting with the secret joy of it all!"

Mildred's heart was so full of happiness that she failed to notice that her friend did not respond to the exuberance of her own mood. For years it had been her most cherished desire that Alice Ingram should come to love John Ford. Young, handsome, rich, cast in a firm, strong mold, he had seemed to her the only man she knew who was thoroughly competent to satisfy both the heart and the ambition of her dearest friend. And he had been in love with Alice for years. But the girl had shrunk from his wealth, his popularity. The fact that he was what the world calls

an "excellent match" had told against him. Knowing the power of her own ambition, and fearing to be guided by that rather than by the power of love alone, the girl had remained for months in torturing uncertainty. It was only after she had refused him twice, and had attempted to put him altogether out of her life, that her heart had spoken too clearly for misunderstanding.

Through the long courtship, Mrs. Todd, who lavished upon Alice all that peculiar tenderness which only the childless woman can spare for a friend, had stood by, a silent, helpless spectator, hoping with all the fervor of her warm, impulsive heart that the girl's eyes might be opened at last.

As she stood now in the dim hallway with her friend, helping her to remove her wraps and to shake the crisp snow-crystals from her soft gray furs, a sudden realization swept over her of the pride that John Ford must take in this tall girl with the deep eyes, the dark hair and the grace and stateliness of carriage. She felt a sudden sense of gratitude that she herself had been permitted to share in the intimate knowledge of such love as Alice Ingram's, that she had been permitted to feel the height and depth and breadth of it.

"Oh, Alice," she cried, suddenly, throwing her arms about the girl's neck with a pretty impulsiveness, "I am so happy in your happiness, dear—so very, very happy!"

She drew her friend into the little room that she called her den. "Let us sit in here and have a good talk," she said. As the brighter light of the room struck upon Alice Ingram's face, Mildred saw that it was white and drawn and marked with deep lines of pain.

"Why, Alice," she said, with quick sympathy, "I am so sorry—I didn't know—tell me, dear." The girl sank into an easy-chair by the window, her slim white hands folded on her lap. "I have written to John, breaking our engagement," she said, quietly.

"Breaking—your—engagement?" Mildred repeated, slowly. This was so strange, so utterly bewildering. In the surging rush of thoughts that swept to her brain, only one fact stood out clearly—the fact that Alice Ingram loved John Ford with all her

heart and with all her strength. For the moment, nothing seemed to matter but that. Mildred went over to her friend and would have gathered her into her arms and comforted her, but Alice pushed her gently into a chair beside her.

"No, Carlo" (she had never called her friend by any other name since her marriage to Carl Todd), "you must not make a tragedy queen of me, you know," she said, with a pathetic little smile that smote Mildred's heart.

"But I don't understand," said her friend, helplessly. "You love John and you know that he loves you——"

"Yes, I love him," Alice broke in. "Oh, if I only did not! And he loves me—as much as he can love. But that is not enough, Carlo, not nearly enough." The girl leaned forward, her hands clasped about her knees; her breath came sharply; her words were hurried and broken. It seemed to her friend as though she were pleading her cause before the bar of her own judgment, seeking to convince herself of the justice of her own conduct.

"I must have all his love or none," she went on, "and I have found that he can never give me all. He loves his work best, puts it first always. You know the case he has been at work on lately—the insurance case he is to try next week?" Mildred nodded. "Evening after evening he has given to that and has not come to see me, or if he has come it has been for a few minutes only. Oh, I know you think this is all vanity on my part," the girl cried, passionately, "but it is not! It is so hard to explain! I did not want him to slight his work. I am proud of his ability, of his success. But he filled up every nook and cranny in my being and I needed to feel that I filled up every nook and cranny in his. Oh, how can I marry a man with whom I take second place?"

There was silence a moment; then Mildred said, firmly, "Alice, you are wrong, all wrong."

The girl interrupted her. "Carlo," she said, "what do you know about it? How can you judge?" A little bitterness crept into her tone. "You have always been petted and happy. You have a husband who adores you. You are the breath he breathes, the life he lives. How should

you understand these things? How can you advise me to accept a love that is lukewarm?"

The older woman rose quickly at these words and paced the room with short, rapid steps. Suddenly she stopped before her friend. Her hands were clenched, her face was white. "Alice, you don't know what you are saying," she exclaimed. "Oh, you call me Carlo, you fondle me, you love me as you used to love your playthings when you were a child. You think because I am cheerful and happy that I have not suffered, that I have not fought my battles out alone! You don't know that I am happy because I have learned that one must be happy—with what one has!" She paused. Alice leaned forward and looked up into her face. "I don't understand," she said, slowly.

Mildred walked quickly to the window, and stood during several minutes looking out upon the city, which lay hushed in the light of the setting sun under its white mantle of snow. Something of the calm of the scene without entered her heart. She turned and went slowly back to her friend.

"Yes, Alice," she said, placing a hand on the girl's shoulder with a quiet which told that the storm in her heart had passed—"yes, it is you who do not understand. The love you want is a rosy-tinted thing, a thing of dreams. It has none of the strength and glory of such a love as John would give you. If you throw his love away and marry a man to whom you are everything, to whom ambition and work are as nothing beside you—oh, then, some day you will pray God to make him love you less—you would call it less—to make him more a man, or else to help you bear the sorrow of it!"

There were tears on Alice's cheeks when her friend ceased speaking. She drew Mildred down and put her arms about her. "Oh, Carlo, dear Carlo, I understand now," she said.

The two women sat a long time in silence. At last Mildred spoke.

"When did you write to John—to tell him?" she asked.

"This afternoon," Alice answered.

"To the office?"

"No, to the house."

Mildred sprang to her feet. "Then perhaps he has not got your letter yet! There is a chance—a good chance—" The rest of her words were lost to the girl, as Mildred hurried from the room and down the hall. In a few moments she returned. There was a flush on her cheek, an excited light in her eye.

"Alice," she said, "I have telephoned to John at the office. He will come right up, stopping at home for his note on the way. He will bring it here unopened. You shall tell him whether you wish him to read it or not."

Mildred did not wait for a reply, but slipped from the room and into her husband's study.

"Ah, there you are!" he cried, turning to welcome her with one of his boyish smiles. "Are you ready to amuse me now for a while?"

"Is the article done?" she asked.

"Hang the article!" said her husband.

"Oh, Carl, please show me what you have written," she begged.

When she had read the manuscript, "Carl," she cried, "this is splendid! Splendid! Why, the 'News' has not had such an editorial for months. It must be finished—please. I shall be so proud of you."

Half an hour later, the bell rang, and Mildred stole out and opened the door herself. "John," she whispered to the tall, handsome man who entered, "you have the note?" He nodded, mystified. "Take it in to Alice, then. She's in my den," she said.

After a few minutes, she followed him. She found the two sitting together in the dusk. The girl turned to Mildred with a bright smile.

"May I light the fire, Carlo?" she asked.

"I want to burn up this little note."

"Won't you tell me what it is about?" begged John Ford. "You know even a man has some curiosity."

"I will tell you—perhaps—after we are married," said Alice Ingram.

# THE DRAMATIC HISTORY OF SOUTH AMERICA.

PERU AND THE PIZARROS—A STUDY IN RETRIBUTION.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

*"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."*

**SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALMENT.**—Pizarro's conquest of the Peruvian empire is certainly one of the most extraordinary and startling performances that history has to record.

Francisco Pizarro, the son of an obscure Estremaduran soldier, Gonzalo Pizarro, and a peasant woman, Francisca Gonzales, was born about the year 1471. Brought up without education, and probably pursuing the humble calling of a swineherd, nothing definite is known of his career until, in 1510, we meet him in America, an officer under the great discoverer, Alonzo de Ojeda. Later he was a member of Encisco's expedition to Darien, in which he fell in with Balboa, and joined the latter in his march across the isthmus to the Pacific (1513). It was on this journey that the two adventurers first heard of the land of the Incas and its fabulous wealth. To conquer this El Dorado now became Balboa's cherished dream, but through the jealousy of the infamous Governor of Panama, Pedrarias, the "American Nero," he lost his head, and the task was left for Pizarro.

The latter, in 1519, was living in Panama in straitened circumstances, discontented but still ambitious. He formed a partnership with another poverty-stricken but enterprising veteran, Diego de Almagro, to undertake the conquest of the distant empire of Peru. A third partner, a priest named Luque, was taken to provide the necessary funds. Their first expedition sailed in November, 1524. Ignorant of the surroundings, it sailed along the coast, seeking everywhere for evidences of the great empire. The sailors rebelled and finally Pizarro decided to return to Panama. Late in 1526, the two captains set out once more. After many adventures, they were attacked by a large force of Indians, and Almagro returned for reinforcements, but Pedro de los Rios, the new Governor of Panama, incensed at the loss of life, sent one Pedro Tafur to order Pizarro back. The latter at first refused; another relief expedition was sent from Panama, which enabled Pizarro to get as far south as Tumbez, where he saw that the rumors as to the wealth of Peru had not been exaggerated. But his force was too small to undertake the conquest; Pizarro returned to Panama and thence went to Spain, where he obtained a royal commission to conquer the Peruvian empire. He went back to Panama in 1530 with his four brothers, and, in January, 1531, set out on his final voyage of conquest with three small ships, one hundred and eighty-three men and thirty-seven horses. A year was spent in sending back for reinforcements, and finally, in April, 1532, Pizarro and his band landed at Tumbez, and on the 18th of May started for the interior. It was a fortunate moment for the Spaniards. The late Inca, Huayna Capac, had divided his territories between Huascar, the son of his only legal wife, and Atahualpa, the son of one of his concubines, the daughter of the monarch of Quito whom he had overthrown. Huascar had been given ancient Peru, and Atahualpa, Quito. This had led to the civil war. Atahualpa, through his generals, Quiz-Quiz and Chalcuchima, had taken Huascar prisoner.

## IV.

### THE TREACHEROUS AND BLOODY MASSACRE OF CAXAMARCA.

HAVING marched some thirty miles south of Tumbez in the pleasant spring weather, Pizarro, finding what he conceived to be a favorable location for a permanent colony, encamped his army, laid out and began to build a city, which he called San Miguel. The Spaniards were great builders, and the city was planned and fortified on an extensive scale and the more important buildings erected, so that it was not until September that Pizarro considered his base of supplies had been made secure.

Meanwhile he had been assiduously seeking information on every hand concerning the internal dissensions in the Peruvian empire, so that he could undertake his

conquest intelligently. On the 24th of September, 1532, the valiant little army was mustered and, after deducting a small garrison for San Miguel, those appointed for the expedition were found to include sixty-seven horsemen, three arquebusiers, twenty cross-bowmen and eighty-seven footmen, in all one hundred and seventy-seven.\* They were accompanied by two small pieces of artillery called falconets, each having a bore of two inches and carrying a shot weighing about a pound and a half, being, with the three arquebusiers, General De Candia's command. With this insignificant force, augmented, I suppose, by some Indian captives acting as pack-mules, Pizarro started out to conquer an empire conservatively estimated to contain from ten to twelve millions of people, supporting an army of disciplined soldiers whose numbers ran into hundreds of thousands.

\* The exact number varies with different authorities, none of whom, however, makes the total number greater than two hundred.

The Spanish force was well equipped and in good condition, but as they left the seaboard and advanced, without molestation to be sure, through the populous country, some idea of the magnitude of their self-appointed task permeated the minds of the common soldiery, and evidences of hesitation, reluctance and dissension speedily appeared. The unwillingness of the men grew until Pizarro was forced to take notice of it. Halting on the fifth day in a pleasant valley, he met the emergency in his usual characteristic fashion. Parading the men, he addressed to them another of those fiery speeches for which he was famous, and the quality of which, from so illiterate a man, is amazingly high.

He painted anew the dangers before them, and then adroitly lightened the shadows of his picture by pointing to the rewards. He appealed to all that was best in humanity by saying that he wanted none but the bravest to go forward.\* He closed his address by offering to allow all who wished to do so to return to San Miguel, whose feeble garrison, he said, he should be glad to have reenforced. And, with a subtler stroke of policy, he promised that those who went back should share in the rewards gained by their more constant brethren. But four infantrymen and five horsemen shamefacedly availed themselves of this permission. The rest enthusiastically clamored to be led forward. Both mutiny and timidity were silenced forever in that band.

On a similar occasion, Cortez had burnt his ships. It is hard to decide which was the better expedient. Certainly Cortez was incomparably a much abler man than Pizarro, but somehow Pizarro managed to rise to the successive emergencies which confronted him, just the same.

Greatly refreshed in spirits, the army, purged of the malcontents, proceeded cautiously on its way to the south. They were much elated from time to time at receiving envoys from Atahualpa, who coupled a superstitious reverence for the invaders as Children of the Sun with demands as to their purposes, and requests that they halt and await the pleasure of the Inca. Pi-

zarro dissembled his intentions and received them with fair words, but refusing to halt, kept steadily on, announcing his firm intention of visiting Atahualpa wherever he might be found.

Pursuing their journey, the Spaniards came early in November to the foot of the mountains. To the right of them, that is to the southward, extended a great well-paved road which led to the imperial capital of Cuzco. In front of them, a narrow path rose over the mountains. One was an easy way, the other a hard. In spite of suggestions from his soldiery, Pizarro chose the hard way. He had announced his intention of visiting the Inca, and visit him he would, although the way to the city of Cuzco was open and the city might easily be taken possession of. The seat of danger and the source of power were alike with the Inca and not in Cuzco.

With sixty foot and forty horse, this old man, now past sixty years, led the way over the mountains, while his brother Hernando brought up the rear with the remainder. The passage was a terrible one, but the indomitable band, catching some of the spirit of their leader, surmounted all the obstacles, and a few days after, from the summits of the mighty range, surveyed the fertile, beautiful plains spread out below them on the farther side of the mountains. Close at hand was the white-walled city of Caxamarca, or Cajamarca, embowered in verdure in a fruitful valley. The place was an important position, well fortified and containing, under ordinary circumstances, a population of ten thousand. The reader should remember that name, for it was the scene of one of the most remarkable and determinative events in history. The conquest of Peru, in fact, was settled there.

Beyond the city, on the slopes of the hills, and divided from it by a river over which a causeway led, stood the white tents of the fifty thousand soldiers of Atahualpa's army. The number of them filled the Spaniards with amazement, and in some cases with apprehension. There was no going back then, however; there was nothing to do but advance. At the hour

\* Napoleon at Toulon succeeded in getting volunteers to man a particularly dangerous artillery outpost swept by the guns of the enemy, by the simple expedient of denominating the position as the "Battery of Those Who Are Not Afraid," or the "Battery of the Fearless." Even better than Pizarro, the great Corsican soldier of fortune knew how to handle his men.



when the bells of Holy Church in their homeland were ringing vespers, in a cold, driving rain mingled with sleet, the little cortège entered the city, which they found as the French found Moscow, deserted of its inhabitants. With the ready instinct of a soldier, Pizarro led his force to the public square, or Plaza, which was in the shape of a rude triangle surrounded on two sides by well-built one-story houses of stone. On the other side, or base, rose a huge fortress with a tower overlooking the city on one hand and the Inca's camp on the other.

Without hesitation, the weary Spaniards made themselves at home in the vacant buildings around the square; guards were posted in order that the strictest watch might be kept, and other preparations made for the defense. Here they prepared for the repose of the night. Meanwhile, Hernando de Soto with twenty horse was sent as an ambassador to Atahualpa's camp. He had been gone but a short space when Pizarro, at the suggestion of his brother Hernando, who made the point that twenty horsemen were not sufficient for defense and too many to lose, despatched the latter with twenty more cavalymen to reinforce the first party.

The two cavaliers and their escort found the Inca in the midst of his camp. The monarch was seated, and surrounded by a brilliant assemblage of nobles in magnificent vestments. He was guarded by a great army of soldiers armed with war-clubs, swords and spears of tempered copper, and bows and slings. He received the deputation with the impassivity of a stone image, vouchsafing no answer to their respectful address until it had been several times repeated. At last he declared he would visit the strangers on the morrow, and directed them to occupy the buildings in the public square, and none other until he came to make arrangements. His demeanor was cold and forbidding to the last degree. The results of the embassy were highly unsatisfactory. One incident connected with the interview is worthy of mention.

De Soto, who was a most accomplished cavalier, a perfect centaur in fact, noticing the amazed and somewhat alarmed glances of the Inca's men at the movements of his

restless horse, suddenly determined to exhibit his skill at the manège. Striking spurs to his charger, he caused him to curvet and prance in the open before the Inca, showing at the same time his own horsemanship and the fiery impetuosity of the spirited animal. He concluded this performance—shall I say circus?—by dashing at full speed toward the Inca, reining in his steed with the utmost dexterity a few feet from the royal person. What the Inca thought of all this has not been recorded. I imagine he must have been terribly affronted. Some of his nobles and soldiers, less able to preserve their iron composure than their master, shrank back from the onrushing avalanche of steed and steel presented by De Soto and his horse. The Spaniards found their dead bodies the next day. They had been summarily executed by Atahualpa's order. It did not do to show cowardice in the presence of the Inca! Yet I cannot think the Inca a man of surpassing bravery after all. Certainly he was not a man of sufficient ability worthily to hold the scepter of so great an empire. He made a frightful mistake in not stopping the invaders where it would have been easy for him to do so, in the narrow defiles of the mountains, and he did not even yet seem to have decided in his own mind how he should treat them. To be sure, according to some accounts, he looked upon them as belonging to the immortal gods, but there have been men brave enough in defense of land and liberty to defy even the immortal gods! A vast deal of sympathy, indeed, has been wasted upon Atahualpa. Without doubt, the Spaniards treated him abominably, and for that treatment the wretched monarch has claims to our consideration, but for his personal qualities or his past record, none. Helps explains his name as derived from two words meaning "Sweet valor!" Markham affirms that the words mean "A chance, or lucky, game-cock!" Neither appellation, in view of Atahualpa's history, can be considered as especially apt or happy.

Much dissatisfied and thoroughly perturbed, De Soto and Hernando Pizarro, after the former's equine exhibition, returned to the city. Long and serious were the deliberations of the leaders that night. At length they arrived at a momentous

decision, one for which they have been justly severely censured, but which under the circumstances was the only possible decision which insured their safety. They had no business in that country. They had come there with the deliberate intention of looting it without regard to the rights of the inhabitants, and in that purpose lay the seeds of all their subsequent crimes, treachery, murder, outrage, and all other abominations whatsoever. No surprise need be felt, therefore, that they determined upon the seizure of the person of the Inca. The example of Cortez with Montezuma was before them. I have no doubt that his amazing exploits in Mexico had been talked over frequently by every camp-fire in the New and Old Worlds, and many bold spirits had longed for a chance to emulate his doings. The Spaniards in Peru had already learned enough of the local conditions to realize that with the person of the Inca they could control the government. To seize him was black treachery, of course; but being there, it was the only thing, from their point of view, to be done. The night was an anxious one, and day-break found them engaged in preparations. De Candia was posted with the two small falconets and the three arquebusiers on the roof of the fortress. His guns pointed toward the Inca's camp, although he had instructions to turn them on the square as soon as the Peruvians arrived. De Soto and Hernando Pizarro divided the horse between them and occupied the houses on the other sides of the square with their men. The infantry were distributed at various points of vantage. Pizarro reserved twenty of the trustiest blades for his own special escort. The arms of the men were carefully looked to, and nothing that the skill or experience of the captains could suggest was left undone to promote the success of their hazardous and bold undertaking.

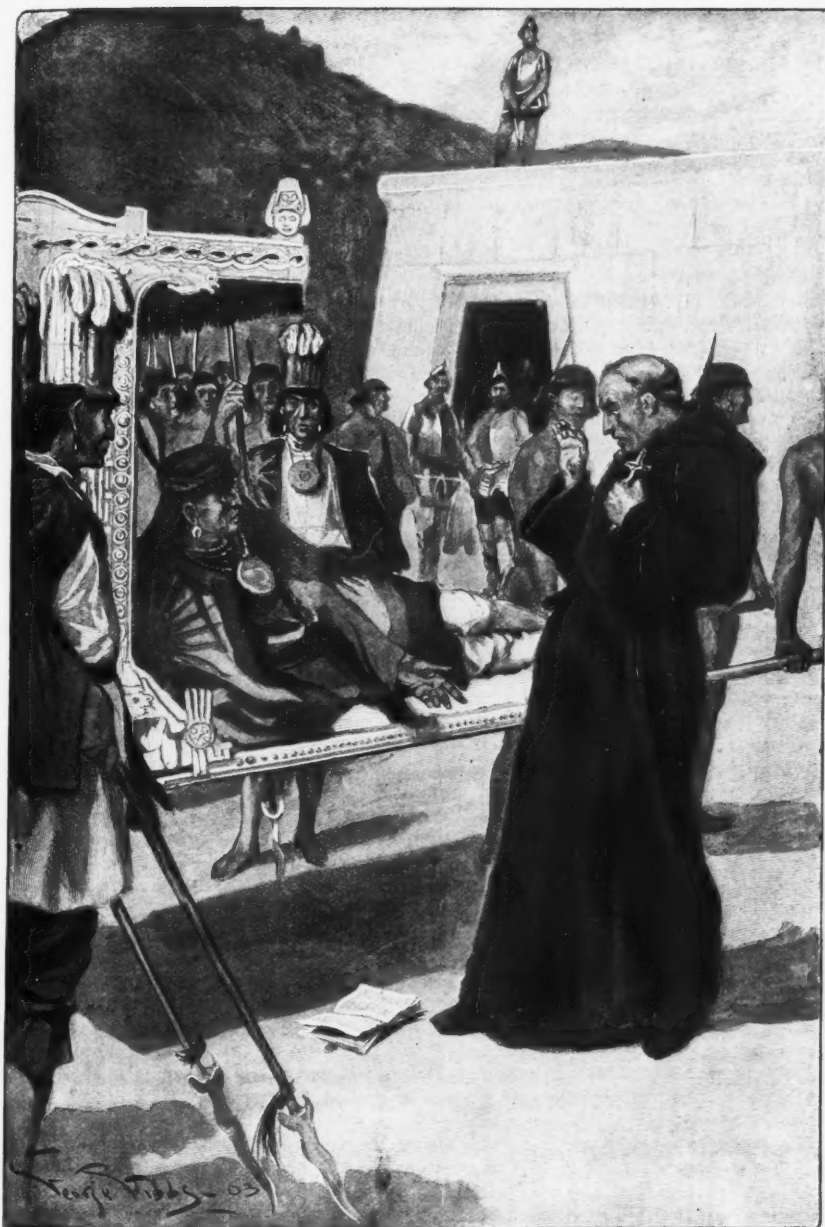
Mass was said with great solemnity by the priest of the expedition, Fray Vincente de Valverde, an iron-souled, fierce-hearted Dominican, meet ecclesiastic for such a band. Refreshments were then provided liberally for the soldiers—it is not so stated, but it may be presumed that some of them were in liquid shape—and then the whole party settled down to await developments. Nothing seemed to be going on in the

Peruvian camp during the morning. The Inca moved toward the city in the afternoon, but stopped just outside the walls, to the great annoyance of the Spaniards, who had found the long wait a trying experience indeed. Late in the afternoon, Pizarro received a message that Atahualpa had changed his mind and would not visit him until the following day. This did not suit his plans at all. He instantly returned an answer to the Inca, begging him not to defer his visit, saying that he had provided everything for his entertainment—which was quite true, although in a very different sense from that conveyed by the words of his messenger—and requesting Atahualpa to arrange to sup with him without fail that night. Pizarro had previously assured the Inca that he would receive him as “a friend and brother!” What reasons actuated the Inca we have no means of ascertaining. Suffice it to say that he changed his mind and came.

A short time before sunset, therefore, the Inca, attended by a numerous retinue, entered the square. Atahualpa was borne aloft upon a throne made of massive gold, supported on the shoulders of his attendants. He was dressed with barbaric magnificence in robes of exquisite texture, heavily embroidered and ornamented with gold and silver. Around his neck blazed a necklace of emeralds of wonderful size and great brilliancy. His forehead was hidden by a thick vivid scarlet fringe depending from a diadem almost to the eyebrows. This tassel (or *borla*, as the Spaniards called it; *llauta*, according to the Peruvians) was the supreme mark of the imperial dignity in that no one but the Inca could wear it. The Inca was surrounded by a gorgeously attired body of retainers who were preceded by hundreds of menials who cleared the streets of every obstacle which might impede the progress of their master, the Son of the Sun. The procession divided to the right and left as it debouched in the square, and the monarch was carried forward in the open. Not a Spaniard, save the watchful sentries pacing the fort above, was to be seen.

“Where,” said Atahualpa, looking about in surprise, “are the strangers?”

At this moment, at the request of Pizarro, Father Valverde came forward in



Drawn by George Gibbs.

"HE THREW THE SACRED VOLUME TO THE GROUND IN A VIOLENT RAGE. 'TELL YOUR COMRADES,' HE SAID, IMPERIOUSLY, RISING IN THE LITTER, 'THAT THEY SHALL GIVE ME AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR DOINGS IN MY LAND.'"

his canonicals, crucifix in one hand, breviary or Bible\* in the other. He was attended by one of the Peruvians whom Pizarro had taken back to Spain, who was to act as interpreter. This precocious little rascal, named Felipillo, was the best interpreter that could be had, which is saying little, for his Spanish was bad and mainly picked up in the camps from the rude soldiery, and his Peruvian was only an uncouth dialect of the highly inflected and most flexible and expressive Quichua, the language of the educated, indeed of most of the people. Approaching near the litter of the Inca, Valverde delivered an extraordinary address. He briefly explained the doctrines of the Christian religion to the astonished Peruvian, requiring him to conform to this religion, to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, and at the same time to submit to the sway of his Imperial Majesty, Charles V. It was a pretty heavy demand to spring upon a great monarch in the midst of his people, and it is not to be wondered that Atahualpa rejected these requests with contempt.

The Inca answered the friar not without shrewdness. He had gathered the idea from Felipillo's vile mistranslation that the Christians worshiped four gods, i. e., the Trinity and the Pope! He declared that he himself worshiped one, and there was its sign and symbol—pointing to the declining sun; that he believed one god was better than four. He rejected indignantly the idea that he, "The Lord of the Four Quarters of the Earth," owed allegiance or anything else to Charles V. or any other earthly monarch, of whom he had never heard and who had assuredly never heard of him either.

Valverde had referred to the book in his hand as he had spoken, and Atahualpa now asked to see it. The volume was a clasped one and he found it difficult to open. Valverde, probably thinking that he could show him how to unclasp the volume, stepped nearer to him. The Inca repulsed him with disdain. Wrenching open the covers, he glanced rapidly at the book, and, perhaps suddenly realizing the full sense of the insult which had been offered him in the demands of the dogmatic and domineering Dominican, he threw the sacred

volume to the ground in a violent rage.

"Tell your comrades," he said, imperiously, rising in the litter, "that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go hence till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed!"

Then he turned and spoke to his people—the last word he was ever to address them as a free monarch from his throne. There was a loud murmur from the crowd.

Thereupon, according to some accounts, Valverde picked up the book through which Atahualpa had offered so deadly an insult to his religion and rushed back to Pizarro, exclaiming: "Do you not see that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once! I absolve you for whatever you do!" I would fain do no man an injustice. Therefore, I set down what other authorities say: namely, that Valverde simply told Pizarro what had occurred.

There is no dispute, however, as to what happened immediately. Drawing a white scarf from his shoulders, Pizarro stepped out from the doorway and flung it into the air. Instantly a shot roared from the fort above his head. The famous war-cry of the Spaniards, "St. Jago and at them!" rang over every quarter of the square into which, with bared swords, couched lances and drawn bows, poured the mail-clad soldiery, horse and foot.

They burst upon the ranks of the astonished and unarmed Indians with the suddenness and swiftness of a tornado. From the roof above, the gunners discharged their bullets into the swaying, seething mass. With their wands of office, with their naked hands, with whatever they could seize, the Peruvians strove to defend themselves. They rallied round the person of the Inca, freely offering their breasts to the Spanish blades in their vain endeavor to protect the monarch.

Atahualpa sat upon his reeling throne, gazing upon the bloody scene in a daze of surprise. Pizarro and the twenty chosen cut their way to the litter and, striking down the helpless bearers thereof, precipitated the Inca to the ground. The Spaniards were mad with carnage now, and

\*Authorities differ as to which it was. The matter is not material, anyway.

were striking indiscriminately at any Indian. Then could be heard Pizarro's stern voice ringing above the mêlée, "Let no man who values his life strike at the Inca!" Such was the fierceness of his soldiery, however, that in his frenzied endeavor to protect the monarch, Pizarro was wounded in the hands by one of his own men. As the Inca fell, he had been caught by Pizarro and supported, although a soldier named Estete snatched the imperial llauta from his head as he fell.

With the capture of the Inca, what little futile resistance the unarmed host had been able to make ceased. The Indians, relentlessly pursued by their bloody conquerors, fled in every direction, and to anticipate events, the army, deprived of its monarch and its generals, dispersed the next day without striking a blow. Indeed, the army was helpless for offense while the Spaniards held the Inca as a hostage. The estimates of the numbers slain in one half hour's fighting in the square of Caxamarca vary from two thousand to ten thousand. Whatever the number, it was great and horrible enough. An unparalleled act of treachery had been consummated, and Peru, in the space of thirty minutes, had been conquered, and Pizarro held it in the hollow of his hand. Not a Spaniard had been wounded except Pizarro himself, and his wound had been received from his own men when he had tried to protect Atahualpa from the Spaniards' fury.

## V.

### THE RANSOM AND MURDER OF THE INCA.

Pizarro treated the Inca well enough now that he had him, although he held him in rigorous captivity. Nobody else in Peru seemed to know what to do under the circumstances, and the Spaniards soon lost all apprehension of resistance. Quiz-Quiz and Chalchichima still held Huascar a captive at Xauxa, a fortress between Caxamarca and Cuzco. Atahualpa, realizing how important such a man would be to the Spaniards, sent orders that he be put to death,

and the unfortunate deposed Inca was thereupon executed by the two generals. Although he was a captive, Atahualpa's orders were as implicitly obeyed as if he had been free. He was still the Inca, if only by the right of sword, and the forces of his generals were sufficiently great to render it impossible for the son of Huascar, named Manco Capac, who had escaped the massacre of his kinfolk and who was the legitimate heir to the throne, to claim the crown.

Pizarro, with a fine show of rectitude, affected to be horrified by this evidence of brutal cruelty, and although Atahualpa disclaimed any connection with the assassination of Huascar, it is impossible to acquit him of it. Greatly desiring his freedom, Atahualpa, who had observed the Spanish greed for gold, made an extraordinary proposition to Pizarro. They were together one day in a room twenty-two feet long by seventeen feet broad. Standing on his tiptoes and reaching as high as he could, probably about nine feet, for he was a tall man, Atahualpa offered to fill the room with gold to the height he had touched if, when he had completed his undertaking, Pizarro would release him.

Pizarro jumped at the offer, and well he might, for no such proposition had ever before been offered in the history of the world. The cubic contents enclosed by the figures mentioned are three thousand three hundred and sixty-six feet, or in round numbers, one hundred and twenty-five cubic yards. Such a treasure was beyond even the most delirious dreams of the conquerors.\*

As soon as these astonishing terms had been formally accepted in writing by Pizarro, the Inca sent orders to all parts of his dominion for the people to bring in their treasures. He also directed the royal palaces and temples to be stripped, and his orders were obeyed. He had stipulated that he be allowed two months in which to raise the ransom, and day after day a stream of Indians poured into the city loaded with treasure which dazzled the eyes of the

\* The ransom of King John II. of France, taken prisoner by the Black Prince, was three million golden crowns. The value of the ancient *écu de la couronne* varied between \$1.50 and \$2.30, so that the ransom of John was between four and a half and seven millions of dollars. Estimating the purchasing power of money in John's time at two and a half times that of the present, we arrive at a ransom of between eleven and eighteen millions of dollars. If we split the difference and call the ransom fourteen and a half millions, we still find that the Christian monarch was slightly undervalued as compared with his heathen fellow in misery. However, all this is profitless, because the ransom of John was never paid.



astonished and delighted conquerors. Atahualpa had stipulated also that the gold was not to be smelted—that is, he would not be required to fill the spaces solidly with ingots, but that it should be put in the room just as it was brought in and allowed to take up as much space as was required, even though it might be in the form of a manufactured article.

Some of the gold was in the shape of indigenous plants and animals, one especially beautiful object being the corn-plant with blades of gold and tassels of silver. Pizarro, to his credit, ordered that some of these specimens of exquisite workmanship should be preserved intact. Much of the treasure was in the shape of plates, or tiles, from the interior of the temples or palaces, which did not take up much space. The great Temple of the Sun at Cuzco had a heavy outside cornice, or molding, of pure gold. It was stripped of this dazzling ornament to gratify the rapacity of the conquerors. There was also a vast quantity of silver which was stored in other chambers. Silver hardly counted, in view of the deluge of the more precious metal.

Atahualpa did not quite succeed in filling the space, but he came so near it that Pizarro, in a formal agreement executed before a notary, declared that the Inca had paid the ransom and that he was released from any further obligation concerning it. That is the only release, however, which the unfortunate Inca ever got. Obviously, it was dangerous to turn loose such a man. Therefore, in spite of his legal quittance, he was still held in captivity. The Spaniards concluded finally that their only safe course was to get rid of him.

The ransom amounted in our money to over seventeen millions of dollars, according to Prescott; to nearly eighteen millions, according to Markham. Pizarro's personal share was about seven hundred thousand dollars; Hernando received three hundred and fifty thousand dollars; De Soto, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Each horse-soldier got nearly one hundred thousand; the principal foot-soldiers, fifty thousand, and the others smaller sums in accordance with their rank and services. The precious metals were so plentiful that for the time being they lost their value, for men

cheerfully paid thousands of dollars for a horse. Indeed, so bulky and unwieldy was the treasure with which the soldiers were loaded, that it is solemnly averred that creditors avoided their debtors fearing lest the latter should pay what they owed in further heaps of the bulky treasure; and it is certainly a fact that even the animals shared in the opulence of the conquest, for the horses were shod with silver. Silver was cheaper and easier to get than iron.

While they were reveling in the treasure, dividing the spoils and deliberating as to what was to be done with Atahualpa, Almagro arrived with his reinforcements. Naturally, he and his men demanded a share of the booty. Great was their disgust and furious their anger when Pizarro and the other conquerors refused to give it up. Finally, however, the quarrels that ensued were composed by presenting to Almagro and his followers certain sums, large in themselves though trifling in comparison with what Pizarro's men had received. Almagro's men were also given to understand that they could move on to the southward at some convenient season to conquer another empire and take all they could for themselves. Unfortunately for them, there were no more empires like Peru on this or any other side of the world left for them to conquer.

Hernando Pizarro was then despatched to Spain to deliver the royal fifth to Charles, to give an account of the fortunes of the conquerors and to secure what further rewards and privileges he could for them. Atahualpa saw him leave with the greatest regret. He was a man of fierce, stern, implacable disposition, not a lovely character according to any of the chroniclers, but he seems to have been fairer, and in his own way he had treated the unfortunate monarch better, than any of the others, unless it was De Soto. Possibly Hernando might have restrained his brother from the last infamy he was about to perpetrate if he had been there. Certainly De Soto would have endeavored to dissuade him. Pizarro realized this and got rid of De Soto by sending him away to investigate as to the truth of rumors that Atahualpa was conspiring to obtain his freedom. I have no doubt but that he was so conspiring.

I hope so, for if he was it was about the only manly thing that he did. While De Soto was away, at the instigation of the soldiers, Pizarro, with seeming reluctance, permitted Atahualpa to be brought to trial. I have no doubt that Pizarro instigated the soldiers himself. He was adroit enough to do it, and he would have no scruples whatever to deter him.

The Inca was tried on twelve charges, among which were included accusations that he had usurped the crown, assassinated his brother, squandered the public revenues since the Spaniards came, and given them to his friends (instead of to the Spaniards!). He was charged with being an idolator, an adulterer and a polygamist, and finally it was urged that he had endeavored to incite an insurrection against the Spaniards. Such accusations came with a peculiarly bad grace from the conquerors. The whole thing, charges and trial, would have been a farce had it not been for the certain grim and terrible outcome.

Felipillo, the Infamous, was the only interpreter. He had made love to one of the Inca's wives, whom the Spaniards had allowed to share his captivity. Atahualpa, furiously affronted, desired to have him put to death, but Felipillo was too important to the Spaniards and his life was spared. How Atahualpa's defense suffered from Felipillo's interpretations under such circumstances may easily be imagined. In spite of the courageous opposition of a few of the self-constituted judges, the Inca was convicted and sentenced to death, Father Valverde concurring in writing with the sentence.

When the verdict of the court was communicated to Atahualpa, he did not receive it with any remarkable degree of fortitude. He is a pitiful rather than a heroic figure.

"What have I done," he cried, weeping, "what have my children done, that I should meet such a fate?" Turning to Pizarro, he added, "And from your hands, too, who have met with friendship and kindness from my people, to whom I have given my treasure, who have received nothing but benefit from my hands!"

He besought the iron conqueror to spare his life, promising anything, even to double the enormous ransom he had already paid, and offering to guarantee in any appointed

way the safety of every Spaniard in the army. Pedro Pizarro, a cousin of the conqueror, who has left an account of the interview, says that Pizarro was greatly affected by the touching appeal of the unfortunate monarch and that he wept in turn also. However that may be, he refused to interfere. A man may weep and weep, to paraphrase Shakespeare, "and be a villain!" There was no help for it; Atahualpa had to die.

It was the 29th of August, 1533. The trial and deliberations had occupied the whole day. It was two hours after sunset before they were ready to execute him in the great square at Caxamarca. The Spanish soldiers-in-arms arranged themselves about a huge stake which had been planted in the square. Back of them were groups of terrified, awe-stricken Peruvians, helplessly weeping and lamenting the fate of their monarch, which they were powerless to prevent. Flickering torches held by the troops cast an uncertain light over the tragic scene. Atahualpa was led forth in fetters, and chained to the stake. He showed little of the firmness and fortitude of a proud monarch or a brave man. How feeble a character he appears when contrasted with the great Aztec Guatimotzin, calmly enduring the tortures of the red-hot gridiron and refusing to the last to gratify either his captors' lust for treasure or desire for revenge, by vouchsafing them a single plea or a single groan.

By the Inca's side was Valverde, who had been assiduous in his endeavors to make him a Christian. The friar was ready to offer such grim consolation as he could to the wretched Peruvian in whose death-sentence he had concurred. Atahualpa had hitherto turned a deaf ear to all his importunities, but at the last moment Valverde told him that if he would consent to receive baptism he should be strangled instead of burnt to death. Atahualpa asked Pizarro if this was true, and being assured that it was, he abjured his religion to avoid the agonies of the fire, and was thereupon baptized under the name of Juan de Atahualpa by Valverde. The name John was given to him because this baptism in extremis took place on St. John the Baptist's Day. Rarely, if ever, has there been a more ghastly profanation of the Holy Sacrament of Regeneration!

Before he was garroted, Atahualpa begged that his remains might be preserved at Quito with those of his mother's people. Then he turned to Pizarro and made a final request of that iron heart, that he would look after and care for the Inca's little children. While he was strangled and his body was being burnt, the terrible soldiery could be heard muttering the magnificent words of the Apostolic Creed for the redemption of the soul of the monarch. Incidentally it may be noted that a little later the Spaniards burnt old Chalchima, of whom they had got possession by treacherous promises, at the stake. He did not embrace Christianity at the last moment, but died as he had lived, a soldier and a Peruvian.

The character of Atahualpa may be learned from his career. He was a cruel, ruthless usurper, neither magnanimous in victory nor resolute in defeat. As I have said, it is impossible to admire him, but no one can think of his fate and the treacheries of which he was the victim without being touched by his miseries. If he sowed the wind he reaped the whirlwind, and, bad as he was, his conquerors were worse.

Pizarro placed the royal diadem upon Toparca, a youthful brother of the late Inca. When he was alone with his attendants, the boy tore the llauta from his forehead and trampled it under his foot, as no longer the badge of anything but infamy and shame, and in two short months he pined and died from the consciousness of his disgrace. Whereupon another Peru-

vian, Manco Capac, the legitimate heir of Huascar, appeared before Pizarro, made good his claim, and on the entry of the conquerors into Cuzco, was crowned Inca with all the ancient ceremonies. He soon realized that he was but a puppet in Pizarro's hands, however, and by and by he, too, made a bold stroke for freedom.

The conquest of Peru was complete. Charles V., dazzled by the report of Hernando Pizarro, and the substantial treasures placed before him, created Pizarro a Marquis, confirmed him in the government of the country for two hundred and seventy leagues south of the Santiago River, and gave Almagro authority to conquer everything beyond that limit. Almagro was very much dissatisfied, but concluded before he made any violent objections, to go to the south and see if he could find an El Dorado for himself.

Meanwhile Pizarro, who was almost as much of a builder as Rameses the Great, laid out the city of Lima, and the Spaniards flocked into Peru from Spain in thousands. The natives were enslaved, the country was divided into great estates, and Almagro and his discontented started for Chili. Hernando Pizarro, who was appointed Governor of Cuzco, held young Manco in close confinement, and everything outwardly was as lovely as a summer day. There was growing, however, a tremendous uprising in which hitherto somnolent Fate was about to lay her belated hands upon nearly all the actors in the great drama which had heretofore been so successfully played.

(To be continued.)



## THE FAR ADVENTURES OF BILLY BURNS.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

IT was a quare adventure, sure enough, the wan that happened long ago to Billy Burns beyant there in Mullinacrick. An' it's as often as I've fingers an' toes on me I've heard Billy himself rehearse it. He's a purty oul' man now is Billy; but in them days he was a brave, strappin' bou-chail on the edge of his welt. He had a little cabin of his own, perched on the side of the hill just about a hen's race above the say, an' he had it furnished all complete, barrin' the wife; an' at the rate he was goin', the wurrl' give in he'd soon have the wife planted in it also. Billy was a lively kind of boy when he was a youngster. He had a loose foot and a fellow for it; an' a wake, weddin', fair or spree, from the upper end of the parish to the lower end of it, seldom missed Billy; an', as you may well suppose, night usually fell on him an' he far from home.

Now, there was wan lovely, bright night, in the month of November, that Billy, who was getting back from the fair at Ardara, with more of the night behind him than afore him, when he reached as far as the great big rock, of a hundred ton or so, that they call "Fionn MacCool's Finger-stone," and that lies in the middle of the bogs, about a big man's call from Billy's own house—he reached there, as I said, an', as he was tired—for he was after thravelin' ten good Irish miles—he sat down to dhraw his breath afore he would go further, and likewise to take a little mouthful of dhrink out of a bottle that he was carryin'

home with him—for he liked to keep a bottle in the house to treat the neighbors when they dropped in. Well, he wat his throat with the liquor, an' after that he sat for a good while upon the stone, neither speakin' nor studyin', only thinkin' over the happenings of the day, an' the first thing he finds, the Big Stone—for it was

always known as being an enchanted stone, anyhow—began to move in under him, an' the very next thing it begins to thravel across the bog with Billy on it. Billy lifts his head, an' he looks round him, an' when he got the tongue, "Be this an' be that," says he, "but this bangs Banagher." And the words weren't right out of his mouth when up comes a wondherful big aigle, an' lights on the stone beside him, an'—



Drawn by M. Stein.  
"AN' THE AIGLE SPREADS HIS WINGS AN' AWAY WITH HIM."

"A fine night

this, Billy Burns," says the aigle, says he.

"It is, sir," says Billy, says he, takin' the lad in with the tail of his eye, an' spaikin' him fair.

"What do you say to a little bit of a jaunt, Billy?" says the aigle.

"How do ye mane?" says Billy, says he, castin' an eye round about him to see where the conveyance was.

"If ye get on my back, I'll give ye a bit of divarsion," says the aigle, says he, "an' I'll show ye some joggraphy."

"It's mortal kind of ye," says Billy, and thinkin' it as well to humor the lad, he mounts upon the aigle's back; an' the aigle spreads his wings an' away with him.

"Where are we goin'?" says Billy,

when they got up a bit, an' he saw his mother's house, no bigger nor a match-box, away below.

"Where would ye like to go?" says the aigle. "Name your pleasure."

"If it's the same to you," says Billy, "as I've always had a great curiosity entirely for to see the moon, I'd be pleased if ye'd head for it."

"Well an' good," says the aigle; "to the moon we'll go."

An' up, an' up, the lad worked his way till they both arrived there; an' more be the same token, the moon was purty new the same night.

"Get off, Billy Burns," says the aigle, "an' take a sait on the horn of it there for a couple of minutes while I aise me back."

Billy got a hould on the moon and pulled himself onto it.

"Now," says the aigle, says he, when he got Billy safe off him, "ye can cool your heels, and do the best ye can for yourself, for I'm off. Good-by!" An' away the lad starts down for the wurrl' again, an' he braikin' his heart laughin' at his own wit, an' the plight he was laivin' poor Billy in.

"Well, upon my socks, Billy Burns," says Billy, says he to himself, as he looked down afther the lad; "upon my socks, Billy Burns," says he, "ye're in a quare fix now, me lad—aren't ye, or not?"

But with that there opens a doore in the side of the moon, an' out comes a little lad with a noggin in his hand, an' seein' Billy perched there, he says, "What the divil are you doin' here?"

"Faith it's more nor meself can tell ye," says Billy.

"Then off with ye out of that," says the little lad, "an' don't overbalansh the moon, an' tumble it into the say."

"Arrah, let me alone," says Billy; "what harm am I

"Don't ye see ye're in' the wurrl'," says the lad, them spawgs of feet of

says Billy doin'?" darkens "with yours? Get off out o' that, I tell ye."

An', sure enough, when Billy looked down he seen the lad was spaikin' true.

But there was no help for it.

"Where am I goin' to get off till?" says Billy.

"It's no matter to me," says the buck, "only off with ye."

"I'll not get off," says Billy; "do you want me to break me neck?"

"The curse of Crommil [Cromwell] on ye," says the lad. "Neck or no neck, ye'll get off when I tell ye." An' hittin' Billy a crack on the skull with the noggin he had in his hand, he knocked the poor fellow clean off, an' head over

heels down Billy comes, tumblin' like a kilt crow. But when he was halfway down, what should happen along but a flock of wild geese flyin' for Australia, an' into the middle of them Billy tumbles, makin' a scatterment on them.

"Well, bad manners to the mother that forgot to put breedin' on ye, Billy Burns," says a big white gander of them, "or where the deuce are you comin' from anyhow?"

"I'm sure I'm sorry for my bad manners," says Billy. "I'm comin' from the moon."

"From the moon!" says the gander. "What in the name of patience were ye doin' up there?"

"Och," says Billy, says he, "it's a long story, an'—ye see the hurry I'm in—I haven't time to tell ye."

"Musha, an' ye are in a hurry," says the gander. "I noticed that as ye came



Drawn by M. Stein.

"BILLY GOT A HOULD ON THE MOON AND PULLED HIMSELF ONTO IT."



down. Still, your story's so very wondrous that I'd like to hear the outs an' ins of it."

This oul' gander that seemed to be the headsman among them, he says to Billy, "Take hold of my leg, an' I'll give ye a lift along, while ye tell me the story."

Billy wasn't wan bit sorry at the chance. He got hold of wan of the gander's legs, an' went sailin' along with him, reharsin' to him the whole story just as it happened. An' when Billy was finished, "Thanky, Billy," says the gander. "An' ye can now let go."

But when Billy looked undher him, he see that they had left Ireland entirely about a hundred mile behind, an' were far out over the ocean. So, instead of lettin' go, as the lad requested, he only gripped harder.

"I'm sure," says Billy, says he, "I'm obliged to ye for your hospitality to thravelers. But still it isn't my intention to part with ye yet awhile."

"What do you mane?" says the gander.

"Don't you see I can't let go now," says Billy, says he, "or I'd fall into the say and be dhrondred?"

"I don't give a tinker's damn what happens to ye, Billy," says the gander. "Ye don't expect I'm goin' to leg ye to Australia. Besides," says he, "ye'd be dead with hunger afore ye got there. Let me go," says he. "Ye have a long dhrop down, an' if every now an' then ye give a spring tors't the land, ye'll reach it afore ye get to the bottom."

"The divil a bit o' me I'll let go," says Billy.

"Be me sowl, an' ye will," says the gander, "or else I'll know the raison why," an' with that he screws down the head of him, an' with a bite he takes half a pound of mait out of poor Billy's hand.

An' poor Billy, with a "Melia murther!" out of him, let go, an' the geese went off laughin' hearty at the plight they left the poor divil in. As Billy fell, he kept jumpin' tors't the land. But in spite of it all, he dhropped in the middle of the ocean, and sunk like a stone.

He come wan slambang against, as he thought, the bottom of the say; but it wasn't the bottom of the say at all, at all—only a whale, an' it was on the back of

it, strag-legs, that Billy landed. It let a bellow out of it like a bull a-stickin', an' "Bad luck to ye, Billy Burns," said the whale, said he, "an' bad luck to the schoolmaster that spoilt ye. Isn't that a nice way," said he, "to force your addresses where they were neither axed nor wanted?"

With the bump that Billy got on the whale's back, the heart of him was jerkin' up into the crown of his head. As soon as it come back again, an' that he foun' his speeches, says he, "I'm sure I ax your pardon, but it wasn't intentional on my part to be so rude."

"The Burnses," said the whale, "were never noted for rudeness, I give in that—if I bar your gran'uncle, Jacky Burns, that was transported to Botany Bay for sheep-stealin'."

"I beg your pardon, sir," says Billy; "no offense meant; but if it's all the same to you we'll not mind goin' into anshient histories just now."

"Then," says the whale, "would it be imperence to ax you where you were comin' from in such a hurry just now?"

"No imperence in the wide wurrl'," says Billy, says he. "I was just comin' down from the moon."

"From the moon?" says the whale. "Well, upon my socks, that was a ramble. What arran' had you up there?" says he.

"It was because of a argument we had in Micky Harraghy's, the shoemaker's, of a night last week," says Billy, "regardin' what was the moon made of, anyhow, an' why did it grow wan fortnight, and wither away the next"—for Billy thought it as wise not to be wastin' too much truth on every shtravageur of the world that he come across.

"Ha! ha! ha!" says the whale, says he, openin' the jaws of him, an' lettin' out a right hearty laugh at the idea. "An' did you find out," says he, "what it was made of? Or what's the mainin' of it at all, at all?"

"Yes," says Billy, says he, "I did."

"Well," says the whale, "would you mind makin' me sensible, an' now?"

Says Billy, says he: "I discovered that the moon is a tremendhous big mush-room that takes fourteen days to come to its size. Then there's a lad who lives inside

of it, an' he comes out an' aits it down durin' the nixt fortnight."

"Well, upon my honor," says the whale, says he, "isn't it mortal simple afther all, when wan comes to think of it?"

"Mortal simple entirely," says Billy, says he. "An' you wondher when you hear of it why you never thought of it afore."

"But," says the whale, says he, "it's a puzzle to me what happens to the man when he has the mushroom aitout, or where is he till it grows again."

Billy he was non-plushed at this, an' says he, "Upon my veracity, I never thought of that, or I'd 'a' put the question to the chap. But," says he then, "I'm thinkin' that maybe he goes under a bush while the mushroom grows again."

"Throth, an' you're right," says the whale; "that's what he does. Have you a good houl't on me back?" says the whale then.

"I have," says Billy.

"An' an aisy sait?" says the whale.

"An' an aisy sait, thank ye," says Billy.

"Because," says the whale, says he, "you could have a ride inside if you preferred it." And he turned the whites of his eyes round upon Billy as he said it.

"I'm obliged; no," says Billy, says he.

"It's mighty warm and comfortable inside, mind you," says the whale.

"I haven't a bit doubt of it," says Billy, says he; "but I always preferred the box-sait."

"Oh, very well, just plaise yourself," says the whale.

"Might I make boul' to ax," says Billy, says he, "where it is you're goin'?"—for all this time they were goin' through the water at the rate of nineteen weddings.

"It's to Jamaicky I'm goin'," says the whale, says he, "on the other side of the wurrl'."

"The Lord save me," says Billy, says he; "isn't that where the blacks live?"

"Never mind,"

says the whale, says he; "I'll be able to show you some grand sceneries atween here an' there. What," says he, "is the gran'est an' sublimest sight you'd like to see?"

"Well, to tell the truth," says Billy, says he, "the sublimest sight I'd like to plant my two eyes upon this minute is my own wee cabin at home in Mullinacrick."

"Blatheration!" says the whale.

"No blatheration at all about it," says Billy.

"The cabin's a small one, I admit, an' that it's not over-white I can-

not deny; an' I know, too, that a man might put his arm down the chimney an' unbolt the back doore; but, nevertheless," says he, "an' notwithstanding, that little cabin would look very sublime to me this minute, if I could see it."

"Do you really mane it?" says the whale.

"I do really mane it," says Billy; "an' I'll never forget it to you if you put your tail the other way an' take your bearings for Mullinacrick."



Drawn by M. Stein.

"AS BILLY FELL, HE KEPT 'JUMPIN' TORS'T THE LAND."

"Well," says the whale, "I'm under a particular debt to your family, Billy, though maybe you don't know it, an' I'd like to oblige ye."

"Thank ye," says Billy. "An' indeed, an' to tell ye the truth, I didn't know that my family ever did you a kindness."

"They did then," says the whale. "It was nine-and-twenty years on last Patrickmas that your mother's brother, Andy, fell overboard out of Condy Molowney's smack; an' a sweeter or tenderer morsel than your Uncle Andy I didn't taste for seven years afore that, nor for seven years after. An', more be token," says the whale, says he, "I hadn't broke my fast for twenty-four hours afore that, an' it was why I doubly appreciated your Uncle Andy's kindness, an' could never forget it to him, nor to wan of the family since."

"Arrah! don't mention it," says Billy, says he. "I'd make ye heartily welcome to all the uncles I have in the wurrl'. That's right," says he, "an' I'll never forget your kindness"—for the whale had shift-

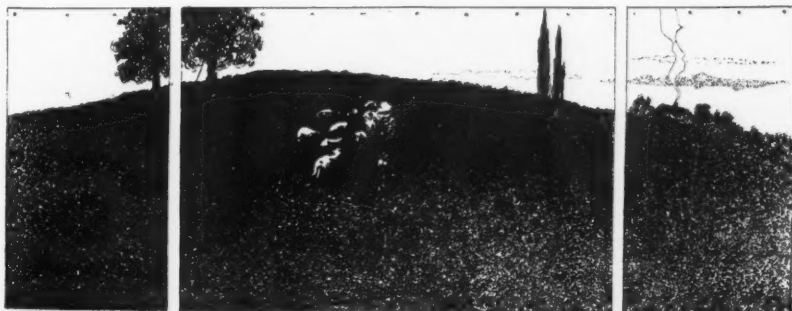
ed right round and was carrying Billy through the water at a mile a minute, in the direction of Mullinacrick. An' the whale was goin' at such a speed that when he come nigh the shore, he hadn't time to

slow up, but struck with his nose, like a batterin'-ram, again' the white rocks, just where youse all know that they rise, a mile below Mullinacrick. An' with the shock, Billy was shot right off the whale's back, an' landed high an' dhry, but on his mouth an' nose, on dhry lan' on the top of the banks. The shock was a purty sore one, an' he lay there for a full minute, gaspin'; an' when he got up to his feet, lo an' behold ye, it wasn't the top of the cliffs at all he was on, but in the middle of the bog, an' just beside



Drawn by M. Stein.  
"AN' THERE WAS A BOTTLE LYIN' ON THE GROUND AT HIS FEET."

the rock that he had sat down on that same evening before the aigle come to him. An' there was a bottle lyin' on the ground at his feet, an' it was marked, "Whisky," an' when he took it up it smelt all right; but there wasn't as much whisky in it as would make a cockroach cough.



## THE UNPOPULAR RACE.

BY JULIEN GORDON (MRS. VAN RENSSELAER CRUGER).

A RECENT experience has given me food for reflection. The printed remark that if Mr. Booker T. Washington called on me he would be welcomed in the drawing-room, brought upon me from the Southern newspapers—many of them deemed reputable—a landslide of contumely, a torrent of vulgar abuse, as unexpected as it was astonishing. That merely for expressing an opinion, one's person, works, habits and family should be made targets for the lowest innuendo and the coarsest insult, might amuse, were it not for the melancholy illumination that it casts upon depths of ignorance and of folly.

Memphis is no less sympathetic to me than Boston. I have no vestige of sectional prejudice; a somewhat wide experience has precluded this possibility.

Apart from petty personal attack, entirely irrelevant to the subject in point, these journals asked whether social equality with the negro was desirable, and intermarriage possible. This sex question appeared peculiarly imperious and irritating—a question which had never crossed my imaginings. To the writer it seems as revolting that white men should have negro mistresses as that white women should have negro husbands. Yet if, indeed, race prejudice exists to the extent that we are told it does, how is it that the commingling of the races—which we are forced to observe—has been so general? Why has it not been more abhorrent? Is the hypothesis mere hypocrisy—cant, pure and simple?

The question of human equality it is futile to discuss except before the law. It has never existed; it cannot exist, either in the present or in the future. One does not ask one's Chinese laundryman to dine. But one would hardly invite a Confucius to sit in one's pantry.

A rabid Senator has lately announced that the negro, being absolutely devoid of moral fiber, must be denied education. He accuses him of bestial traits, but will not permit him such spiritual and educational advantages as might benefit his character and

raise and restrain his brutal tendencies. Could one reach a darker nadir of unintelligence? When one hears such tirades, one realizes that selfish personal advancement does not depend on the possession of the reasoning faculties. Morally, the negro prior to education may be considered as about on a par with a type of bohemian Paris and intellectual London. The decadents may be less robust in crime, they are more deeply corrupt. Nobody can be quite so wicked as a certain brand of bohemian Frenchman and intellectual Englishman. From his debasement the negro has got to evolve, just as other races have evolved. What he requires is what all other races have required—time. This is the day and hour of little nations. The trumpet of the downtrodden has sounded. The unknown and unheard are making themselves felt. Upheaval is in the wind. There are mutterings and stirrings—a low roar of mighty forces, resistless, pushing for light. These people want air, life, and, what is more precious, life's liberties. He who refuses to heed the warning is doomed to ultimate confusion. The boon of life may be doubtful, that of liberty is positive. The love of life is temperamental, the mere matter of a high or low vitality, but the desire of liberty is universal. Liberty means opportunity. This race will have to work out a new and more valuable emancipation. The broad enlightened element among Southern men is willing and anxious that it should—has already accorded the help of generous words and practical aid. No assistance will be forthcoming from that army of professional sufferers who continue to poison the air with their obsolete grievances. Whether the victory came of God or of Apollyon—it was won. The wise bow to the decrees of fate. The weak beat against its fiat and bruise themselves.

In their own ranks, with such a general as Booker T. Washington—of whom an exquisite woman once said that he had the soul of a Christian, the heart of a gentleman and the eyes of the jungle—they have

their chance. With such men as T. Thomas Fortune, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Charles W. Chestnutt, Prof. Burghardt DuBois, Bishop Walters, John W. Thompson, and many other worthy and experienced teachers and clergymen, to guide them—we do not forget that a late class orator at Harvard was a negro—they are certain to solve their own problem. These things take much time—generations will be required.

Let us not quarrel with nature. The divinities are at work.

The negro has aptitudes—special gifts. He is frequently deft and clever with his fingers. He has imagination, humor, a natural eloquence. He has poetic and musical gifts, and he has manners—manners which are extinct to-day, unless in Italy and China. We have seen black head-waiters who had "le grand air"—did not shamble, like some politicians. They held themselves like masters of ceremony at courts—a respectable calling much missed at our official entertainments. The negro has a certain tact and finesse, useful qualities for conduct. He must tap these springs; give up "going on excursions," which his commander-in-chief tells us is his principal stumbling-block; stick to his duties. He may accept a passing hand, but should scorn a permanent crutch. He must cease to toddle; he must step out, learn to walk unsupported and alone; not with brag, brawl and mutiny, but in silence, with discretion and calmness. Especially must he seek industrial and economic advancement. There will be discouragement, but the end

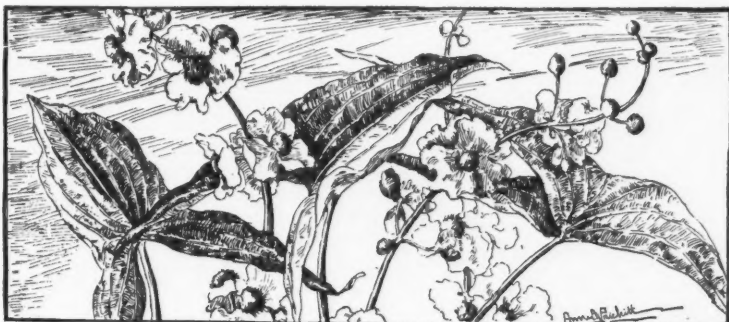
is certain. With material prosperity the rest will come—as it has come to other peoples.

Let him get rich!

Already we hear of an interesting movement. A hundred thousand colored folk have formed a company to organize a march northward. Land will be secured, fabrics started, department stores and hotels opened. We bid these pioneers God-speed. They, or their descendants, will rise, succeed, have a voice in public affairs, as all must who pay taxes—for this should remain the test for the franchise, not erudition.

Their future is as assured as is the advance of democracy, stupidly called imperialism. Democracy may offend the taste of the idle and the pleasure-seeker. Experience teaches us that taste is unimportant—a mere luxury.

Their future is as assured as that Canada will one day weary of British contempt and declare her independence; as sure as that the passing bells of monarchy are sounding; as sure as the "open door"; as sure as that women will have the suffrage. (Is it not odd that men have always accepted female sovereigns and repudiated female voters?) These changes are but a matter of a few decades. He who will not be blind may see the writing on the wall. And as to the future of the colored race—what is needed is patience and forbearance, a truce to hatreds, and great tenderness for the oppressed, undeveloped ones who are struggling upward, *ex tenebris*, in a tearful world.





## THE BREADTH OF HERBERT SPENCER'S TEACHING.

BY LOGAN G. MCPHERSON.

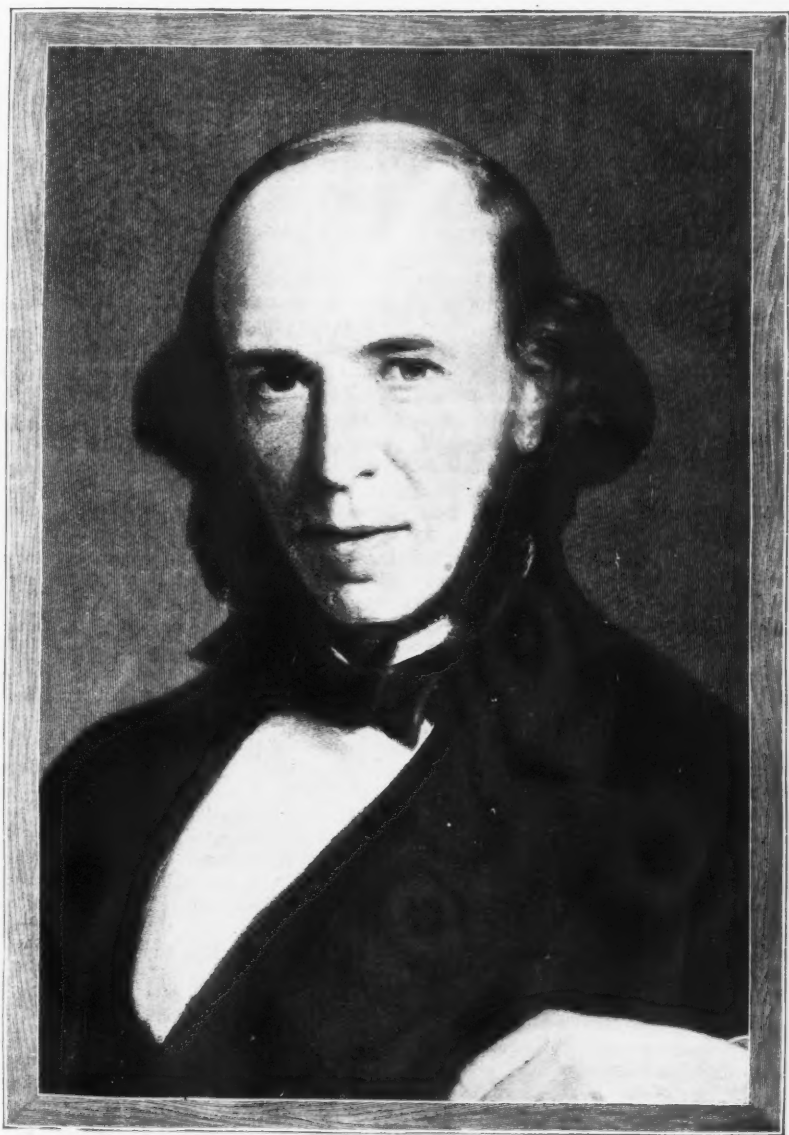
UPON the brain of the infant, impressions of the world about him fall in a tangling maze; through years, by slow degrees, his bewilderment becomes less as definite perception extends. And this intellectual development of the individual is as the intellectual development of the human race. The savage lived in a world of phantasms; through myth and legend is traced the progress to an ever more definite understanding of the varied forms of existence, and here and there the record of the centuries is impressed with the names of those who have sought to perceive and proclaim the law to which existence conforms. Rays of lasting light have fallen from the illumined minds of many of these sages of the past, but with the lack of broad and proven knowledge the conceptions of the universe held by even the most enlightened of them were founded mainly in the meditations of the mystic and the subtleties of the metaphysician. Systems of philosophy and systems of religion based upon hallucination, speculation or partial truth have run their course. But in increasing degree since the impetus gained in the fifteenth century, the limits of human knowledge have expanded: the astronomer, the chemist, the physicist, the geologist, the biologist, the statesman, the historian, the economist, the man of business, have brought the mind to perceive more clearly the nature of things as they are.

Through the ferment of the nineteenth century arose a man who, perceiving all that other men had brought to human ken, and by the grasp of his own intellect here and there filling in the crevices of knowledge, has shown the design that all the threads of existence are weaving. The Synthetic Philosophy formulated by Herbert Spencer attempts within the limits of human cognizance to explain why the suns and stars have formed; why there are land and air and water; why there is life; why plants and animals have attained their structure and multiplied; why the brain has developed; why there are memory, instinct, reason, imagination, will; why speech has come; why the arts have developed; why

nations have formed and governments and laws have grown; why industry and commerce have extended. He has shown that all these manifestations of existence conform to a single law.

Herbert Spencer was born at Derby, England, April 27, 1820. His father was a teacher who did not believe in learning by rote, in cumbering the memory with bits of detached knowledge. This elder Spencer and his brothers were bold of thought and bold in speech. Herbert Spencer, therefore, was early led to think for himself without reliance upon traditional authority. His strong individuality led to the abandonment of a university course, and he thus escaped the mental suffocation that often followed the old-time conventional college training. His first writings were discussions of social phenomena, and early gave evidence of a growing conception that these phenomena are not sporadic and erratic, but proceed in accordance with invariable law. As his study extended, this belief developed, and led him in 1860, when forty years of age, to announce the plan of the Synthetic Philosophy through which is developed the expression of the law of evolution. To this work, through manifold discouragement and continued ill health, he gave the remainder of his life; it was completed at the expiration of thirty-five years.

Within the generation marked by this accomplishment, its results have not only profoundly affected scholarly thought and research, but, extending into common phrase, have to a greater degree than is generally realized modified the operations of the intellect not only of the Western world but of the Orient, into many of whose languages the volumes of the Synthetic Philosophy have been translated. With a critical estimate of Mr. Spencer's achievement, however, this article has naught to do, nor is it designed for those who have attained direct familiarity with his writings. But it is hoped that to those to whom Herbert Spencer is little more than a name, and whose conception of the law of evolution is but vague, it will point the way to a



HERBERT SPENCER.

more concrete apprehension. To this end, a sketch which can be adjusted and filled in by resort to the fountain-head is attempted.

As a first step toward what can therefore be no more than a suggestion of the law of evolution, may be considered a phase of evolution as it has affected a function that is a part of the daily life of every one of us. From the eating by the savage of raw flesh held in his hands, from the meal eaten by the Indian sitting on the floor of the wigwam and consisting of meat and maize cooked in a common pot, to the repast of game and roots and hasty-pudding partaken of by the pioneer with knife and fork and spoon from the rude table in his cabin, there is a decided advance in the preparation of food and the manner of eating. After a time, food is cooked in one room and eaten in another; more kinds of things are cooked in more kinds of vessels and the tableware is of greater variety. And, thus, through viands of increasing variety, multiplying intricacy of preparation and elaborateness of table service, is reached the modern banquet; and it is to be noted that when one has overabundantly indulged in modern banquets there is a reminder of dissolution in that it not infrequently happens that he is sent by his physician for a sojourn in the wilderness where his viands are few in number and are prepared and served with something of barbaric simplicity. This crude outline is an example sufficiently accurate to illustrate certain of the features of evolution.

The change from the same kind of food, prepared and served in simple sameness, to an increasing variety, increasing intricacy of preparation and elaborateness of service, is a progress from the like to the unlike, from the simple to the complex; that is, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.

That this characteristic is common to all evolution, and that there are other characteristics which are also common to all evolution, will be manifest from the consideration of others of its phases.

It is considered by modern astronomers as fairly demonstrable that the earth and moon, the sun and planets, all of the bodies, all of the matter constituting the solar system, were at a previous period in a gaseous state; that the space now occupied

by the bodies of the solar system was filled with the same matter that constitutes these bodies, but that this matter was then a seething vapor. From this mass, forever whirling and throwing off heat as it whirled, and contracting as it threw off heat, there were hurled asunder in succession the masses that coalesced to form the planets and their satellites. The changes in the nebulous mass have therefore been steps in a progress from the simple to the complex, from the like to the unlike, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, in the progress from the indefinite structure of the nebula to the definite system of the sun and planets.

It is a familiar fact that the development of the forms of life has been from the simple to the complex. From the mass of floating jelly, every part of which is like every other part; from the worm, every segment of which is like every other segment, there is the progressive formation of the organs for respiration, for digestion, for circulation, for locomotion, and of the nervous system and the brain, until in the human being are found the greatest complexity of structure and the most definite adjustment of structure to performance.

The development of governmental form and religious ceremonial has exhibited the same characteristic. From the tribal chieftain, administering with his own hand the decisions at which his own brain arrived without fetter or precedent, through the slight restraint of the ill-defined organization of feudalism, there is attained the highly complex mechanism of the modern constitutional state. From the incantation of the medicine man, slowly developing and crystallizing custom led to organization by see and diocese and an elaborate ritual.

And so also has been the progress in the arts. The marking by the savage of the walls of his cave with ochre was the first step in the development of mural decoration, of painting; and that ochre mark when it took the form of a familiar object awakened the idea of that object in the mind of him who saw it; that is, it became a means of communication: and as by way of ornament it developed into the painting, by way of utility it developed through the hieroglyph into the alphabet. The impression of that soft stone was therefore the common ancestor that binds in

cousinhood the paper on the wall of the boudoir and the paper on the writing-desk. From the rude intonation in rhythm with the swaying body have come sacred chant and aria, sailor's clog and waltz.

These are but suggestions of examples of that evolution which Mr. Spencer has shown to be, from the inherent nature of matter and force, the inevitable course of the succession of phenomena of whatever kind throughout the universe—except when the antagonistic course of dissolution is predominant. Evolution and dissolution are the vibrant waves of cosmic being.

The perception of evolution as the process of development will not be nearly complete if there is not inquiry as to that which undergoes the process, if it is not ascertained what it is that develops and why it develops. Of the panorama of existence that makes direct impression upon the brain, or that is brought to consciousness by spoken or recorded word, what are the simplest terms? Neither a prolonged nor an intricate test is requisite to prove that we cannot resolve any idea beyond the elementary, underlying conceptions of time, space, matter, force.

We cannot conceive of the beginning or end of time or space. We cannot conceive of matter coming from nothing or passing into nothing; it is beyond our conception that there is other than the same quantity of matter in the universe at all times; that is, matter is indestructible.

We are primarily conscious of matter because of the resistance which it opposes to muscular energy. My outstretched hand comes in contact with this table; the force exerted by my hand is opposed by the passive force of the table. But science has proved that the motion exhibited by my hand in its progress toward the table is not annihilated when it comes in contact with the table. The impact increases the vibration of the molecules of the table and excites reverse motion in the muscles of my arm. The quantity of motion remains the same but it is divided. Motion is continuous; force which causes motion is persistent. Force is transformable, but the total of force remains the same.

In boundless space and endless time exist the same quantity of matter to be played upon by force, the same totality of force

to play upon matter. The law, therefore, to which the varying forms of existence conform, is the law underlying the changes wrought upon matter by force, upon force by matter; that is, it must be the law of the continuous redistribution of matter and motion—and it must be borne in mind that we know matter through the force which it exerts and that the manifestation of force is through matter.

A body moving in a straight line would never stop did it not meet a retarding force: in a universe filled with countless bodies all in motion and forever in mutual attraction and repulsion it must meet retarding force. From this Mr. Spencer deduces the theorems that all motion is rhythmical, that because of the exposure to different forces producing unlike effects the homogeneous is forever unstable, and that through segregation and equilibration is in time reached the process of dissolution. These deductions and this terminology that seem so formidable are given crystal clearness in the beautiful chapters that forbid even an outline in limited space.

Demanding greater emphasis here, is the further fact that the process of evolution is a process of adjustment. This has most signal illustration in the case of life itself. To borrow from John Fiske, the able follower and expositor of Mr. Spencer, "the degree of life is low or high, accordingly as the correspondence between internal and external relations is simple or complex, limited or extensive, partial or complete, imperfect or perfect." The plant responds only to light and heat and to relations in the atmosphere and soil; the polyp responds also to certain external mechanical irritants. Contrast these with the relations maintained with their environment by the keen-scented bloodhound and the far-sighted vulture. And civilized man sharply distinguishes minute vibrations affecting the eye or the ear; his developed intelligence is adjusted to relations extending far in time and space. Death means the cessation of the adjustment between the internal relations of the mind and the body and the external relations of the environment.

Although the Synthetic Philosophy professes to account for the forms of existence, it does not profess to account for existence; it makes no attempt to define what in

essence is either matter or force. Although the Synthetic Philosophy traces the development of the mental processes, it does not attempt to explain the nature of consciousness.

Matter and force are definitely perceptible to the mind only through their manifestations; the mind cannot think of them except in terms of their attributes. That which underlies the manifestations, that which is beneath the attributes, the mind does not know. Consciousness is manifested as a succession of cognitions of relations of quantity or of quality; that is, it is only through cognizance of quantity or of quality that we are definitely aware of consciousness. That which underlies this cognizance, what consciousness is in its essence, we do not know.

And it follows that, as matter and force are not cognizable except through their attributes and there is no conscious state of consciousness except as manifested by the cognizance of matter and force, we not only do not know but we cannot know the essence either of matter or force or consciousness. We must admit that the essence of that which exists as mind and of that which exists outside of the mind lies within the realm of the Unknowable. And that there is existence within this realm, that there is that which we do not know and cannot know, is proved in that we cannot divest the mind of the certainty that there could not be manifestations were there not something underlying the manifestations, that there is an ultimate verity beneath them all; and that beneath the cognitions by which consciousness is manifest there must be consciousness itself.

In defining the boundary between the realm of the Knowable and the realm of the Unknowable, Mr. Spencer ascertains the limit beyond which the inquiry of science is and must forever be without avail, that limit beyond which lies and must forever lie the sphere of religion. He shows that as the human intellect has developed, there has been a recession of the authority of the priest from the field wherein the exploration of science may lead to definite knowledge, and a withdrawal of the research of the votary of science from the sphere whereof definite knowledge cannot be ascertained. Mr. Spencer's utterance

here is abundant proof that he is not a materialist; that in the depth of religious instinct, in the profundity of religious emotion, he yields neither to seer nor to mystic, to no apostle of any faith.

In concluding these suggestions as to the scope of the Synthetic Philosophy, stress must be laid upon the purpose of Mr. Spencer in crowning the broad sweep of observation and deduction, the far-reaching analysis and synthesis, with an enunciation of the principles that govern conduct, by the application of which right action and wrong action are made distinguishable. In this final division of the work entitled, "The Principles of Ethics," he points out that with the advance of civilization there is a tendency toward the balancing of one's actions in behalf of self and one's actions in behalf of others; that parents make greater sacrifices for their children; that there is greater voluntary cooperation on behalf of the neighborhood, the community and the state; and that notwithstanding continued instances of aggression, there is a growing sympathy with weak and benighted races, and greater and organized effort for their amelioration; that the progress of society in conformity to the law of evolution is toward a

"Race of peace-robed conquerors and kings,  
Achieving evermore diviner things."

In addition to the volumes of the Synthetic Philosophy, Mr. Spencer's writings cover a wide range of subjects, including discussions of many matters that have been of public importance at different periods during his career; but aside from the Synthetic Philosophy the work which is most widely known and whose worth early attained recognition, is the treatise entitled, "Education: Intellectual, Moral and Physical," in which he demonstrates that the education of the most value is that which leads one to the fullest development and the highest achievement under the conditions of his environment. A friend says that the most pleasing incident to Mr. Spencer during the visit which he made to the United States in 1882, was in the dining-room of the hotel at Cresson, when a waitress asked him if he really were the Mr. Spencer who had written the treatise on education.



## THE DIARY OF KING EDWARD VIII.

EDITED BY ———

### CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

I SAID to the Duke of Z——, after he had listened to my explanation of what seemed to me the duties of an English monarch, that I proposed to study the personnel of the kingdom and to use my utmost influence in supporting those men who showed an inclination to advance the best interests of the empire. He seemed quite skeptical, and began to point out the difficulties under which I should labor—that I should antagonize forces that were necessary to support the crown, and perhaps give the democrats a strength which would ultimately enable them to overturn the monarchy and establish a republic. I replied that there seemed to me danger to the monarchy only from inefficiency on the part of the sovereign; that if the power of the office were wielded in the right direction, it could be made to supplement constitutional government to the utmost advantage.

*January 12.*

I had very clearly recognized that a frank explanation of my plans to the men who were using the empire for their own private exploitation ground would very quickly produce a ferment. This coterie, closely bound together by a division of honors and benefits, had perfected its organization by years of experience. It had formed a far-reaching association, including mercantile and manufacturing interests having special ends to serve, forceful young men climbing up the social ladder, and baronets and peers with family connections to be provided for, or ambitions to be gratified. They were supported by an influential press, controlled in part by interests benefiting by the policy of their leader, Samuel Posenard, and in part by young men of enterprise, who by natural force had come up from obscurity and were ambitious that in the distribution of titles their names should ultimately appear.

Never had England been ruled by a shrewder or more calculating combination. They were not lacking in courage, and I

perfectly well knew that as soon as they fully grasped the import of my intentions, no stone would be left unturned. They would first flatter, then seek to dissuade, then indirectly threaten, and finally very likely would come downright intimidation.

They could not know that the amiable man who had thus far exhibited traits of tact and good humor—seemingly taking no interest in the graver public affairs—had suddenly become a man of will, ready to pursue unflinchingly the policy which appealed to him as right.

I learned afterward that within twenty-four hours after granting an interview to the Duke of Z——, there had been a meeting of the chiefs of the organization at Samuel Posenard's home. The Duke of L——, the Duke of S—— and Lord Anxmeyer had been detailed to dissuade me, by showing the danger to the Crown, of active participation in affairs.

At the same time, the "Daily Armor" was to begin a systematic series of editorials full of pleasant phrases, but, with the utmost ingenuity, while seeming to praise the King for his interest in affairs, putting the matter in such a light as to be sure to offend the strongest of British prejudices. The "Daily Kingdom," on the other hand, was to advance to the attack by no circuitous routes. In a series of strong editorials, it would show that the King was prescribed in his duties by the Constitution and by the high example given by that most glorious of monarchs, Victoria. What this exalted Queen had so clearly established during her long and glorious reign her grandson should be glad to follow, and leave the kingdom undisturbed.

Still another organ of the confederates was detailed for an entirely different purpose. It was not understood that this journal was an ally of Samuel Posenard. It had at all times seemed to defend the cause of the populace. It had from time to time attacked Posenard with bitterness, but it was noticeable that these attacks were always upon unimportant subjects. If, by any chance, an investigation into any of

Posenard's numerous schemes was ordered, it would in the first instance fly to the defense of the people and furiously urge investigation, and abuse the men who seemed to oppose such a policy. Then, as the critical time came round, ingenious misstatements were presented under the guise of righteous indignation, and finally the matter would be allowed to die out and disappear from the public mind with those questions unanswered which would at once have exposed the underlying ugliness. In subsequent months, it would point back with pride to its demand for investigation and punishment. It would call attention to the manner in which it had stood by the people's rights.

In reality it was Posenard's strongest ally. It was in a room of one of the large hotels, where hundreds were coming and going, that Samuel Posenard met the editor of the "Daily Democrat." One of my friends noticed the editor coming in at one of the entrances. Fifteen minutes later, happening to be near another door, he noticed Posenard hurrying to a lift. A sudden suspicion induced him to take the same lift. Noting the floor, he passed on, then came back, and stepping quietly behind a heavy curtain which commanded the hallway, waited. Fifteen minutes later, he saw Posenard come out and hurry to the lift. Twenty minutes afterward, the editor of the "Democrat" came out into the hall, and seeing it clear, went off in an opposite direction toward another lift.

Within a week the "Daily Democrat" appeared with a great heading:

"King Usurping Powers of Parliament."—"Constitutional Limitations of Royal Authority Being Overthrown."—"The Rights of the Voters Invaded."

It was at this period that the drawing-rooms began to buzz with stories of the most ingenious and defamatory character told in confidence. "The King was indulging in secret orgies."—"He had borrowed a large sum of money from Sir Thomas Holton, the wealthy brewer, in return for which Sir Thomas was to receive an earldom."—"The King's brain had been affected."—"He had become capricious and unreasonable and exhibited signs of failing." It was really surprising the number

and extraordinary character of these stories, which seemed to spring up like the poisonous toadstools or a single night. I had to learn afterward how well organized was this branch of the business conducted by Mr. Posenard! I could afford to laugh, because I had ceased to take any personal interest in the result. I had determined to work for my people. My nerve was growing steadier with every hour. If ill chance befell me personally, I should still be content.

Thus it will be seen that within a very short time after I had conceived my new ideals of life, and even before they had become known to the general public, a powerful enginery had been set in motion to antagonize them. I was to be alternately flattered, reasoned with, discouraged, and if need be, intimidated. One or the other of these forces would certainly prove sufficiently powerful to accomplish the purpose for which it had been inspired.

I was not long left in doubt as to the purpose of my enemies. My friends began to come to me with distress upon their faces, and after close questioning I would discover the cause of their disquiet. Lord Anxmeyer asked for frequent audiences. Half a dozen members of the higher nobility came to me in rapid succession. I was compelled to hear every sort of argument, entreaty, persuasion, and even veiled threats, according to the friendliness or personality of the visitor.

As soon as I began to understand the well-conceived plans, so secretly at work, and environing me in every direction, I found intense interest in the situation. An unexpected development was the sudden social popularity which came to Captain Heath. The most distinguished members of Mr. Posenard's party began to shower invitations upon him; though hitherto he had enjoyed rather contemptuous treatment socially, notwithstanding that he was a member of my household. I advised him to accept the attentions offered, to go everywhere, to be careful to express his own views as little as possible, and to get at the bottom of the aims of our opponents. In a little while, Lord Anxmeyer was heard expressing the opinion that so brilliant a young man should receive a baronetcy.

In a word, every mainspring of human

action in the complex mechanism of modern society was now at work in opposition to my plans. In the mean time, Captain Heath had been preparing for me lists of men who seemed available for my purposes. Careful inquiries had been put on foot, and in the little Russia-bound book which I kept locked in my desk, I had now collected names of a great number of men of intellectual distinction who enjoyed also the reputation of being fearless, of possessing high character and earnest energy.

I must confess that the system which has prevailed hitherto in Great Britain does not seem to have been conducive to the development of independent character. The closely drawn social lines which have hedged in military, naval, civil and even educational office have tended either to the breaking down of that spirit which goes to form frankness in character, or else to the exclusion of men possessing these characteristics from positions of prominence. Two-thirds of all the names procurable were those of men in comparatively obscure stations.

The largest element discoverable was in the manufacturing world. Fortunately we have in Great Britain many families who have been for several generations engaged in manufactures, who have been given good educations, and having ample funds for expenditures have divided themselves into two classes: those seeking social honors and titles; and those who have chosen to lead their own lives, finding great interest in the people committed to their care and the development of markets and manufacturing processes.

I had known practically nothing of this latter class of men. From time to time I had heard the names of some of these in one connection or another; but I had absolutely no knowledge from personal contact. At the suggestion of Captain Heath, I sent out invitations to thirty of the younger men in the manufacturing world—men ranging in age from thirty to forty-five. I had classified the several branches of manufacturers and managed to bring to me two belonging to the same class each day. I endeavored to make a study of the ramifications of these manufactures and at the same time to interest the men themselves

in the needs of the empire beyond their own personal advantage.

I had never met a more intelligent or quickly responsive class of men. They, while evidently deeply intent upon their own work, were widely read, and many of them had an intimate knowledge of the problems which confronted the empire.

Accustomed to being ignored socially, they had received my invitation with surprise. I did not hesitate to give them an idea of my intentions, and was repaid by assurances that while, in the past, they had perhaps considered their affairs from a too closely selfish point of view, they would in the future be only too glad to give their support to plans which they believed would be valuable to the manufacturing interests as well as to the entire empire.

I also arranged a series of little trips to those manufacturing institutions which were in the neighborhood of London, devoting an afternoon hour to inspecting the plants. In going over these works, I kept distinctly in mind four things:

First. The character of the men employed;

Second. The mechanical operations;

Third. The environment under which work was carried on;

Fourth. The product turned out.

I was surprised at the amount of information which I seemed to be able to assimilate in passing rapidly through these great factories. It opened my eyes to the life of that part of my subjects with which I was but very little familiar. It turned out to be not only interesting, but improving from every point of view.

I had particularly requested, that during these tours of inspection, no attention should be paid to my presence, that work should go on as usual; and where I stopped to inquire, the questions should be answered the same as if put by an ordinary visitor.

This work was vastly improving compared with the round of functions in which I had been engaging. I began to see that I was being rewarded for my efforts. I began also to perceive that my visits were establishing a bond of sympathy between the workingmen and myself, where none had existed in the past. When stopping at a workbench, I did not smile, I did not

compliment: I confined myself to putting questions sharply and with a view to actual instruction; and this, I think, was appreciated as being genuine and not the sort of thing a man puts on with a view to courting personal popularity.

After the inspection of many factories, and meeting some thirty of the leading manufacturers of the kingdom, I picked out a board of ten and asked them to meet me in council, premising that I should offer certain questions for discussion and asking them to submit those matters which seemed to them most important, both from their own point of view and that of the kingdom at large.

It so happened that several weeks elapsed after I had begun my new work, before I encountered Lady Mary —. That she had heard of my change of occupation and was satisfied that her suggestion had fallen on good soil, came to me in the form of books. A copy of Victor Hugo's "*Les Misérables*" was the first. This was marked at page 390. I had it sent to my reading-stand, and when the day's work was done, took it up. I cannot forbear quoting it here, because it seems to me one of the strongest presentations of the subject most important to the welfare of an empire. Here it is:—

"First problem:

"To produce wealth.

"Second problem:

"To distribute it.

"The first problem contains the question of labor.

"The second contains the question of wages.

"In the first problem the question is of the employment of force.

"In the second of the distribution of enjoyment.

"From the good employment of force results public power.

"From the good distribution of enjoyment results individual happiness.

"By good distribution, we must understand not equal distribution, but equitable

distribution. The highest equality is equity.

"From these two things combined, public power without, individual happiness within, results social prosperity.

"Social prosperity means, man happy, the citizen free, the nation great.

"England solves the first of these two problems. She creates wealth wonderfully; she distributes it badly. This solution, which is complete only on one side, leads her inevitably to these two extremes: monstrous opulence, monstrous misery. All the enjoyment to a few, all the privation to the rest, that is to say, to the people; privilege, exception, monopoly, feudality, springing from labor itself; a false and dangerous situation which founds public power upon private misery, which plants the grandeur of the state in the suffering of the individual. A grandeur ill constituted, in which all the material elements are combined, and into which no moral element enters. . . .

"The two problems must be solved together to be well solved. The two solutions must be combined and form but one.

"Solve the first only of the two problems, you will be Venice, you will be England. You will have, like Venice, an artificial power, or like England a material power; you will be the evil rich man, you will perish by violence, as Venice died, or by bankruptcy, as England will fall, and the world will let you die and fall, because the world lets everything fall and die which is nothing but selfishness, everything which does not represent a virtue or an idea for the human race.

"It is of course understood that by these words, Venice, England, we designate not the people, but the social constructions; the oligarchies superimposed upon the nations, and not the nations themselves. The nations always have our respect and our sympathy. Venice, the people, will be reborn; England, the aristocracy, will fall, but England, the nation, is immortal."

(To be continued.)



# CRYPTOGRAPHY.

By GEORGE WILKES.

## PART I.—THE CIPHER.

THE early custom of using arithmetical figures, especially the naught, or cipher, is probably responsible for the term cipher-writing, the cultivation of which finally originated the words polygraphy, steganography, cryptology and cryptog-

ABC 3	DEF 7	GHI 2
KLM 5	NOP 9	QRS 4
TUV 6	XYZ 8	OOO 1

FIGURE 2. KEY OF EARLY NUMERICAL CIPHER.

raphy. The ancient Egyptians were reputed to have invented hieroglyphics in order to secrete their wisdom from the vulgar, though it is now conceded to the contrary. The ancient Irish, for some unac-

countable reason, preferred to write in orgham, a species of stenographic writing, by business firms and individuals. The occult methods employed in cipher-writing excite a general curiosity and thirst for knowledge on the subject, and an effort to decipher some hidden text proves most fascinating, though the result may disclose nothing of interest.

The ancient Spartans are credited with originating the first known methods of secret writing. They tattooed the bodies of slaves and sent them to their correspondents. A favorite method was to shave and tattoo a message on the scalp, and after the hair had attained a growth, the slave would be sent to the correspondent, who would cause the head again to be shaven to disclose the hidden message. It is improbable that this method could be used frequently without exposing the slaves to permanent baldness.

Another product of the same period, the "scytale," was probably more extensively

A 85	G 17	M 30	R 62	W 20
B 16	H 64	N 80	S 80	X 4
C 30	I 80	O 80	T 90	Y 20
D 41	J 4	P 17	U 34	Z 2
E 120	K 8	Q 5	V 12	& 0
F 25	L 40			

TABLE OF RELATIVE FREQUENCY OF LETTERS.

though the Roman alphabet was known to them.

The historian Pliny alleges that secret communications were held, by means of firebrands, at the siege of Troy, as early as 1184 B.C.; while Plutarch, in his life of Ly-sander, attributes the first use of cipher-writing to the Lacedemonians, about 400 B.C.

Letters were undoubtedly of much later invention than emblematical or symbolical writing; and when they became vulgar to the common eye and would no longer conceal the mysteries of church or state, the use of cipher-writing began to be foreseen. Nothing has occasioned more troubles and contentions than the art of writing, which is the reason the inventor of it is fabled to have sown serpent's teeth.

Ciphers are in general use by govern-ments, and they are extensively employed

used. It consisted in writing a message on a very narrow piece of parchment while wound around a wooden roller. The parchment, on being unwound, would show letters or parts of letters, entirely illegible until rewound on a roller identical in diameter to that on which the message was originally written. The appearance of such a strip would be suggestive of the method employed, and could, with slight difficulty, be deciphered.




A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	&

FIGURE 1. KEY OF DOUBLE-CROSS CIPHER.





making of false divisions in the middle of words; by spelling words backward; by transposing the letters on some prearranged plan or by writing the letters Chinese-wise instead of horizontally; and in other ways, as will be shown in some of the ingenious ciphers of more modern times.

The "double-cross" cipher, Figure 1, of the early fifteenth century, possesses little merit as a means of secret communication, for it may be easily deciphered. The angles and squares of three double crosses denote the letters of the alphabet. To distinguish the letters, the second and third crosses are numbered one and two respectively, thus:  represents the letter *a*;  denotes *d*, and  the letter *g*.

The key of a somewhat similar cipher, of the same period, is shown in Figure 2. The letters in the cipher would be represented by the figures underneath them in the key, as: the figure 3 for *a*; the same figure with one dot over it for *b*, and with two dots for the letter *c*.

Some interesting examples of "diagrammatic" ciphers, originating in the fifteenth century, are shown in Figures 3, 4 and 5. The lines, dots and triangles each form an independent mode of secret writing easily deciphered by the application of the key shown in Figure 6. In later days, pinholes in an ordinary communication conveyed a secret meaning by this method. As the key is drawn down over the secret messages, it will be seen that the ends of each line, each dot, and each angle of every triangle are directly pointed to by one of the arrowheads of the key, thus designating a letter

of the alphabet. The same message is enciphered in the three examples shown in Figures 3, 4 and 5: "Burn all my papers."

It is easy to understand the reason for seeking most of the earliest examples of cipher-writing as originating during the sixteenth century. Until this period, only persons of note and professional people could use the pen. About this time, the use of cipher-writing was general with those possessing the necessary education, as is evidenced by the very many specimens of the period extant. It is remarkable that weighty matters of state and intrigue

should have been entrusted in many instances to such crude and poorly constructed methods.

In Figure 7 is shown a facsimile of a hastily constructed key of an Elizabethan state cipher. In using this key, any of the twelve upper letters of the first division would be written for *a* and any of the twelve lower letters for *b*, and similarly for the other letters in the left-hand column of the facsimile. In addition, the writer would pre-

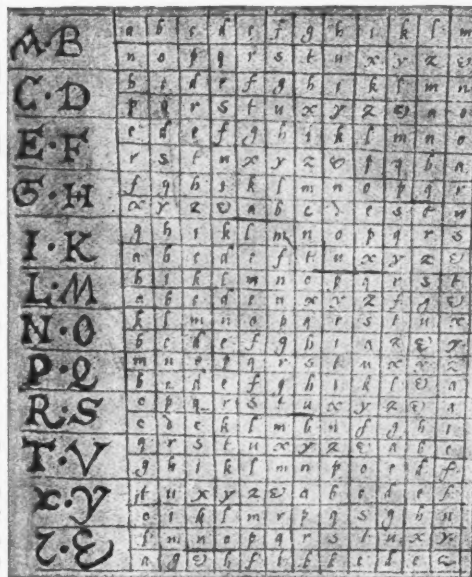


FIGURE 7. EARLY ELIZABETHAN STATE CIPHER.

fix a numeral, from 1 to 12, to indicate from which column the cipher letter had been selected.

Another facsimile of an Elizabethan cipher is reproduced in Figure 8. This device consists of an alphabet on a sliding card, fitted to a sheet of parchment on which are irregularly written ten alphabets. The letters on the sliding card would be represented in the cipher by any of those, in a parallel line, of the different alphabets on the parchment. The sender of the message would indicate by numerals, after each word, which of the ten alphabets was

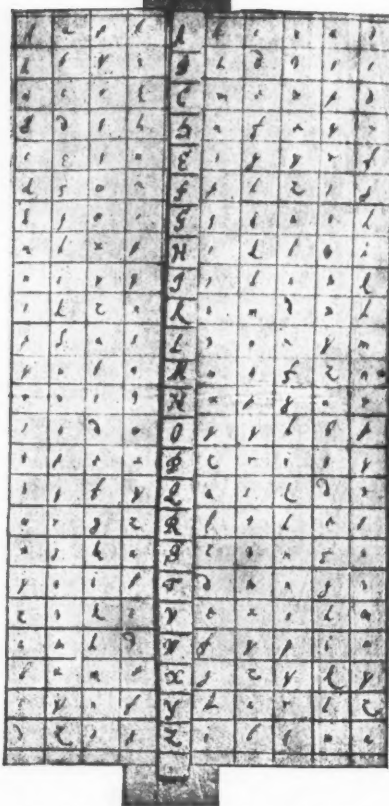


FIGURE 8. KEY TO "SLIDING CARD" CIPHER, USED DURING QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

used. There are many specimens of similarly constructed cipher keys used about this period, one of which deserves passing mention. Figure 9 is composed of two circular pieces of cardboard, one slightly larger in diameter, fitted together in the center in such manner that the smaller will revolve about the other. Around the edges of both circles are irregularly printed the letters of the alphabet, except the *j* and *u*, which were omitted from most alphabets of the time. In addition, the letters on the smaller circle are numbered from 1 to 24 respectively.

ively. The writer of a cipher communication would indicate to his correspondent, either by letter or number, the location of the smaller circle as compared with the letter *a* of the larger one; the secret message being written in the alphabet of the larger circle.

Letters or numbers would have to be used at the end of each word to indicate a change of the relative positions of the two circles, or a prearranged pass-word or even an entire sentence would have to be employed in which each successive letter indicated a change on the completion of each word.

A commonly used cipher of the period was that of substituting one letter for another through the use of a prearranged set of figures known to the correspondents and utilized as a key.

For example, assuming such a set of figures to be 486, the first letter of the cipher would be the fourth in regular sequence from the letter of the original in the alphabet, the second would be the eighth from that of the original, and the next the sixth.

This process was then continued by repeating the method for each succeeding three letters of the original text and going over the alphabet whenever it was found to be necessary.

(To be continued.)

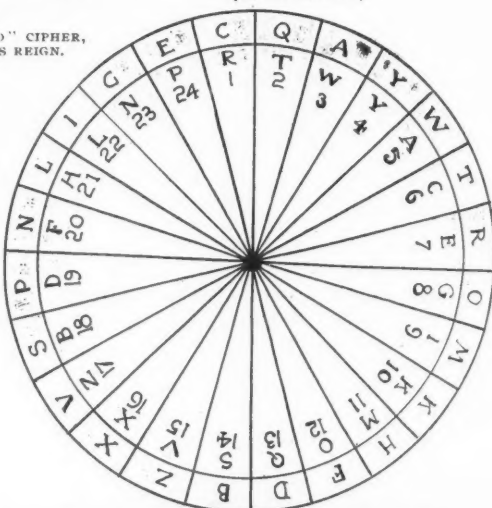


FIGURE 9. KEY TO A "DOUBLE CIRCLE" CIPHER.

## CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

PART XXII.

WILLIAM ELLIS COREY.

By WILLIAM R. STEWART.

IT is customary, when some particular event has emphasized the success which a man has achieved in life, to ask him to what he attributes the secret of his successful career. The question was put to W. E. Corey by probably a score of newspaper reporters on the day on which the official announcement was made that he had been appointed to the presidency of the United States Steel Corporation, the most heavily capitalized enterprise in the world.

Of all the country's Captains of Industry, Mr. Corey is perhaps the most unsatisfactory to interview. In the four years during which he was president of the Carnegie Steel Company, his record was one authorized statement for publication, and that one of two lines. To the newspaper men, therefore, who sought some expression from him regarding such rules of life as he might have laid down and followed, Mr. Corey pleasantly replied that he really didn't know.

But it is hard altogether to evade the persistent interviewer, and before the new head of the Steel Corporation realized it, he had told just what had been asked of him. To the question, "What are the chances for an ambitious young man to-day?" Mr. Corey said:

"Good men are in demand more than they ever were. The smartest is not always the surest to succeed. The man with bulldog tenacity, who never gives up, is the one who succeeds. The man who succeeds is the man who is not satisfied merely to do the work laid out for him, but does more."

Mr. Corey thus unwittingly gave a perfect description of himself. There has been nothing "smart"—in the sense of spectacularly brilliant—in his career of thirty-eight years. But the bulldog tenacity has been there, and the spirit that is not satisfied with doing perfunctory work. The maximum of accomplishment

has been the objective of his efforts, and if the attainment of that end has required the application of special knowledge he has equipped himself personally with that knowledge—often by laborious study—before calling in the perhaps less zealous assistance of others.

Two things which Mr. Corey has done will serve as illustrations. At the time when he was superintendent of the armor-plate department in the Carnegie mills at Pittsburg, the problem of the excessive weight of battle-ship armor was receiving much attention. It received the attention of the new superintendent, with the result that in a short time Mr. Corey introduced a new reforging process by which the ballistic resistance was greatly increased. This enabled the use of plate thinner and lighter than that before employed, with the obvious advantage of a less weighting-down of the battle-ship. This plate was adopted by every foreign navy using the harveyized armor.

The second instance had to do with the old trouble of annealing plates. Many armor-plates were being spoiled by over-annealing, which cracked them, and by under-annealing, which left them too soft. The question of determining the proper condition was largely a matter of guess-work, and thousands of dollars were lost by the long delays incident to the manufacture of the plates.

Mr. Corey is a thorough chemist, and seeking out Prof. R. A. Fessenden, of wireless telegraphy fame, who was then professor of electrical engineering at the Western University, they together devised a scheme for the introduction of one end of a wire in the annealing furnace and the exposure of the other end in the cold air outside of the mill. A heat-measuring device in the center of the wire told the heat of the furnace. This invention has since saved small fortunes annually.

The rise of William E. Corey from the

post of assistant in the Carnegie laboratory till he became the head of the United States Steel Corporation, has attracted less public interest than the meteoric career of his predecessor in the latter office, Charles M. Schwab, but it has been even more rapid. The two men were boyhood friends. When Schwab was being educated at a Catholic institution in central Pennsylvania, Corey was attending the public schools at Braddock. Schwab was by four years the older, and the lead which he obtained in the race for promotion in the occupation which both chose was maintained for seventeen years. And all that time, rung for rung on the ladder, Corey was following after him, succeeding him in each position as soon as it was vacated for an advancement. At the age of thirty-five Schwab was appointed president of the Carnegie Steel Company; Corey was thirty-five when he succeeded him there. Then the next step—and the final, for beyond it there was nothing higher—saw Corey draw ahead of the one whom he had so doggedly pursued: he was but thirty-seven years old when he became the Steel Trust's president; Schwab had been thirty-nine. It is a minor, but an interesting, sequel to the strange parallel of the two careers, that Mr. Corey recently moved into and now occupies the same apartments in New York city that Mr. Schwab had.

William Ellis Corey was born in 1866 at Braddock, Pennsylvania, where his father, who is a retired coal-merchant, still lives. After attending the Braddock common schools, he took a commercial course at Duff's College, Pittsburg, and at the age of sixteen obtained a position in the laboratory of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works. Up to this time, young Corey had not made himself noted for studious habits, and his principal claim to fame was that he played a good game of baseball and was an all-round athlete of some prowess. When he began work on his "job," however, he soon showed that he had serious intentions. The knowledge of practical chemistry which he acquired in the steel-works laboratory he supplemented by the study of text-books on that science and on metallurgy at home, and he was not long in becoming proficient in both.

Young men with dispositions to rise

above the level of the requirements of their positions were certain, sooner or later, to attract the notice of Andrew Carnegie or of his heads of departments. Young Corey was given a chance at more difficult work in the practical chemistry of making steel, and before he was twenty years old was advanced to the order department of the Homestead works, and given an experience in the handling of men. From there he was transferred to the plate-mill, and at the age of twenty-one was made superintendent of that and of the open-hearth department. In a few weeks he was appointed superintendent of the armor-plate plant of the Carnegie Company.

While in this position, Mr. Corey made a point of familiarizing himself with every part of the work of the various plants, down to the seemingly most unimportant details. It was his custom to drive through the great labyrinth of mills and factories, spending here and there hours in studying the intimate working of each unit, and so regular were these visits that he was not long in becoming known to every workman at Homestead.

The first-hand knowledge of everything pertaining to armor-plate which Mr. Corey thus acquired proved very useful to the Carnegie Company during the developments which followed the Congressional investigation of 1895. As the result of the controversy between the government and Mr. Carnegie at that time, Congress proposed a fixed price of three hundred dollars a ton for armor-plate, and when the manufacturers refused this figure, authorized the erection of a government plant to supply all the armor needed. After voting this step, however, and noting that the threat did not seem to worry the Carnegie officials, Congress accepted the latter's terms. Mr. Corey has been referred to as "the man behind the guns" in this controversy.

Mr. Schwab at this time was superintendent of the entire Homestead works. In 1895, Mr. Corey succeeded him. In 1901, Mr. Schwab became president of the United States Steel Corporation, with Mr. Corey president of the Carnegie Company, the most important of the component parts of the giant organization. In June, 1903, the appointment of Mr. Corey to succeed Mr. Schwab was announced.



Whatever has been the recent financial history of the affairs of the Steel Corporation, the physical conduct of its various plants has been marked by a uniform increase in output, and a consistently favorable showing of absolute profit over operating expenses. And it has been with the physical end of the enterprise that Mr. Corey has had to deal; the financial intricacies have not come within his province. The practical end of producing steel, and of producing it to the best advantage, has been the work which has absorbed his energies and called into play the marked constructive and organizing talent which he has shown throughout his business career.

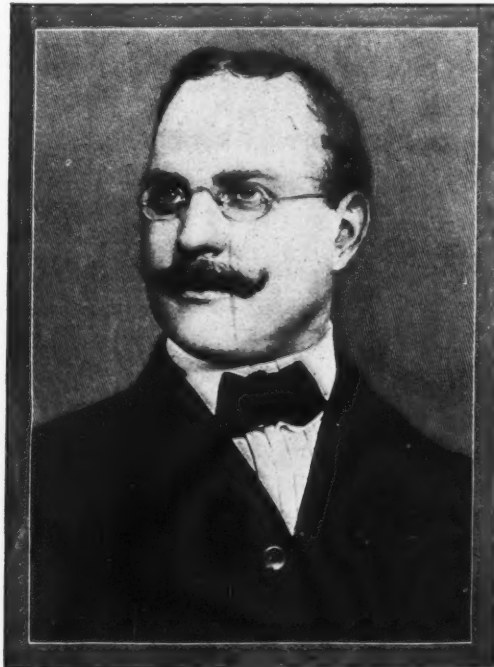
As evidences of the success of the technical management of the United States Steel Corporation, there are the important and systematic economies which have been effected through the amalgamation of plants during recent months, and the greater use, by means of special processes, of the soft and friable Mesaba ores. It is also an interesting fact that, whereas when the merger was formed two years ago, the constituent plants made together about fifty-seven per cent. of the steel product of the United States, they now make about sixty-five per cent.

The reduction of operating expenses which has been effected under Mr. Corey's management has been very considerable. The amalgamation under one organization

of the Carnegie, National and American Steel Hoop plants was a conspicuous instance. In the departments of ore-mining, coking and transportation a similar policy is being carried out. A uniformity of methods among the different plants, by which the least productive have been brought up to the standard of efficiency of the one making the best showing, has been also introduced. For example, it was found that in one of the company's plants the cost of open-hearth steel exceeded the

cost in the Carnegie works by about sixty per cent. Men were at once sent there who were familiar with the Carnegie method, and changes which were found necessary were promptly made.

A general increase in the output of all the plants has taken place under Mr. Corey's management. The Edgar Thompson Steel Works, for example, was notified last June that the production for July must ex-



WILLIAM ELLIS COREY.

ceed seventy thousand tons, though the best previous one month's production had been sixty-eight thousand tons. The July output was seventy-one thousand tons.

In personal appearance Mr. Corey typifies the qualities of force and concentration of effort which his life has so strikingly exemplified. In repose his face is stern, and as he swings along the street or through the hallways of No. 71 Broadway, where the Steel Corporation has its New York offices, his square shoulders moving in

unison with his footsteps, he presents an aggressive aspect which impresses itself at once upon whoever chances to see him. And from behind the gold-rimmed spectacles there can come a smile which changes the erstwhile sternness till the face which looks out upon you might seem to be that of a man who thought the whole world a joke.

Mr. Corey arrives at his office sharply at nine o'clock in the morning, and from that hour until half-past four in the afternoon his only thought is of steel. He is methodical and painstaking to a degree, and although he leaves to the vice-presidents and department heads the working out of the details of the general plans

which he devises, he never loses track of even the most unimportant of these arrangements.

Despite the demands upon his time in the management of the world's largest corporation, Mr. Corey still finds some leisure to enjoy outdoor sports, of which he always has been fond. He is perhaps as great a baseball and football enthusiast to-day as he was when himself a player, and is a lover of fine horses. He is also very fond of traveling, and was on a tour of Europe when called home to be president of the Carnegie Company. He is active in social life, but not in politics, and is a member of several clubs in New York city and in Pittsburgh.

### GEORGE CADBURY.

By ANNIE L. DIGGS.

**I**F you were to ask a close observer of the trend of social forces in Great Britain to-day, what man is in the greatest degree helping to mold the future of the nation, the answer would not be Joseph Chamberlain, but George Cadbury. The methods and ideals of these two Englishmen are as unlike as day and night. It is the personality—iridescent, insistent and dominant—of Mr. Chamberlain upon which attention is focused. It is upon the achievements, the things done or in the process of doing, rather than upon the personality of Mr. Cadbury, that general attention is centered. Tariffs may come and go, governmental politics may rise and fall to fret or affright the nation, wars may be diplomatized into fateful reality and their tragedies get buried under the cornfields of the "illimitable veldt"—all these are but the scurrying events which for the moment fill the lurid forefront of time's cinematograph; but the gray and ghastly background of vast human deprivation and degradation, the age-long, unremitting misery of the buffeted, drudging millions, that is the ever-present task of civilization to which the more useful citizen steadily and patiently devotes himself.

George Cadbury is a most difficult task to the interviewer who would describe him; so entirely is he possessed by his ideas and

enterprises that he forthwith leads you to share his interest in the great purposes uppermost with him. You will not be given time to note—you must recall it later—that you are in the presence of a man whose appearance is far more typically American than English, tall, erect, alert without any nervousness, alive in every sense, yet wholesomely calm, constructive by habit, entirely unmindful of obstacles and quite without interest in their discussion, as fresh and forceful as if his sixty-four years were half that number. His eyes twinkle and his face ripples with humor. His most intimate associates call him a mystic whose every action is prompted by guidance from the inner light of his Quaker inheritance. My own statement would be that pure delight in life constantly inbreathed from the pure, universal Source furnishes the quickened, intense desire to share with others—with all mankind—the ecstasy of existence which he experiences. There is no depth of human wretchedness which he does not yearn to alleviate, nor any sinner toward whom he is not compassionate. For more than forty years this man has been working upon the problems of poverty and depravity in the vicinity of Birmingham.

Mr. Cadbury's ancestors were among the earliest converts of George Fox. Some of them for the sake of their conscience were

familiar with the inside of English jails. On his mother's side were the Quaker families Barrow and Palmer. One of this latter name was burnt at the stake rather than renounce his religious faith or subscribe to the righteousness of war. Mr. Cadbury's father lived at Edgbarton, a suburb of Birmingham. He was a Puritan of the old school, adhering faithfully to the customs of dress, of speech, and abstinence from frivolous amusements, up to the time of his death, in 1890, when he was in his eighty-ninth year. The elder

meeting they visited the homes of the poor. Those scenes of squalor and cheerlessness formed the incentive to George Cadbury's lifelong efforts to establish better conditions of home-life among the poor.

At the age of fifteen, George Cadbury left the Friends' school and went to work under his father's management. When he was nineteen, the entire business was placed by the father in charge of his two sons—George and Richard—the latter an elder brother, by whom it was owned and conducted until the death of Richard, two years



WOODBROOKE. THE NEW SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE AND CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

Mr. Cadbury was possessed of a comfortable living, ample for the simplicity of family life which is in accordance with the Friends' belief. There were five boys and one girl in the Cadbury family. Their early training was a model of discipline, of early rising, of industry and of religious observance. The recreation allowed was in the nature of athletic exercise, riding on horseback and glorious walks in country places. Twice each Sunday the family attended the Friends' meeting-house in Birmingham, walking the mile and a half from their suburban home. On the return from

ago. The elder Mr. Cadbury had for several years given his time to his official duties as Chairman of the Birmingham City Commissioners, and also to philanthropic and hospital work, so that the business at the time it was undertaken by the youthful brothers was running at a loss, not more than one dozen workpeople being employed. There are now four thousand employees in the works at Bournville. But between then and now, there were many long years of unremitting effort marked by intimate acquaintance with the minutest details of the factory work, by alternating office work

with commercial traveling, by the acquisition of estates in Trinidad, and by the mastery of enlarged trade transactions entailed by world-wide sales.

As a Captain of Industry, a large employer of labor and a great contributor to national commerce, Mr. Cadbury's career is without unique incidents. There is just the story of a long, steady grind, of close application, of alertness and uprightness in the marketing of products, of a genial personality and of thorough excellence of manufacture.

Not so short and simple are the annals of the varied enterprises of George Cadbury in behalf of social betterment. It would be quite impossible to tell the story of the Cadburys' business apart from that of its daily and most intimate relation to concern for their fellow men. Other largely successful business men have devoted their mental powers and their personal supervision entirely to the development of their undertakings during the small and early days of their careers, and later, when success rewarded their efforts, good deeds, huge benefactions and often real personal concern for their less fortunate fellows have been conspicuous. But the Quaker Cadburys waited not for success. Even in the days of personal loss, and all the way along, the workpeople were considered to the full extent of possibility under the inexorable

commercialism which demands much as the price of business existence which the idealist would gladly order otherwise.

Reduction in wages, or a curtailment of the working force, is a not unusual resort of employers in periods of depression. At no time has Mr. Cadbury, whether generally prosperous times have made his own industry prosperous, or whether market conditions seemed to warrant a smaller output, considered such a step. The very first detail to which George Cadbury addressed himself upon entering his business career was to raise the wages of the women employed in his works. From that time on, the haunting thought with Mr. Cadbury was the miserable housing of his employees. Parallel with his determination to upbuild his trade, there went the determination to create decent, healthier home conditions for his employees. In 1879, the business employed only two hundred and fifty hands. In that year, the audacious risk was incurred of moving the factory from Birmingham to the country, where fresh air and the beauties of nature could be given to the workers. Dismal croakers warned Mr. Cadbury of failure, but the "inward prompting" was obeyed. The model factory and paradisaical garden-city of Bournville are the result. Another prompting of the Quaker spirit bade Mr. Cadbury assemble the factory people every morning



WOODBROOKE—THE FRONT VIEW.

before the work of the day began for a simple word of prayer, for the exchange of a kindly word, and for a calm, still moment of soul-breathing. This custom has been continued for over forty years.

Mr. Cadbury deplores the relaxation of discipline in family life such as he was privileged to have, but he does not sit in judgment nor make exactions of those more lax than himself. He is a lover of natural

beauty, a believer in the ministrations of mother nature and is a promoter of a great variety of athletic sports. He has relaxed none of his own business promptness nor shortened his own office hours. From his home at the Manor House at Northfield, he cycles to the factory in time for the morning greeting to the employees. In rain or shine in the early morning, cold and dark during the winter, he rides on horseback to Birmingham, five miles

away, to meet, instruct and counsel with his "Adult School." This he has done for forty-five years each Sunday morning. In 1901, there were more than one thousand punctual members of this adult class. Mr. Cadbury's two eldest sons are now his assistants in this work. They are also associates of their father in his business, and are warm coadjutors in the "Garden City" movement. They heartily acquiesced when their father executed the deed which

gave to the "Bournville Village Trust" the splendid property which would otherwise have become their personal inheritance.

Mr. Cadbury is a strong believer in organized labor. He has given not only moral but very substantial aid in several noted contests between organized labor and monopoly. In the famous Penrhyn case he has continuously encouraged and aided the striking quarrymen.



GEORGE CADBURY.

The object-lesson in social economics furnished by the operation of the Bournville Village Trust is being studied by leading economists throughout Great Britain and on the Continent, and men are beginning to quote Mr. Cadbury as "the greatest municipal statesman of the age." While Parliament has been vainly groping toward some method of relief from England's fiercely pressing housing problem, Mr. Cadbury has produced a tangible model.

Old-age pensions were at one time championed by Mr. Chamberlain, but dropped until the recent spectacular revival as an incentive to protective tariff legislation. Mr. Cadbury had been associated with Mr. Chamberlain in the advocacy of this measure, and when the latter turned his back upon it Mr. Cadbury redoubled his efforts and aided in keeping it vital through various labor and cooperative organizations. Mr. Cadbury's open-mindedness toward





A TYPICAL STREET IN FOURNVILLE, MR. CADBURY'S MODEL TOWN.

progressive sociology is shown in his attitude on the question of safeguarding the land as an open heritage for the people.

True to his two hundred years of Quaker ancestry on the subject of war, Mr. Cadbury is an ardent supporter of the peace and arbitration movement. During the South African war, he was invited by the government to tender for orders of supplies to the army. This he refused to do, declining to hold even business relations with the raids upon the South African republics. The prevailing bitterness of that time of course vented upon Mr. Cadbury, stigmatizing him as pro-Boer and endeavoring to injure

his business—all of which Mr. Cadbury met with characteristic cheerful equanimity. It was during this distressful and demoralizing time that one of London's greatest newspapers, the "Daily News," was seriously threatened because of its anti-war attitude. Mr. Cadbury was called to the rescue, and then became the principal shareholder and controller of the policy of the paper. It was not without reluctance that he assumed this vast responsibility, as there has ever been in the methods of even Liberal politics in England much that was distasteful to Mr. Cadbury. However, the promptings of the Quaker spirit bade him



MANOR HOUSE AT NORTHFIELD, THE CADBURY HOME.

take up this task also—and it was done. The "Daily News" under the new directorship excludes all sporting news. The betting mania is a source of national demoralization in England, far more prevalent among the laboring classes than in America, but it has a strong hold on the public; hence it was predicted that the "Daily News" could not maintain its position. It has done so, however, and is a constantly growing and more powerful factor in the national conduct and character of Great Britain.

"East, West, Home's Best." This is the motto inscribed over the fireplace in the hall of the Cadbury home at Northfield. The most joyous spirit pervades the well-ordered household, where discipline, strict though not austere, prevails. The children were early told that they would not be inheritors of great wealth, that their dependence must be upon their individual exertions, and that obligations rest upon them to use their material possessions to advance the kingdom of heaven on earth. Mrs. Cadbury, also of Quaker ancestry, is

a woman of attractive presence and fine self-poise. She is a coworker in the social work of the various Cadbury enterprises, and is also actively associated with Lady Aberdeen, Lady Battersea and other public-spirited women in organizing industrial, social and educational work among the women of Great Britain.

The mere catalogue of Mr. Cadbury's benefactions to social service would be voluminous. The latest is the conveyance of the fine old country mansion of Woodbrooke, enchantingly environed with fine grounds, orchards and gardens. This, with an annual endowment of three thousand dollars, will be used as a school of social science and of Christian ethics directed along the lines of the Quaker faith.

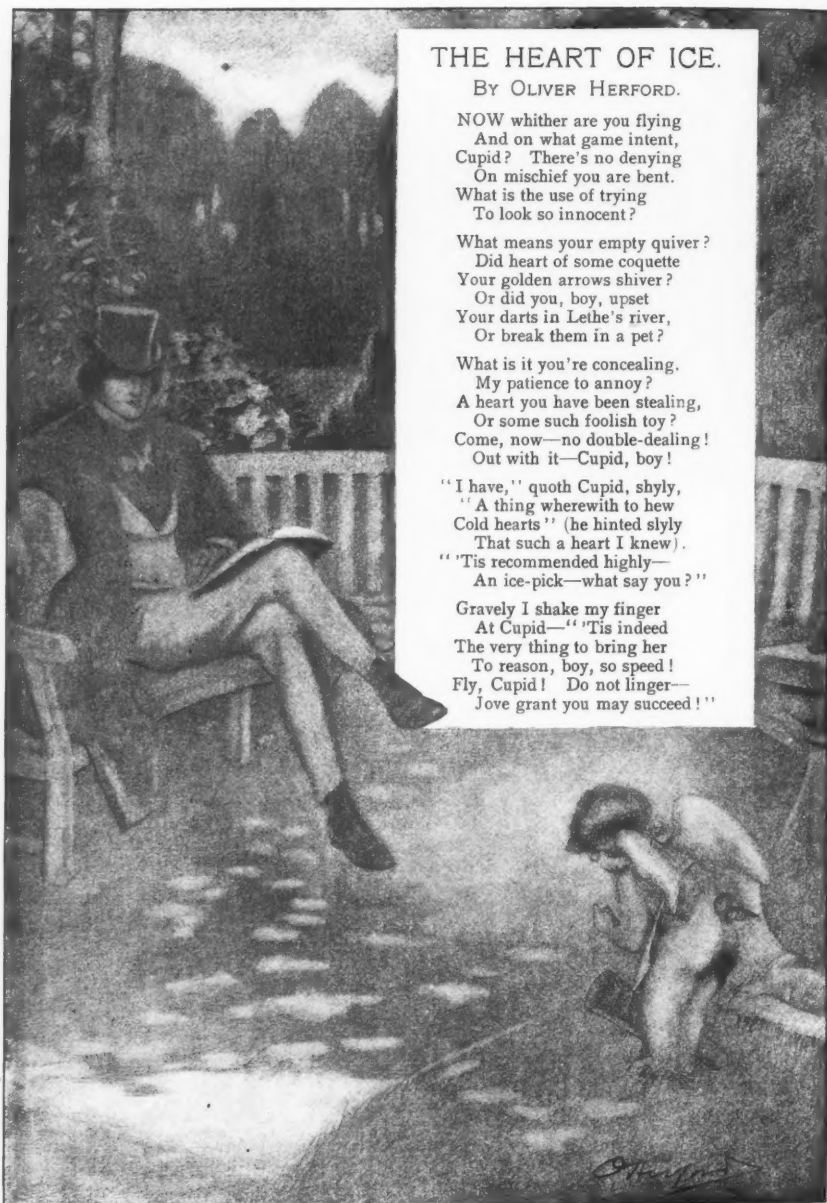
It will thus be seen that

Mr. Cadbury's rank as a Captain of Industry covers the dual role of commander of a great commercial enterprise, and of a mighty host working toward social amelioration. But along the line of march, Mr. Cadbury has never differentiated the one from the other.



A COCOA-TREE IN TRINIDAD.





## THE HEART OF ICE.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

NOW whither are you flying  
And on what game intent,  
Cupid? There's no denying  
On mischief you are bent.  
What is the use of trying  
To look so innocent?

What means your empty quiver?  
Did heart of some coquette  
Your golden arrows shiver?  
Or did you, boy, upset  
Your darts in Lethe's river,  
Or break them in a pet?

What is it you're concealing,  
My patience to annoy?  
A heart you have been stealing,  
Or some such foolish toy?  
Come, now—no double-dealing!  
Out with it—Cupid, boy!

"I have," quoth Cupid, shyly,  
"A thing wherewith to hew  
Cold hearts" (he hinted slyly  
That such a heart I knew).  
"'Tis recommended highly—  
An ice-pick—what say you?"

Gravely I shake my finger  
At Cupid—" 'Tis indeed  
The very thing to bring her  
To reason, boy, so speed!  
Fly, Cupid! Do not linger—  
Jove grant you may succeed!"

Drawn by Oliver Herford.



THE HUNTERS' CAMP.

## MOOSE AND CARIBOU HUNTING.

BY CHARLES R. FLINT.

THE obtaining of a bull moose with many points on his antlers is as uncertain as bull points in Wall Street.

The enjoyment and success of a trip in the woods depend largely upon your guide. The good guide must be well up in woodcraft and know the habits of game. Tracks in the mud and moss tell him the size of the animal, its speed and the direction in which it is traveling, and he must have an ear as accurate and a voice as well modulated as an opera-singer's to imitate the call of the moose.

Moose are most abundant in Maine and New Brunswick, and the way to their home is "a hard road to travel." If the hunter were not out for pleasure, he would turn back before he had reached the sportsman's paradise. The railroad, the stage-coach, and then the first carry, where the hunter and his guide walk over a road largely made up of big stones, logs and mud, but where the horses haul

the freight, are the varying modes of progress.

This first carry crosses a place where trees have been killed by the water backed up by a large beaver-dam.

Then we paddle across the first lake with some concern as to whether the wind will blow up sufficiently to make the trip extra-hazardous, and reach a carry where



THE FIRST CARRY.



CALLING THE MOOSE.

mink and black bear.

The zealous sportsman, however, goes farther into the forest. Starting in on a trapper's spotted trail, he at last reaches what would be "the pathless woods" save for the runways of moose and caribou. Here the forest stands as it has stood from the beginning of forests, in all its majesty of growth and in all the beauty of its many-colored foliage. Here are ponds and lakes seldom visited by man, where the moose blissfully feed and repose undisturbed and without fear.

In these wilds the true lover of big-game hunting enjoys the pleasure of the "still-hunt." Wearing soft moccasins, to avoid

everything must be toted by man-power on shoulder and back, across to a lake surrounded by a forest of hardwood, spruce and fir, which has yet to echo the sound of the lumberman's ax. Here is the hunters' camp. Here there are moose, caribou, deer, otter, beaver.

making a noise, going alone to avoid interference, he silently follows the game trails along the hardwood ridges, and his success is all his own.

In early September, all the deer species remove the velvet from their horns. Among the trees in the dense woods there are cases where a moose has rubbed off the limbs and bark by using the tree to remove the velvet from his antlers.

The sportsman, however, should not venture alone into these pathless forests unless he starts from a long base-line; say, one or two ponds and a stream, so that



THE FIRST LAKE.

when he turns to come back he has ample margin to cover deviation caused by inattention to and variation of the compass, by fallen timber and the distractions of



BRINGING THE QUARRY BACK TO CAMP.





THE TENT IN THE WOODS.

hunting. In these woods partridges, which are so wild in the vicinity of large communities, are easily approached and shot with rifles, and are also caught by means of a slip-noose on the end of a long pole. In rare cases, not having seen men, they come almost near enough to be caught by hand.

The moose has big ears, good hearing, a large nose and acute scent; but the black bear comes nearer to being human. Bruin visited our tent one night during our temporary absence. In the lower side of it he made a hole large enough to take out our German army soup-powder and condensed consommé. If he had drunk water, in accordance with the directions on the labels, he would have had inside of him one hundred and four plates of "Mongol" soup. Fearing a trap, the bear did not enter the tent, but, peeking in, saw a hind-quarter of caribou hanging in front, and making a hole with his claws he pulled out the meat, and we never saw it again. A steel trap was set for this bear by our

guide, a bear-hunter, but the bear sprung the trap and walked away with another quarter of caribou.

The moose antlers seen in the canoe on page 490 are from a moose shot by Baron Robert de Rothschild, of Paris, while still-hunting on the hardwood ridges.

The Canadian government is considering the passage of a law prohibiting the calling of the moose, which is not the most sportsman-like way of getting them, as most of the skill required in hunting by that method is furnished by the

guide, the hunter simply showing that he is up in target-practise. The shooting of

big game with small bullets also should be stopped. It results in wounding many animals, which escape the hunter and die undiscovered.

On our way home we met Chief Big Head, of the Tobique tribe, while resting at the carry. The chief said it was "hard on the head to be chief." On being asked whether it kept

him awake nights, he answered, "No, but wake up very early in the morning." In



TRAVELING WITH THE OUTFIT.



A TROUT LAKE IN THE WOODS—A DIVERSION FROM HUNTING.



THE AUTHOR IN HIS SPORTSMAN'S GARB.

speaking of some poor shots who were equipped with explosive bullets, he remarked, "Explosive bullets no good outside of animal." To the saying, "It is a woman's privilege to change her mind," he said, "Nothing like that with Indians."

Life is enjoyed by contrast. A trip to

the woods gives a double pleasure, going in and getting out. We enjoy entering the forest, the getting away from the rush into the city to catch the next appointment, from the cares and responsibilities. "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods." We revel in the grandeur and beauty of nature. But to get out is *more* enjoyable—to leave behind the mosquitoes, the smoke, the extremes of cold and heat, the greasy cooking, the hard beds, the rain and mud, torn clothes, bruises, wet feet, and return to the comforts and luxuries of civilization, a Turkish bath, napkins, a clean table-cloth, a soft bed, to old friends and the loved ones at home.

We are going again next fall!



WHERE THE MOOSE FEED UNDISTURBED.



THE INSPECTION OF A BRIDGE BEFORE CROSSING.



#### MY FRIEND AND I.

I have a friend. One day, when our friendship was first forming, as we were sitting together in an odd hour, my friend leaned over to me and said:

"I have something to tell you in strict confidence. It is about myself. I feel that I can trust you. Will you listen?"



Proud of this confidence so freely expressed, my sympathy was immediately aroused, and I responded cordially:

"Nothing, I assure you, would give me greater pleasure than to hear your story. And if I can be of any service to you, you may count on me."

My friend thereupon told me the story of his trouble. I was deeply interested, and not only listened with the most eager attention, but as I shook hands with him in parting, I expressed my great pleasure to think his regard for me was great enough to admit of such an expression of his confidence.

Shortly after this, I heard that he had said of me that I was a noble fellow, of keen intelligence, wonderful insight and altogether remarkable powers. This made me proud and happy to own such a friend, and I secretly resolved never to fall below the standard thus set.

When I met my friend a few days later, he greeted me eagerly. There was a bond of sympathy between us. Besides, there were new developments. His troubles, instead of vanishing into thin air, had in the mean time accumulated.

Again I listened with respectful attention. The narrative, this time, was longer than before, but if I had been conscious of weariness, I should have been above expressing it by any sign. I felt sternly, almost combatively, that my friend's good opinion of me must be retained at all hazards. Any sign of laxity on my part might be a fatal blow to this.





A few days later, I met my friend again. As I saw him coming toward me, I was conscious of a slight feeling of regret. I wasn't at my best that day! Would it be possible for me to keep up to the

full standard of sympathy and appreciation I had set for myself? For instinctively I felt that my friend's troubles had not meanwhile decreased. I quickly found that I was right. As he grasped my hand—much as a drowning man grasps a straw—I imagined the worst. I soon learned there had been more new developments. Matters were getting more complicated! "You can do nothing," said my friend, disconsolately, as he concluded a two hours' recital. "All I ask is your sympathy, your friendship."

With this he left me, proud and happy to think that I had not failed him, that I had risen above my own inclinations and weariness.

Soon, however, as the certainty of meeting my friend again grew upon me, I felt conscious of an inward cowardice. The cunning of the hunted animal stole gradually over me. I began to take at first amateur and soon professional measures to avoid him. Yes, I now admitted to myself, I had indeed been horribly bored by my friend's recital. I felt there was a limit to my endurance. How could I keep this up? Was it fair? Was it just? He had fastened upon me for his own selfish pleasure. Would he, I argued, do the same by me?

And then a golden thought struck me. I would try him.

The opportunity soon came, permitted now by my own desire. My friend came up to me as eagerly, nay more eagerly than before. But I was ready for him.

"A crisis had just occurred in my own life," I hastened to say, "which I think

you will agree is as momentous as the one through which you are going. In view of our former confidences, you are the only one I can come to freely. Let me tell you, my friend, the whole story."

He looked at me wildly, with perhaps a trace of suspicion. He had come to relate, not to listen. Full almost to bursting with his own tale, it was hard for him to hold in—to switch off on a new line of thought. But he did it bravely, as he saw my downcast face, my lackluster eye.

"Of course!" he exclaimed faintly; "you must tell me all about it. And then——"

"And then," I said, "you must tell me your affair. I tremble to hear it, for you have been unfortunate. But first, hear what I have to say."

And then, with deadly effect, I poured into my friend's ear all my eloquence. He did not dare to tell me to stop. He did not dare betray too great a restlessness. The claims of friendship were upon him. But as I talked, I saw his face grow calmer. I felt exultantly that a new light had broken over him. When I had finished, I said:

"My friend, that is all for the present. And now, about yourself. I am waiting to hear."

He shook his head.

"Not to-day," he said.

"I must be moving on."

"But to-morrow?" I asked, with sustained eagerness.

He got up to go. A sense of supreme triumph came over me. My friend was still my friend. I knew he would never bother me again.

"To-morrow—perhaps," he replied.

TOM MASSON.



## RETURNS FROM LLASSA.

Lord Curzon has attempted to enter into communication with the Dalai-lama—the Ocean Priest—of Thibet. The compliment, don't you know, has not been returned. Though, as you may know also, his lordship's letters have been. Unopened at that. The incident has been variously viewed. Editorially it has been construed as an act of defiance. But defiance, we should say, that is rather largely shuttled with contempt.

To the Ocean Priest, Lord Curzon is nobody, and the King whom he represents, a parvenu. In this connection it has been remarked that the Ocean Priest takes things with a pretty high hand. But then, you see, he takes them from where he happens to be. Or, more exactly, where imagination has placed him.

To the Thibetans—and to himself—he is the Chamberlain of the Keys of Heaven, the earthly legate of the Divine. The religion of which he is pontiff is a compound of Spiritism and Buddhism, and so intricate that the Kájur, its Bible, is not a book but a library—a collection of a thousand separate works.

These works, reputed to be sole depository of primordial knowledge, are reported to contain the lost arcana, and with them the secrets of the enigmas of the cosmos, the sciences which plutonian cataclysms engulfed, the recitals of the genesis and the metamorphosis of things, the chronicles of the forgotten relations of nature and of man. Therewith are treatises on hygiene and metaphysics: precepts and incantations, the trivial and the occult.

Their exegete, the Ocean Priest, is regarded as immortal. That which we call death is to him the avatar—the passing of the soul into a younger habitation. Prior to his material dissolution, that habitation he designates. It is a child. The latter, venerated thereupon as arch-saint, is reared in a jeweled pagoda, where the priests, their almond eyes half closed, mur-

mur unceasingly, "We are but forms: it is the Spirit that stirs."

This occupation serves, no doubt, to pass the time, and might continue so to serve were it not that on the heels of time Russia is treading. Russia wants Thibet. What Russia wants she gets, and whatever she gets is another menace to England's rule in India. For the moment, Russia appears to have got the Dalai-lama's ear. Hence Lord Curzon's effort in the same direction, and hence, too, perhaps, the compliment that was not returned.

EDGAR SALTUS.

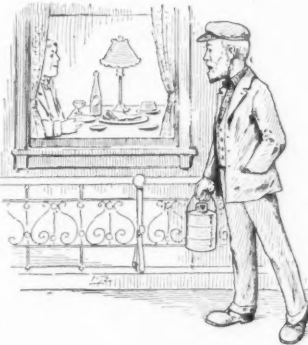
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## PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The man who follows physical culture as a business is as big a fool as the man who flouts physical culture entirely. To cultivate the body for the sake of the body or

as a means of cultivating the mind, or both, is to be a weak, lopsided and inefficient person. Muldoon, the most sensible man that ever did the catch-as-catch-can act in "As You Like It," told me the other day that the reason athletes die young is because they should.

Athletics as a business is consumption without production—a combination nature hates as much as she abhors a vacuum, and so she snuffs the strong man out at thirty-six, of old age and heart-failure. Blacksmiths, carpenters and farmers—just as fine physically as your professionals—live to be eighty-six and get a joy out of every day and hour. The man who is too strong to work eats too much, sleeps too much and wobbles between adipose and weighing-in, with heart first





overworked and then underworked, till God gets disgusted and makes him food for worms.

Your blacksmith has an inward peace, because he knows he is earning his living; he is no parasite on the body economic. The man who is not earning his living and



helping feed the mouths of the helpless, always has a small Number Ten quarrel with the world.

Somebody is putting the thing on him; somebody has it in for him.

Of course, his quarrel is with himself, and yet he is right—everybody and everything has it in for him. Nature is trying to whip him into line. The contempt of the proletariat for the dancing-master, the elocution teacher and the physical trainer and all those fine folks who go to bed at one o'clock and get up when they please, is reasonable and right. Somebody has to feed them, and the man who carries the dinner-pail is the man who makes it possible for the "profession" to eat a midnight meal which they do not need. Your greasy proletariat does not reason it out—with him it is just a blind, blundering instinct, but his instinct is true and right.

When Rome focalized on rhetoric and elocution she ceased to produce either literature or oratory.

"A genius," said Schopenhauer, "is a man who does no useful thing." The airs of the artist, be he painter, sculptor, writer, musician, singer, actor or athlete, are tricks fantastic and poses absurd. Because a man can do something clever, why must he live in a big house and have serv-

ants wait on him, own ten times as many clothes as he needs, decorate himself with diamonds, waste at every meal enough to feed a family of six and have obeisance made him when he appears upon the streets in an automobile?

Painters and sculptors are a bit outside of our category, I will admit, merging as they do into the handicrafts, and a musician's success, too, turns on manual dexterity, but even art and music should not absorb all one's time. And as for literature, oratory and physical culture, these things should be merely incidental. The professional poet is always a kind of court clown; a dancing-master is only an animated joke; we take the heavy histrion with a wink the moment his back is turned.

When Peter Paul Rubens was private secretary to the Duke of Mantua, he once asked his employer what pay the artists, singers, elocutionists and tumblers should receive.

"Pay them the same you pay my cook and coachman—they are no more useful!" replied his Highness.

In the time of Mozart, musicians were ranked with cooks, scullions and stable-boys, and all ate together at a common table. I think that good time is coming back again. We will adjust matters, not by subduing the musician, but by raising the standard of the cooks and scullions.

The Duke of Mantua was right.

In useful work there is no degree. That which is necessary is sacred—and nothing else is.

Here are a few citations that seem to bear on the argument—I am writing in the



woods, so possibly I shall not be able to quote verbatim:

"Whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant" (Gospel According to St. Matthew).

"Art is a solace and a joy to the creator and the beholder; but to make a business of art is to degrade the art and sacrifice the artist" (William Morris).

"He that sweeps the walks and empties the cesspools, him do I give the family kiss and greet as brother" (Walt Whitman).

"The worker commands the respect of the worker, and only a carpenter could have taught the world salvation" (Phillips Brooks).

"You can't reform the world by standing outside the world and demanding that the world shall pay you for preaching at it" (Fra Elbertus). ELBERT HUBBARD.

Objecting once upon a time to the uselessness of certain work being done by a certain writer, he retorted, "But I am an artist."

"Ah," I replied, "that is just it. Do you know what you make me think of when you say you are an 'artist'? I shut my eyes and see a picture of a man with a small sword in hand, making beautiful passes in the air. 'See my art,' he cries. I perceive that he is standing behind a great fighting army. Up in front men are taking and giving real blows with earnest for the right. But back in the rear the artist continues to prance and stab the air and exclaim, 'See my wonderful skill.'"

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

#### THE KINGDOM OF THE MIND.

Beyond the parting of the ways, at the first cross-roads, the Angel of Mercy met the man.

And the Angel of Mercy said to the man: "O man, you have just come from the great world. What did you see there?"

And the man said to the Angel of Mercy: "I saw all the cities of the world and the people that live therein. I saw faces haggard with care, and flushed with supreme joy. I saw young men stricken down in the full tide of their glorious strength, and I saw useless old men borne about by slaves. I saw the great sea, resistless in its great cruelty and sublime in its



majesty, carrying upon its bosom safely the hollow vessels of man, and then relentlessly dashing them to pieces. I saw majestic sunsets and furious storms. I saw beauty fade, and vanity, flaunting itself in the market-place, shrink away at last into the hidden corners of the earth."

And the Angel of Mercy said to the man: "O man, you have seen. What did you hear?"

And the man said to the Angel of Mercy:

"I heard the shrill cry of the infant as it came into the world, and the hollow rattle of age as it went out. I heard the laugh of innocent maidens, and the coarse chuckle of cruelty. I heard the strains of heavenly music that charmed my soul into unearthly bliss, and the discordant buzz of factory and locomotive that told of the bondage of humanity. I heard the child's prayer and the old man's curse, the careless whistle of youth and the wailing of be-reaved motherhood."

And the Angel of Mercy said to the man:

"O man, you have heard. What did you feel?"

And the man said to the Angel of



Mercy: "I have felt all the joy and the pain of life. I have felt the rapture of love's first kiss, and the keen agony of love's last parting. I have felt the sublime gladness of parentage, and the bitter grief of the tiny grave. I have felt the clasp of a loving hand, and the sharp sting of the stiletto. I have felt poverty and riches, and the dull hopelessness of doubt and discouragement, and the ringing sense of victory. I have felt strength and weakness, ambition and indifference—all things I have felt."

Then the Angel of Mercy said to the man:

"O man, thou hast truly lived, and in the fullest measure. But I would be more explicit with you. Where have you traveled—what places have you seen?"

And the man replied:

"I have traveled nowhere. Only in one place did I live and die."

Then said the Angel of Mercy:

"Where could you have heard all these many things which you tell me you have heard?"

And the man said:

"In the place where I lived and died."

Then said the Angel of Mercy:

"O man, have you been

a father, have you fought and bled for your native land, have you loved a beautiful woman, have you had friends desert you—have you actually had all these things happen to you?"

"No," said the man.

"Then," said the Angel of Mercy, "how comes it that you have seen and heard and felt so much?"

And the man said:

"O Angel of Mercy, I am a poet."

\* \* \* \*

#### A BUSY MAN.

"I have no time!"

The busy American sat in his office with his face glued to a constantly changing file of papers. Typewriters clicked around him. The ticker ticked near him. The telephone bell jingled at his elbow. Messenger-boys came and went. Pneumatic tubes cast forth their contents under his nose. Clerks were coming and going.

The woman at his elbow—a trim matronly woman in a white apron—was not discouraged.

"No time, sir?" she repeated. "But I hope you will pardon the old nurse who has been in your family so long. Do you realize, sir, that your children, who are now waiting at the door, haven't seen you in three years?"

The man opened a telegram, answered a telephone message, fingered the tape, and then looked up petulantly:

"Can't help it," he replied. "Great rush. Too busy. Bring 'em back next year."



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